

abhráin grádh chúige connacht

OR

LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT

(BEING THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF THE "SONGS OF CONNACHT"), NOW
FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED, EDITED, AND TRANSLATED

BY

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(an chraoibín doibinn).

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Τῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ πόλλ' ἔνεστι ποικίλα,
Τέρπει τε γὰρ μάλιστα καὶ λυπεῖ βροτούς.
Τύχοιμι δ' αὐτῆς ἥνικ' ἐστὶν εὐμενής.

EURIPIDES.

Ἀν εἰς πᾶς ὁρέουσαι
ὕδαρ το ὁρέουσαῶ
ἢ' εἰς ἂν βάιηε ἡοι.

BÁRD ÉIGIN.

Τις δὲ βίος τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης,
Τεθναιην ὅτε μοι μηκέτι τσῆτα μέλοι.

MIMNERMUS.

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OR

LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT

AN CEATRAMHÁD CAIBRÍOL

ABHRÁIN ZRÁD.

TAR ÉIR NA h-ABHRÁIN-ÓIL FIAÓÁINE MÍ-ÉURAMACÁ RPRÓTACÁ
 DÉRACÁ RO DO LEUGAD, IR CEART CAIBRÍOL ÉONTÁRÁDÁ DÓIB ARI FAD
 DO BEIT 'GÁ LEANAMAINC. NÍ MI-ÉURAMACÁ AGUR EUOTROM AMÁIN
 ATÁ AN NÁDÚIR GÁOÐALAC. DÍONN MAIR AN G-CEUTONA, INNTINN DÓB-
 RÓNAC FAD AN NGREANN IR ÁIRTE, AGUR MÁ LEIGEANN FAD OIRIA
 BEIT ZAN FUIR I MUO AIR BIT ACÉ I RPRÓT AGUR I BPLÉRÁCA, NÍ 'L
 ANN ACÉ LEIGEDAN OIRIA. AN FEAR CEUTONA BÉITEAR AG RINCCE AGUR
 AG RPRÓT, AG ÓL AGUR AG GLAODAC ANÓIÚ BÉIT RÉ AG MACNAIN
 AMÁRAC ZO TINN TROM TUIRTEAC ANN A BOÉAINÍN BOÉT DONTÁNAC
 LEIR FÉIN AG DEUNAIN CRÓNAIN AIR DÓTEAR IMCIGTE, AIR FADGAL
 CAILLTE, AIR DÍOMÁOMEAR AN TPAOGAIL RÉD, AGUR AIR TEACÉ AN
 BÁIR. AG RIN DUIC AN NÁDÚIR GÁOÐALAC; AGUR AN DUINE RIN DO
 FMAIRTEAC NAC IAO AN CINEÁL CEUTONA DE DÁOINIB DO RINNE NA
 h-ABHRÁIN ÁRO-GLÓRACÁ RPRÓTAMLA IR-CUMA-LIOM-AN-DIABALACÁ RIN
 DO LEIGEAMAR ANN RAN G-CAIBRÍOL DEIREANNAG, AGUR DO RINNE NA
 DÁNTA FIOR-ÉAINE MINE MAIRTEACÁ ZRÁDAMLA FEICTEAR RÉ ANN RAN
 G-CUIO RÉD I LÁTAIR, TÁ RÉ ZO MÓR AMÚGA. TÁ BEACÁ NA NGAODAL
 COM TRUAIGE, COM DUB DÓILIG DÓBRÓNAC RIN, AGUR TÁ FAD COM
 BUIRTE BUIRIGTE BUAITE-FIOR ANN A OTIR AGUR A OTALAIN FÉIN, NAC
 BFAZANN A N-INNTLEACÉ AGUR A NGUR-INNTINN DON DIT DÓIB FÉIN,
 NÁ DON TRLIGE LE IAO FÉIN DO LEIGEDAN AMAC, ACÉ I NGÁIRTE AGUR
 I NGREANN IOMARACÁ AMADÁNTA, NO I G-CAOINTEB AGUR I G-CÚMA.
 FEICTIMIO ANN RIA DÁNTAIB REO LEANAR, NÍOR MÓ DE BRÓN AGUR DE
 BUADÓREAC, NÍOR MÓ DE CÚMA AGUR DE ÉROIDE-BUIRIGTEACÉ, 'NÁ DE
 GREANNAMLAÉ AGUR DE DÓTEAR. ACÉ 'NN A DÍMDEOIN RIN IR COR-
 MÚIL ZUR B'IAO NA DÁOINE CEUTONA, NO AN CINEÁL CEUTONA DE
 DÁOINIB, DO RINNE NA DÁNTA RO LEANAR, AGUR NA h-ABHRÁIN RIN DO
 LEIGEAMAR. NI CIG LINN RIN ÉROCTUGAD, AGUR NÍ FEICTAMAOIO A
 ÉROCTUGAD, ACÉ CÁ BUIR AN DUINE A BUIR FIOR AIGE AIR GÁOÐALACÉ
 NA h-ÉURANN DEURPAR 'NN ÁR N'-AGAD ANN RO.

IR RIR DO RINNE NA h-ABHRÁIN UILE ANN RAN G-CAIBRÍOL DEIREAN-
 NAG, ACÉ IR MNÁ DO RINNE CUIO MIAIC DE NA h-ABHRÁINAG ZRÁDÁ AGUR
 IR ZO BINN BRÓNAC RINNEADAR IAO. CAO É AN TEANGA ANN A
 BUIRIGTIMIO FIOR-DÓRACÁ ÉROIDE BRÓNAG BUD MÍLLRE AGUR BUD
 MÓ CÚMA 'NÁ ANN RAN ABHRÁN RO, DO RINNE MAIGHEAN ÉIGIN DO

FUAGRADH.

4 Cháirde,

Níl ann san leabhairín seo acht aon chaibidil amháin de'n leabhar mór atá mé ag cur le chéile ar "Abhránaibh Chúige Connacht." Tá caibidil le bheith agam ann ar abhránaibh Uí Chearbhalláin nach raibh ariamh i gclo, caibidil eile ar Mhac Cúba agus ar Chom-aimsireachaibh an Chearbhallánaigh, caibidil eile ar abhránaibh óil, caibidil ar chaointib agus ar abhránaibh bróin, caibidil ar dhántaibh Mhic Shuibhne agus an Bhaireudaigh, caibidil ar dhántaibh an Reachtair, caibidil ar abhránaibh eug-samhla, agus b'éidir tuilleadh. Agus i n-éinfheacht leis sin tá mé ag cur rómham cuntas iomlán do thabhairt ar bhárdaigheacht agus ar rannaigheacht na h-Eireann, le somplachaibh ar níos mó ná leith-cheud de na miosúraibh no módhaidh-rannaigheachta do bhi aca, i nGaedheilg.

Acht mar atá clóbhualadh na Gaédheilge an-chostasach, agus mar cailltear mórán airgid le gach leabhar, d'iarrfainn ar gach uile dhuine léigheas an leabhar so agus ata sásta leis an geaoi ann a bhfuil sé deunta—agus go deimhin do rinneas mo dhithchioll leis—line do chur chugam-sa go tigh Gill, Sráid Uí Chonaill, Baile-ath-eliath, le rádh an nglacfaidh sé na coda eile nuair tiu-faidh siad amach, no and-tiubhraidh sé aon chongnamh dham leis na leabhracha so do sgapadh i n-aisge gan luach ameasg na sgol ann a bhfuil an Ghaedheilg d'á múnadh anois i n-Eirinn, mar do sgap an duine-uasal an Cliabharach mo "Leabhar Sgeulwigheachta," agus a "Dhuanaire" féin, agus mar do sgap mé féin mo "Chois na Teineadh,"—rud do rinne, mar cluinim, mórán leis na teanga do chongbháil suas ann sna h-áiteachaibh sin. Do thug mo charad agus mo chomh-Chonnachtach féin an t-Athair Mártain Labhrás O Murchadh ó Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., fiche punt dam, mar chongnamh ann san gcúis mhaith seo, agus is mian liom m'fhíor-bhuidheachas do chur i n-úmhail dó ann so.

Go raibh buaidh agus beannacht ar mhuinntir na Gaedheilge agus go scaoraidh Dia Éire!

AN CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

PREFACE.

MY DEAR DR. SIGERSON,

Allow me to offer you this slight attempt on my part to do for Connacht what you yourself and the late John O'Daly, following in the footsteps of Edward Walsh, to some extent accomplished for Munster, more than thirty years ago. Since that attempt of yours, down to the present day, scarcely an effort has been made to preserve what you then felt to be one of the most valuable heritages of the Irish race—its Folk Songs. I have, in the following little volume, collected a few of these, the Love-Songs of a single province merely, which I either took down in each county of Connacht from the lips of the Irish-speaking peasantry—a class which is disappearing with most alarming rapidity—or extracted from MSS. in my own possession, or from some lent to me, made by different scribes during this century, or which I came upon while examining the piles of modern manuscript Gaelic literature that have found their last resting-place on the shelves of the Royal Irish Academy. The little work of mine, of which this is the fourth chapter—the preceding three having been printed in the now extinct *Nation*—was originally all written in Irish, but the exigencies of publication in a weekly newspaper necessitated the translation of it into English. This I do not now wholly regret; for the literal translation of these songs will, I hope, be of some advantage to that at present increasing class of Irishmen who take a just pride in their native language, and to those foreigners who, great philologists and etymologists as they are, find themselves hampered in their pursuits through their unavoidable ignorance of the modern Irish idiom, an idiom which can only be correctly interpreted by native speakers, who are, alas! becoming fewer and fewer every day. It has also given me the opportunity of throwing some of these songs into English verse—such as it is—in doing which I have differed somewhat from yourself, Mangan, Ferguson, and other translators, in endeavouring to reproduce the vowel-rhymes as well as the exact metres of the original poems. This may give English readers, if the book ever fall into the hands of

PREFACE.

any such, some idea of the more ordinary and less intricate metres of the people, and of the system of Irish interlineal rhyming, though I fear that the unaccustomed ear will miss most of it. My English prose translation only aims at being literal, and has courageously, though no doubt ruggedly, reproduced the Irish idioms of the original.

I have, as you will see, carefully abstained from trenching upon anything ever before published, my object merely being to preserve what was in danger of speedy extinction. It is, however, more than time that the best of those gems of lyric song, published by Hardiman, over sixty years ago, in two expensive and now rare volumes, were given to the public in a cheap and accessible form. It is to them the student should first look for the very highest expression of the lyric genius of our race.

I have compiled this selection out of many hundreds of songs of the same kind which I have either heard or read, for, indeed, the productiveness of the Irish Muse, as long as we spoke Irish, was unbounded. It is needless to say that I have taken no liberties with my originals, and, though I have inserted conjectural emendations of many passages and words which to me appeared unintelligible, I have, of course, in every case honestly preserved in foot-notes the reading of the original MSS., or the words of the *vivâ-voce* reciter, no matter how corrupt they may have appeared, and I have spared no trouble in collating manuscripts wherever I could, so as to give the best text possible.

In conclusion, I beg of you to accept this little offering, not for its intrinsic worth, if it has any, but as a slight token of gratitude from one who has derived the greatest pleasure from your own early and patriotic labours in the same direction, for, as the poet says:—

'S í an teanga á d'áirdeilge ír gneannta cló,
 Go bliarta léigítear í mar ceól,
 'S í éanar b'riactra binn-ghé beóil.
 'S ír fíor g'ur mór a h-áille.

ír mé, le meaf mór,

an chraoibhín doibhinn

FUAGRADH.

4 Cháirde,

Ní'l ann san leabhairín seo acht aon chaibidil amháin de'n leabhar mór atá mé ag cur le chéile ar "Abhránaibh Chúige Connacht." Tá caibidil le bheith agam ann ar abhránaibh Uí Chearbhalláin nach raibh ariamh i gclo, caibidil eile ar Mhac Cába agus ar Chom-aimsireachaibh an Chearbhallánaigh, caibidil eile ar abhránaibh Óil, caibidil ar chaointib agus ar abhránaibh bróin, caibidil ar dhántaibh Mhic Shuibhne agus an Bhaireudaigh, caibidil ar dhántaibh an Reachtair, caibidil ar abhránaibh eugsamhla, agus b'éidir tuilleadh. Agus i n-éinfheacht leis sin ta mé ag cur rómham cuntas iomlán do thabhairt ar bhárdaigheacht agus ar rannaigheacht na h-Eireann, le somplachaibh ar níos mo ná leith-cheud de na miosúraibh no módhairbh-rannaigheachta do bhi aca, i nGaedheilg.

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Go raibh buaidh agus beannacht ar mhuinntir na Gaedheilge!
agus go saoraidh Dia Éire!

AN CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

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FOURTH CHAPTER.

LOVE SONGS.

AFTER reading these wild, careless, sporting, airy drinking-songs, it is right that a chapter entirely contrary to them should follow. Not careless and light-hearted alone is the Gaelic nature, there is also beneath the loudest mirth a melancholy spirit, and if they let on (pretend) to be without heed for anything but sport and revelry, there is nothing in it but letting on (pretence). The same man who will to-day be dancing, sporting, drinking and shouting, will be soliloquising by himself to-morrow, heavy and sick and sad in his poor lonely little hut, making a croon over departed hopes, lost life, the vanity of this world, and the coming of death. There is for you the Gaelic nature, and that person who would think that they are not the same sort of people who made those loud-tongued, sporting, devil-may-care songs that we have been reading in the last chapter, and who made the truly gentle, smooth, fair, loving poems which he will see in this part, is very much astray. The life of the Gaels is so pitiable, so dark and sad and sorrowful, and they are so broken, bruised, and beaten down in their own land and country that their talents and ingenuity find no place for themselves, and no way to let themselves out but in excessive foolish mirth, or in keening and lamentation. We shall see in these poems that follow, more grief, and trouble, more melancholy and contrition of heart, than of gaiety or hope. But despite that, it is probably the same men, or the same class of men who composed the poems which follow and the songs which we have read. We cannot prove that, and we shall not try to prove it, but where is the person who knows the Gaeldom of Erin and will say against (i.e. contradict) us in this.

They were men who composed all the songs in the last chapter, but it is women who made many of the love songs, and melodious and sorrowful they made them. In what language will we find the real out-pouring of a sorrowful heart, sweeter and more melancholy than this song, which some maiden composed who gave her love to a man

éus ghrád o'fear náir éuis é. Tá ainm an éailín cailíte, agus ní 'l
 fíor ari an ocáio ari a n-vearriatú rí an ván ro, na ar don ruo
 eile o'á éaoib, áct amáin go bfuil an ván féin ann rin. Sin í
 an éaoi le trí ceatramhnaib agus níor mó ve na vántaib ann ran
 leabhar ro; ní mhairéann ve na vaoiuib vo éum iao faoi bhrón agus
 faoi gheur-éiríocht áct na h-abháin,

Ír buaine roir na glór na n-eun
 Ír buaine focal na toice an tréigil.

Ag ro an ván vo rinne rí, agus ír pollarac gur cailín-tuaithe
 bí inni.

ÓÁ ÓTEÍÓINN-SE SIAR.

ÓÁ ÓTEÍÓINN-re riar ír amár ní tiucraimn,
 Aír an g-cnoc vo b'áirve ír ari a fearraimn,
 'S í an éraob émháirca ír túirge* baimeimn
 'Sur ír é mo ghrád féin ar luaithe leanraimn.

Tá mo éroibe éom vub le áirne,
 Ná le gual vub bóigiríve i g-cearcarú,
 Le bonn bróige ari hálalrúib bána,
 'S tá lionnvub móir or cionn mo gáirne

Tá mo éroibe-re brúigíte bairte,
 Mar leac-oiríve ari uáctar uirge,
 Mar beir' cnuapac cnó léir† a mbairte,
 Ná maigívean óg léir a póirca.

Ta mo ghrád-ra ari vác na rmeáira,
 'S ari vác na rúg-craob, lá breáí gneime,
 Ari vác na brraoócóg buó vuirve an trléirve,
 'Sur ír minic bí ceann vub ari éollaimn gléigil.

Ír miúro vaim-ra an baile reó fágáil,
 Ír geur an éloc 'sur ír fuar an láib ann,
 Ír ann a fuairéar gué gan éadóil,
 Agus focal trom ó luét an bioáin.

* Aliter, "ír taoirge" = ír luaithe.

† .i. 'rí éir, no, tar éir. Labaréar é i g-conradé Rorcomáin agus
 i n-áirceáir eile mar "léir."

who did not understand it. The girl's name, and the occasion on which she made this poem, and everything else about it, is unknown, except that the poem is here. That is the way with three-fourths and more of the poems in this book; there remains nothing of the people who composed them in grief and tribulation, except the songs.

A tune is more lasting than the voice of the birds,
A word is more lasting than the riches of the world.

This is the poem she made, and it is evident that she was a country girl.

IF I WERE TO GO WEST.

If I were to go west, it is from the west I would not come,
On the hill that was highest, 't is on it I would stand,
It is the fragrant branch I would soonest pluck,
And it is my own love I would quickest follow.

My heart is as black as a sloe,
Or as a black coal that would be burnt in a forge,
As the sole of a shoe upon white halls,
And there is great melancholy over my laugh.

My heart is bruised, broken,
Like ice upon the top of water,
As it were a cluster of nuts after their breaking,
Or a young maiden after her marrying.

My love is of the colour of the blackberries,
And the colour of the raspberry on a fine sunny day.
Of the colour of the darkest heath-berries of the mountain,
And often has there been a black head upon a bright body

Time it is for me to leave this town,
The stone is sharp in it, and the mould is cold;
It was in it I got a voice (blame), without riches
And a heavy word from the band who back-bite.

(Ան շարժ 105-ըն ձէ ԼճԻճԻՐԵ ԲՐԻ.)

(Ան ծարձ ւոյճեան ճշ արդ յա հ-ճճճճ.)

ΘΕΙΣΜΟΝ ΑΝ ΤΑ ΠΑΝΤΑ ΡΩ, ΔΕΤ ΡΥΘΟΙΣΙΝ Ο'Ν ΞΥΡΟ ΕΙΛΕ ΘΕ'Ν ΤΑΝ ΙΔΟ,
ΟΙΗ Η ΡΟΛΛΑΡΔΕ ΞΥΡ ΘΥΜΕ ΕΙΣΙΝ ΕΙΛΕ ΘΟ ΘΥΡΗ 1 Ξ-ΧΙΟΝΝ ΑΝ ΜΙΑΪΔΟΥ-
ΔΒΗΔΙΝ ΙΔΟ.

Այ րոն ան ծեան ճշ տաճարտ քօլայր ո՛վ քրօնե Կրիշտե, Լե ռա րմսւմնտե ոօ ծրք 1 Կրօճաւծ. Տեօ անօր ան քար ճշ լարարծ ան րսօ շետնա ոօ ծեանմ, ճսր օօւլջար օօւմմոն օօԾրօնաճ ճսր շմնա քրսւծ քրաճտե ճր. 1ր Ե 1ր ճոմմ օօ՛ն ճԾրան քօ, մաճա յէրփո. Շաճաւծ մէ քրօ օճ օ մնաօ 1 Զ-Շօնօճ Քօքքօմայն, ճսր լա ճօն րանն ճմնայն օճ 1 ԼեճԿար Կի Կ-ճրճաճայն, ճճտ ոք Կքսայր մէ ճրայն ճօրք 1օմլան օճ ոօ Զօ Կքսայր մէ ճոն րան լ-քեանլայն-րքրօնն Եճ, ճր Կր Կայն մէ ան օրքաօ րոն օ՛ճԾրանայն ճեքնա. յիօր քեօ մէ ճօն ճօրք օճ օ՛ճճալն ճոն րնա մէճճ. րան ճրօ-րքօւր Քիօճմայնլ քրքեաննայճ. 1ր քօրմայնլ ճրք րոն Զօ մօր ան օն րոն րնա ճօն ոնծ ան ՇարԿալլանայճ. 1ր րլայն ճ Կքաօ րլար 1 Զ-Շօնօճ մայնլ-Եճ, յէրփո, ճսր 1ր Ե ան րլայն ոօ շս ճոմմ օօ՛ն ճԾրան. 1ր

I
I denounce love ; woe is she who gave it
To the son of yon woman, who never understood it.
My heart in my middle, sure he has left it black,
And I do not see him on the street or in any place.

That is a song that cannot be surpassed for simplicity, softness, gentleness, and deep sorrow. That is how I found it ; but there are two other verses that were, without doubt, composed by some one else, though they have found a place in this poem. The daughter is speaking to her mother in the first verse, and the second daughter is speaking to the mother in the second verse.

THE FIRST DAUGHTER SPEAKS.

Oh ! dear little mother, give him myself ;
Give him the cows and the sheep altogether.
Go yourself a-begging alms,
And go not west or east to look for me.

THE SECOND DAUGHTER (OPPOSING).

Oh ! dear little mother, give him herself ;
Do not give him the cows and the sheep altogether.
Do not go yourself begging for alms
For any son of churl who is alive in Erin.

I give these two verses, but I separate them from the rest of the poem, for it is evident that it was some other person who added them to the mother-song.

There is the woman seeking satisfaction for her broken heart by putting her thoughts into words. Here, now, is the man trying to do the same thing in deep, mournful sorrow, and hard and ruined (*i.e.*, ruinous) melancholy upon him. The name of this song is the "Brow of Nephin." I heard part of it from a woman in Roscommon, and there is one verse of it given in Hardiman's book ; but I never got a complete copy of it until I found it in my old manuscript, out of which I have already taken so many songs. I was unable to find any copy of it in the MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy. It is likely that this poem is older than anything of Carolan's. Nephin is a mountain far west in the county Mayo, and the mountain gave its name to the song. No doubt it was a peasant who was neither poet or bard who com-

oóig̃ ʒur ouine-efre nað ʒaib̃ 'nna file ná 'nna báro vo rinne é,
 aét ir beag o'abʒánaið na mbáro móri atá—oap liom-ra—coim̃
 milir leir.

malá néirín.

Dá mbéidinn-re aip malá néirín
 'S mo ceuo-ʒráð le mo éaoib̃,*
 ir láʒac coioeólamaoip̃ i n-éimfeacét
 map̃ an t-éimfin aip̃ an ʒ-epaoib̃.
 'Sé vo béilín binn bʒiaðrað
 'O meuoaiʒ aip̃ mo ʒian,
 aʒur cooiað ciúin nī feuoaim̃,
 ʒo n-éuʒpað, paapaop̃!

Dá mbéidinn-re aip̃ na cuantaið
 map̃ buð ual̃ oam̃, ʒeobainn ʒpóre,
 mo éáip̃oe uile paop̃ buaiðreacð
 aʒur ʒpuaim̃ op̃ra ʒac ló.
 ʒioir-ʒʒaið na ʒʒpuacʒac
 puaið buaið a'ʒ clá annʒ ʒac ʒleo,
 'S ʒur b'é mo épioðe-ʒciʒ tá 'nna ʒual̃ oub̃,
 aʒur bean mo épuaiʒe nī'l beó.

nað aoibinn vo na h-éimínib̃
 a éip̃iʒeap̃ ʒo h-ápo,
 'S a cooiaip̃eap̃ i n-éimfeacét
 aip̃ aon épaobín aiháin.
 nī map̃ riñ oam̃ féin
 a'ʒ vo m' ceuo mile ʒráð
 ir paða o na céile op̃raim̃
 éip̃iʒeap̃ ʒac lá.†

* "Beic̃ aʒam," i n-áit "le mo éaoib̃," 'ʒan ms.

† Aliter.

nī hé riñ féin oam̃-ra
 ná vo m' ceuo mile ʒráð,
 ir paða paðac ó na céile
 bioir aip̃ n-éip̃iʒe ʒac lá.

posed it, but there are few songs of the great bards themselves that are in my opinion as sweet as it.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.*

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.
 But were I on the fields of the ocean,
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plough through the billow's commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.
 How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care ;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

* LITERAL TRANSLATION.

If I were to be on the Brow of Nefin and my hundred loves by my side, it is pleasantly we would sleep together like the little bird upon the bough. It is your melodious wordy little mouth that increased my pain, and a quiet sleep I cannot (get) until I shall die, alas !

If I were to be on the harbours as I ought to be, I would get sport, my friends all under trouble and gloom upon them every day.

O thou flower (?) of enchanters who got victory and fame in every strife, sure it is my heart within that is a black coal and a woman of my pity (*i.e.*, to pity me) lives not.

Is it not delightful for the little birds who rise up high and who sleep together upon one little bough ? Not so is it for me myself and my hundred thousand loves, it is far from each other each day rises on us.

What is your opinion of the sky when there comes a heat upon the day, or on the full tide rising in the face of the high ditch ? Even so does he be who gives excessive desire to love, like a tree on the brow of a mountain which its blossoms would forsake.

ԸՈՒ ԵՍ ԵՐԵՇՆԱՅԺՈՒ ԸՐ ԻՆ ԴՐԵԱՐԵԱԾ
 ԵՐԺԵ [ԵՐԶ] ԵՐԺ ԸՐ ԸՆ ԼԺ,
 ԻՆ ԸՐ ԸՆ ԼԸՆ-ՄԱՐԺ ԺՏ ԵՐԻՅԵ
 ԼԵ Ի-ԵՍՈՒՆ ԸՆ ԵԼՈՒԾԵ ԸՐՈՒ ?
 ՄԱՐ ԴՈՒ ԵԼՐ ԸՆ ԵՔ ԸՍ
 Ը ԵՐԻ ԸՆ-ԵՕԻԼ ԵՍ 'Ն ՃՐԺԾ
 ՄԱՐ ԵՐԱՆՆ ԸՐ ԻՆԼԺ ԴԼԵԻԵ
 ԵՍ* ԵՐԵՅՐԵՈՒ Ը ԵԼԺԵ.

ԵՐ ԵՐ ԸՆ ԵՂ ԸԲՐԱՆ ՄԻ-ՄԻՐԵԱՄԱԼ ԴԵՐ ԵՍ ԵՂԵՐԵ, ԼԵԱՐԲ-
 ՄԱՍԻՍ ԻՈՒ ԼԵ ԵՂ ԸԲՐԱՆ ԵԻԼԵ ԵՐ ԵՆԵՂԼ ԵՆԵՐԺՐԺԺ, ԸԲՐԱՆ Ս'ԲԵՍ-
 ԲԱՆՆ ԵՐ ԺՐԵԺԵ ԸՄԵՐՅ ԸԲՐԱՆ-ՄՈԼԵԺ-ՆԱ-ՄԵԱՆ ԸԵՒ ՃՐ ԴԵԱՆ
 ԸԲՐԱՆ ՃՐԺՈՒ ԸՐ ԴԵՈՒ ԵՐԵԱՆՆ ԸՐ ԴՈՒ, ԺՅՐ ԵՐԻՄ ԸՆՆ ԴՈ
 ԵՐ ԵՆՆԵԺԵԺ ԵՍ ԴԱԻՐ ՄԵ ԸՆՆ ԴԱՆ ԵՐԵԱՆ ԴՅՐԻԲՈՆ ԸՐ ԸՐ ԼԺԵՐԻ
 ՄԵ ԵՕՄ ՄԻՄԻԵ ԴԵՍ, ԺՅՐ ԵՐ ԵՐԻՄԵԱԵՐ ԵՍ ԴԱԻՐ ՄԵՒ ԼԺՄ-ԴՅՐԻԲՈՆ
 ԵՍ ԴՈՆՆ ԸՆ ԴԻՅ-ԴՅՈԼԺԵ ՃԵԵԵԻԼՅ ԴՈՒ ԵՕՄՆԸԼԼ ՄԸԵ ԵՆԴԱՐՈՒՆ Օ
 ԻՆՆԻՐ Ի Ճ-ԵՆՈՒԺԵ ԸՆ ԵԼԺԻՐ. ԻՐ ԵՐ ԵՐ Ը-ԸԲՐԱՆ ԴՈՒ “ՄԱՐԻՆՆ ԻՆ
 ՃՐԱԺԵ ԵՂԻՆԵ.” ԵՂ ԸՆ ԵՍՍ ԵՐ ԵՐԻՄԱԼ ԼԵՐ ԸՆ ԵՔ ԴՈՒ ԸԺԺ ԺՏ
 ԸՆ Ի-ԸՐՃԱՍՆԸԺ, ԸԵՒ ՆԻՒ ԴՐ ԵՕՄ ԵՐԻՄԱԼ ԼԵՐԵ ՆԸԵ ԴՈՒ Ը ԴԺԺԸԼ.
 ԺՏ ԴՈՒ Ե.

ՄԱՐԻՆՆ ԻՆ ՃՐԱԺԵ ԵՂԻՆԵ,

'ՏԻ ՄԺԱԼԵ-ՆԱ-ԻՆՆԵ ԴՐԱՐ
 ԸԺԺ ՄՈ ՃՐԺՈՒ ԼԵ ԵԼԺԺԸՆ,
 ԻՐ ԸԻԼԼԵ Ի 'ՆԺ ՃՐԱՆ ԸՆ ԴՅՂՄԱՐ,
 'Տ ՃՈ ԵՐԺԱՆՆ ՄԻԼ 'ՆՆԱ ՍԺԺՅ
 ԸՐ ԼՈՐՅ Ը ԵՐ ԴԱՆ ԵՐԼԺԺ
 ԵՂ ԴԱԻՐ ԸՆ ՍԱՐ 'ԴԵՐ ՆԱ ՏԺՆԱ.
 ԵՂ ԵՐԺՅԱՆՆ ԴԵՒՆ ՄՈ ՄԻԱՆԻ
 ՃՈ ՆՃԺԸՆՆ Ի ԸՆՆ ՄՈ ԼՈՆ

* “ԸՆՆ ԵՍ ԵՐԵՅՐԵՈՒ,” ԴԱՆ ՄՏ., ԸԵՒ ՆԻ ԴԵԻԵՐՆ ԵՐԺՅ ԸՆ
 “ԸՆՆ” ԴՈՒ.

† “ԵՂ ԵՐԺՅԱՆՆ ԸՐ ԴԺԺՈՒ ՄՈ ԵՂԼԼ,” ԴԱՆ ՄՏ. ԵՐԺՈՒՐ = “ԵՂ
 ԵՐԺՅԱՆՆ ԸՐ ԴԺԺՈՒ [ԵՂԱՆ] ՄՈ ԵՂԼԼ” .1. ՄՈ ԴՈՆ ՆՈ ՄՈ ԵՕԻԼ.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

After giving these two dispirited songs we will follow them with two other songs of a contrary kind, songs which I might have included amongst those in praise of women, except that they are old love songs throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, and I give here a Connacht copy which I found in the old manuscript about which I have spoken so often, and a Munster copy which I found in a manuscript of mine which that fine Irish scholar, Donal MacConsa-dine, from Ennis, in the county Clare, made. This song is the "Moorneen (darling) of the fair hair." This first version is like that which the Hargadaunuch (Hardiman) has, but it is not so like it that it is not worth while to save it. Here it is—

THE MOORNEEN, OR DARLING, OF THE FAIR HAIR.

In Ballinahinch in the West
 My love is for a year,
 She is more exquisite than the sun of the autumn,
 And, sure, honey grows after her,
 On the track of her foot on the mountains,
 No matter how cold the time after November.

Δ'ῖρ ὅο ὕ-cuirpinn-re an brón ro óiom ó'n lá rin †
 Δ'ῖρ aip óómairle Δ ruḡad ruam
 ní pórraid mé aét mo mian
 1ῖ i múirnin na ḡruaige báine.

τά μο εὐεῦτα λε ῖḡup
 Δ'ῖρ μο bpannpa le cup
 Δḡup an méao úo uile le veunam,
 mé vo beic amuis
 aip fearcainn Δ'ῖρ aip ríoc
 aip ríul ḡo otiúbhád rpeir oam.

1ῖ coma leat é
 Δ éapao o mo éleib,
 ní ort atá an rian éráirte,
 Δḡup úuicé flaitear Dé
 nád rpeicpó tu ḡo h-éus
 muna ocugaid vo éporde-ruc ḡrúd oam.

Οά bráḡainn-re mo roḡa
 Oe mndib veapa an voimain,
 Δḡup ráḡaim orpa roḡain rárta,
 Δḡup réir map veir na leabair
 Oo éus rí buaid ó'n voimain
 1ῖ i múirnin na ḡruaige báine.

Seó anoir an cóip muihneac map o'fás mac Conraoin 'nna
 óiaḡ í, Δḡup doimuisim ḡo coilteannac ḡup fearp í 'ná an ceann
 rpar.

māire bhead ḡ na ḡruaige báine.

Coip na bpiḡoe rpar atá mo ḡrúd le bliadain
 Δ ramuil rúo map ḡrian an tpanhaid,
 pápamn mil 'nna oiaḡ aip loḡs a cor ran tḡliad
 Seacé reacéimaine tap éir na Saíma.
 Οά bráḡainn-re péin Δ tuapaḡs 'ῖ i bean an éuilín óualaiḡ
 An ainhir úo vo luaidéad aip bpeáḡacé,
 'S ḡup Δḡ ḡeatairib éill-óá-luac vo rḡapap-ra le m'uan
 1ῖ i māire na ḡruaige báine.

† “ḡan buaidreac” ῖran ms, οά focal ḡnódeap oróc-fuaim.

If I were myself to get my desire,

Sure I would take her in my net,

And I would put away from me this grief without trouble,

And for the counsel of all ever were born

I shall only marry my desire,

She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

My plough is to cease,

And my lea-land to sow,

And all that is to be done;

Me to be out

In rain and in frost

In hope that you would give me liking.

It is all one to you

Oh ! friend of my bosom ;

Not on you is the ruinous pain (*but on me*),

And the country of the heavens of God

That you may never see till death,

Unless the inner heart give me love.

If I were to get my choice

Of the pretty women of the world,

And let me get of them a satisfactory choice (*I would take you*).

And as the books say

She took the victory from the world,

She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

Here, now, is the Munster version as Considine left it after him, and I willingly admit that it is better than the one just given.

LITTLE MARY OF THE FAIR HAIR.

Beside the Breed in the West, my love is for a year.

Her likeness is as the sun of the summer.

Honey grows behind her on the track of her feet in the mountain

Seven weeks after November day (i.e., *even in the heart of winter*)

If I were myself to get her description she is the woman of the tressy cooleen,

Yonder maiden who was spoken of (or betrothed) for loveliness,

And sure at the gates of Killaloe I parted with my lamb,

She is Maurya (Mary) of the fair hair.

nár éigeas-ra féin uo'n éas no real fé bárr an féir
 ir cúmá ar uo déig ní náir liom,
 áct couladó air nóir na n-éun i mbárr bog na gcraob
 no an bfuil don fear a b'éin mar cáim-re.
 Uá fad i an oíche 'féir níos códaíl mo fúile neul,
 áct as macénaí air gníomairéaib m'aire,
 á'r go bráic nár éasdaí an t-eug i mbárr fuar mo géas
 go bfeicreas-ra i oígear mo ghráó geal.

Coir na b'riúos móire atá mo m'le ríor-ra
 's i an ainéir cá módaíuil beuraicé,
 's gur millre blas a póg 'ná rúicra beac air bóro,
 's a beic uá ól air b'annua craoraig.*
 Uá éic b'eadga deara bána m'ne geala
 mar eala beiréadó air an linn 'nna h-aonar,
 á'r go labarann an cuac air lár an g'eimíuó fúair
 's an mbailé mbeas 'nna mbíonn rí pléireadé.

nac uoileb uubac an cáir uo úine mar atáim
 nac g-cuirid na mná ro ruim ann,
 's gur b'é éluinim-re uá ráó go otabarraíoir rúo ghráó
 uo'n fear ir meara cáil i n-éirinn.
 nac rabao* ann airí go uóógrao mo líon
 á'r go mbainfínn-re uá gcroíde rúo ráraí,
 tar a mairéann beó ve m'naib, ir í rúo mo ghráó,
 máire beas na g'ruaige báine.

Uá r'griobfáinn an t-adbrán 'ran rannai'geadé agur 'ran miorur
 ceutona leir an g-ceann veirionnac o'feicreíde é go forar cóim cor-
 m'íul le céile atá ríao. áct atá cóir eile, cóir muimnead ar
 r'gribinn uo rinne an Conraídin ceutona, agur r'griobair mé é 'ran
 rannai'geadé ceutona 'nn ar r'griobar an uán Connadéad, go
 ramlócamaoir le céile níos fearr íao. áct ní mar rin fuair mé
 é r'griobda leir an g-Conraíoin áct le líntib faoa, mar an "máire
 deas na g'ruaige báine," fuar.

*=Caoir-dearig, cóim dearg le caoir,

*=ná raib mé (?)

That I may never come to the death or a while beneath the earth's
top

And melancholy after thee I think no shame,
But sleep like the birds in the soft top of the boughs,

Or is any man in pain as I am ?

No matter how long last night was, my eyes never slept a wink

But musing on the deeds of Maurya,
And that the Death may never come in the cold top of my branches
Until I see my white love in a household.

Beside the great Breed my thousand treasures is,

She is the maiden who is mannerly, courteous,
And sure the taste of her'kisses is sweeter than the honey of the
bees on the table

And to be drinking it in berry-red brandy.
Two breasts—fine, handsome, white, smooth, bright,
Like a swan that would be alone upon the linn ;
And sure the cuckoo speaks in the middle of the cold winter
In the little village in which she is sporting.

Is it not sorrowful, mournful, the case to a person as I am
That these women pay him no attention ?

And sure what I hear said is that they would give their love
To the man of the worst character in Erin.

That I may not be in it again until I lift up my net

And until I take satisfaction out of their hearts,
Over all that live of women she yonder is my love,
Little Maurya of the fair hair.

If I were to write this song in the same metre and measure as the
last one it would easily be seen how like they are to one-another.
But there exists another version, a Munster one from a manuscript of
mine which the same Considine made, and I shall write it in the same
measure as I wrote the Connacht song, that we may the better com-
pare them with one another, but it was not thus I found it written by
the Considine but in long lines like the " Mary of the Fair Hair,"
above,

múinnín na sruaige báine.

mo léun gan mé 'sur tu
 Δ θαίγοεαν ός gan cúmh'
 i n-oileánaid vuba loó' éirne,
 no faoi éoilletib vub' na rlat
 mar a nveunaid na h-éanlaic neao
 Δsur párad go bárra geuga.
 no i ngleannadainín coir cuain
 mar a labhrann an éuad,
 Δ' an fairge o éuait beic taob linn,
 mife féin 'r mo rún
 gan coolaó ann nó ruan
 Δct Δs rúgrao i s-clúro a céile.

mo leun! gan mé 'ra' s-cill
 i bpoéair mo éairve gaol
 no i mullaó cnuic Δs veunam áruir
 sul pá r' éarla tu am' líon
 Δs vúbailc cneao am' éroiðe
 Δsur v'iompuig tu mo élaoið mar áirne.
 Cumann gear[r]* o mnaoi
 ní mairneann ré Δct mí
 Δct mar ríolla ve gaolc mára,
 Δ róiur nfor éoir mé éiol
 mar gearll air beagán maoin'
 Δ' r gearra liom bíoð v'innicinn rára.

nfor pág mé baile cuain
 O Corcaig anuar
 no ar rin go Cruac-páorais
 Tarc ó dear anuar
 go béul an eapa Ruaid
 nár éaitear, air mo éuairc ann, ráitce.
 mar rúil go bráðaimn tuararð
 péupla an éuil vualais
 'S i an aingir vo éus buaid éar mnaib i,
 'S sur i vteórainn éill-vá-lua
 O r gearar le mo rún
 ir i múinnín na sruaige báine.

* ní'l fíor Δsam an é reó "gearr," no "gearr."

THE MOORNEEN OF THE FAIR HAIR.

[MUNSTER VERSION].

My grief that I and thou
 Oh young maiden without melancholy
 Are not in the dark island of Lough Erne,
 Or beneath the dark woods of the rods,
 Where the birds make their nests
 And (there is) growth to the top of the boughs.
 Or in a little valley beside a bay
 Where the cuckoo speaks,
 And the sea from the north to be beside us,
 Myself and my secret
 Without sleep or slumber
 But playing in a corner together.

My grief that I am not in the church-yard
 Along with my kindred friends,
 Or on the top of a hill making a dwelling,
 Before you chanced into my net
 Doubling the wound in my heart,
 And you turned my locks like a sloe-berry.
 Short affection from a woman
 It only lasts a month,
 But it is like a whiff of the March wind
 Oh treasure, it were not right to sell me
 On account of a little riches
 And in future let your mind be satisfied with me

I never left a harbour town
 From Cork down
 Nor from that to Croagh Patrick (in Mayo),
 Round from the south, and down
 To the mouth of the Red Waterfall (i.e., Ballyshanon).
 That I did not spend a quarter-of-a-year on my visit in it,
 In hopes that I might get an account
 Of the pearl of the tressy cool;
 She is the maiden who gained the victory over women.
 And sure at the mearn of Killaloe
 I parted with my secret,
 She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

Coir na h-aibne móire
 atá mo míle ródhac
 'S í an máighean máireac mo[ð]m[Δ]nac fáirta i,
 'S go mbuó millre liom a póg
 'Ná mil na mbeac air bóro,
 Agus í oo beic 'gá h-ól le briannda.
 A ód éic éruinne bheadga
 Cumta deara blácthar'
 Mar beibeac rheadta 'gá éadac air fléibic,
 'S go labhann an cuac le fonn
 Air lár an gheimhíó éall
 'San mbaile 'nna mbíonn mo ghrád le pléiríur.

Tá don beupra eile ann ran abrán, acé ir uóig liom nac mbain-
 eann ré leir, agus gur uine éigin eile oo rinne é, acé beuprao ann
 ro é.

Tá cuio aca óa ráð
 Sur mór mo ghean air mhnáib
 níor éugair-ra mo ghean acé oo cúigear,
 A' r i g-concabaire mo báctad*
 So leanfainn tu 'ra' tñáin
 O'fonn beic ann oo ráirt a cúil-fionn.
 Oo deunfainn ráirt de luig
 'S oo ríuródaínn i tar tuinn
 Oo ríofaínn gao 'r oo deunfainn céuécá,
 mo leanabán beag fionn
 Oo breugfainn í air mo glúin,
 A' r go raéfainn real faoi beinn a léine.

Caiffamaoio anoir air abrán uobhónac eile, oo rinne maighean
 óg ag deunaim cúma agus lionuob ahoiaig a ghrád-ra. Chualar
 mé cuio óe ó fean-mhnaoi i g-concáe Sligis, acé bí ré ruaitte agus
 meargda le uob-béupraib eile, agus ar an áobair rin beirim cuio
 óe ar an láim-ríuibinn agus cuio eile nac bfuil 'ran láim-ríuibinn
 mar fuair mé ó'n tfean-mhnaoi é. Tá an ceuo beupra agus an
 ceann uoirionnac ó'n tfean mhnaoi, agus na tri cinn eile ó'n mS.

* D'feair "mo báirté."

Beside the great river
 Is my thousand treasures,
 She is the maiden—handsome, mannerly, satisfying ;
 And sure her kiss was sweeter to me
 Than the honey of the bees at table,
 And it to be drunk with brandy.
 Her two breasts—round, fine,
 Shapen, handsome, blossomy—
 As it were snow that would be thrown on mountains;
 And sure the cuckoo speaks with delight
 In the middle of the winter over there
 In the village in which my love doth be with pleasure.

There is one other verse in the song, but I am sure it does not belong to it, and that it was somebody else who made it, but I shall give it here :—

There are some of them saying
 That my love for women is great
 But I never gave it but to five ;
 And, in danger of being drowned,
 Sure I would follow you in the ocean
 With desire to be in your part (*i.e.*, dear to you), oh fair
 haired one !
 I would make portion of a ship,
 And I would steer it across the waves ;
 I would spin a gad (withy), and I would make a plough,
 My little fair child
 I would coax her on my knee,
 And sure I would go awhile beneath the corner of her mantle.

We shall now meet another mournful song which a young maiden composed lamenting and grieving after her love. I heard part of it from an old woman in the county Sligo, but it was mixed up and mingled with other bad verses, and for that reason I give part of it out of my manuscript and part that is not in the manuscript, as I got it from the old woman. The first verse and the last are from her and the other three from the manuscript ;—

MALA AN TSLÉIBE RUAIÓ.

TÁ MÉ ANN MO FUIÐE
 O U'ÉIRIÚ AN ĠEALAC ARÉIR,
 AG CUR TEINEAD RÍOR
 AGUR GO RÍOR 'GÁ PAOÓGAD GO GEUR,
 TÁ MUINNIR AN TIGHE
 'NNA LUÍÐE AGUR MIRE LIOM FÉIN,
 TÁ NA COILLIGHE AG ĠLAOÚAC
 AGUR AN TIR 'NNA COOLAÐ ACÉT MÉ.

NÁ'N FÁĠBUIĠ MÉ AN PAOĠAL RO
 GO PĠAOILPÍD MÉ ÓIOM AN MÍ-ÁD,
 GO PAÍD BAC AGAM AGUR CAOIRIGHE
 A'R MO MÍAN OE BUACDAILL AMÁIN,
 NÍOR BFADA LIOM AN OIÓCE
 BÉIDINN RINTE LE NA BPOLLAC MÍN BÁN
 'S GO OCTÍBPAINN CEAO DO FÍOL ÉADA
 'NNA DÍAIĠ RIN A PĠOĠA RUO A PÁD.

POLUIĠEANN ĠRÁD ĠRÁIN
 ANN ĠAC ÁIT A M BÍONN MAIRE 'RAN MNAOI
 AIR LEADBAÍD CAOL ÁRO
 LE PÁIÓCE NÍOR BFADA MO LUÍÐE,
 NUAIR CUIHHIÚ MÉ AIR MO ĠRÁD
 O'FÁĠ MÉ AIR MÁLA AN TRLÉIBE RUAIÓ
 SOILIM MO FÁIÓ
 'SUR IR PÁNAÓ OIORMUIĠEAR MO ĠRUAIÓ.

AN LIONOUB A ĠHÍDÍM FÉIN
 NÍ FEUDAIM OAOAÍD DÉ ÓL,
 IR MEAPÁ MAP TÁIM
 NÍ FEUDAIM COOLAÐ GO FÓIL,*
 MALLACÉT MÍC DÉ DO'N TÉ RIN
 DO BAIN ÓIOM MO ĠRÁD,
 AGUR O'FÁĠBUIĠ LIOM FÉIN MÉ
 ĠAC AON OIÓCE FADA PÁ ÉRÁD†

* "AN COOLAÐ A FÁĠGAIL," 'RAN MRS.

† "PÁ BPÓN," 'RAN MRS.

THE BROW OF THE RED MOUNTAIN.

I am sitting up
 Since the moon rose last night,
 And putting down a fire,
 And ever kindling it diligently;
 The people of the house
 Are lying down, and I by myself.
 The cocks are crowing,
 And the land is asleep but me.

That I may never leave the world
 Till I loose from me the ill-luck,
 Till I have cows and sheep
 And my one desire of a boy.
 I would not think the night long
 That I would be stretched by his smooth white breast
 And sure I would allow the race of Eve
 After that to say their choice thing (*of me*).

Love covers up hate
 In every place in which there is beauty in a woman
 On a couch narrow, high,
 For a quarter-of-a-year great and long (*was I*) lying,
 When I remembered my love
 That I left on the Brow of the Red Mountain,
 I weep my enough
 And it is scarcely (?) my countenance dries.

The grief (*or black ale, a play on words*) I myself make
 I cannot drink any of it ;
 It is worse as I am
 I cannot get the sleep;
 The curse of the Son of God upon that one
 Who took from me my love
 And left me by myself
 Each single long night in misery.

'S a buacailín óig
 ní áobair ari bit magsaib óuit mé,
 ní'l aSao le ráð
 áct aiháin go bfuil mé gan rpré,
 ní tura mo ghráð
 aSuy mo éráð m'á' mipe liom é,
 'S má ta mé gan bólaét
 i' leóir óam laíde* liom féin.

Tá an t-abrán ro an-vobrónae, mar an cúro i' mó ve na h-abránaið ghráð tá veunta le mnáib, aSuy tá an fonn nfor vobró-naige 'ná na focail féin. Tá ré an-éirínúil le h-abrán ari an b'onn ceutona vo fuaip mé i láimhghibinn muinúig le Dóinnall Mac Conraioin. i' r'óig go bfuair feipean an ván o fean-ouine éigin aSuy fuy r'ghíob ré r'for é. Cú fuy i' r'ghibinn muinúig vo fuaip mé é, ní i' g-cúige muinhan aiháin atá ré le rágaíl, mar éualar cúro vé i' g-Connaétaib, mé féin. i' ve na h-abránaið rin é atá coit'c'ionn vo'n v'á' éúige. i' cailin atá ann ro ari' aS veunnaib b'róin dí féin rá naé v'c'ig léite a roga-ghráð féin beic aici tá ré an-éirínúil leir an abrán ari a nglaoðann o'v'álais Cairleán uí néill, áct tá beupraib ann ro naé bfuil aige-pea' aSuy ari an áobair rin creioim fuy riú a éabhair ann ro.†

AN TUIRSE A'S AN BRÓN SO.

Tá an tuirpe a' an b'róin ro
 aS gabaíl go móir móir timéioll mo éiríde,
 a' lán mo óá b'róga vé
 'S na veóira aS r'ileat liom r'for.
 'S é i' r'p'v'v' liom uaim an Dóinnad
 a m'ile r'róirín no go nglabann tu an t'rlige
 aSuy m' annraét rá óó éu,
 slán beó leat no go b'illleib mé ari'.
 a éumainn a' a annraét
 i' v'c'uir an t'raihraib an ngluairpeá liom féin,
 amad faoi na gleannraib
 mar a mberómr aS v'ul faoi vo'n ghréin.
 ba, caoirige, ná géana
 ní i'ar'p'v'v' leat i'v'v' mar r'pré,
 áct mo lán faoi vo éom géal
 a' ceao cóihraib no go mbuailpeat an v'ó-veug.

*=luirde

† feuc l. 82 ve "filióeáct na cúige muinhan," ii. cúro.

And oh, young *bohaleen*,

I am no material for mockery for you,

You have nothing to say

Except only that I am without a fortune.

You are not my love,

And my destruction if I am sorry for it ;

And if I am without cattle

It is enough for me (i.e., *I am able*) to lie alone.

This song is very sorrowful, like most of the love songs that are composed by women, and the air is more mournful than the words themselves. It is very like a song to the same air which I got in a Munster manuscript of mine by Donal Mac Consaidin. He probably got the poem from some old person and wrote it down. Although I found it in a Munster manuscript, it is not in Munster alone it is, for I heard some of it myself in Connacht. It is one of those songs that are common to the two provinces. It is again a girl who is here making lament for herself because she cannot have her choice love. It is very like the song that O'Daly calls "Castle O'Neill," but there are verses here which he has not got, and for this reason I think it worth giving them here.

THIS WEARINESS AND GRIEF.

This weariness and grief

Are going greatly, greatly, round my heart,

And the full of my two shoes of it,

And the tears dropping down with me.

It is what I think the Sunday long from me,

Oh, thousand treasures till you pass the way.

And my darling twice over you are,

Giving farewell to you, until I return again.

Oh, affection, and oh, darling,

In the beginning of the summer would you move with
me yourself

Out under (i.e., among) the valleys,

Where we might be at the going-under of the sun (?)

Cows, sheep, or calves

I would not ask them for fortune with thee,

But my hand beneath your white form,

And leave to converse until twelve would strike.

Ceuo rlan oo'n oioce aiein
 'S e mo leun nac anooc oo bi air ocir
 buacaillin rpeircahuil
 Oo breusgab me real air a gluin.
 O'mneorainn fein rgeul ouit,
 Oa mb'feidur go noeunfa oim rin,
 So bfuil mo ghab oo m'ereisin
 A Dia gléigil 'r a Muirne nac truaig!

Tig le fear beic oobronac com maic le mnaoi. Ag ro abran
 beag rimplide oo fuair me o sean fear uar b'ainm O Falaimhin
 ar baile-an-tochair.

is raoda me ag imteadit.
 ir raoda me ag imteadit
 air cuairirg mna tige,
 A cuairirg ni bfuair
 i mbailé no i ocir,
 no go bfaic me mo mairnin
 air daoid Chuid na Siob,
 A ghuag na tri bualaic
 Oa rguabab le gaoit.
 ir truaig gan me port
 le rtor geal mo eiride,
 Taob eall ve'n abainn mair
 na ag an gcloride teoiran le na taoit.
 Cumlótar* ban og
 ir iao a eograb mo eiride,
 'S beirinn bliadain eile† oi b' oige
 Oa mbeirinn port ag mo mair.
 So bfaic o a rgiadán
 ar mo eiladán anuar
 'S go n-eirigim anáirve
 amearg éinín an cuair,
 go noeuntar cóirna élar dam
 'S go océid na cairngide mair go olúit,
 ní rgarfaid oo ghab go baid liom
 So mbeid me raicce 'ran uair.

*=Cómhuatar.

† Oi b' oige=nor oige. forim Connactac=ní b' oige.

A hundred farewells to last night ;

It is my grief that it was not to-night that was first.

A sprightly *bohalcen*

That would coax me awhile on his knee,

I would tell you a tale myself

If it were possible you could keep a secret for me,

That my love is forsaking me,

Oh ! bright God, and oh, Mary, is it not the pity !

A man can be sorrowful as well as a woman. Here is a little simple song I got from an old man named O'Fallon in Ballintubber.

LONG AM I GOING.

Long am I a-going

Inquiring for a *ban-a-t'yee* (Hausfrau)

Information of her I did not get

In town or in country.

Till I saw my darling

On the side of the Fairy's Hill,

Her hair of the three tresses

A-sweeping with wind.

'Tis a pity without me to be (*i.e.* that I am not) married.

With the bright treasure of my heart,

On the brink by the great river

Or at the nearer ditch by its side.

Company of young women,

It is they who would raise my heart,

And I would be a year younger

If I were married to my desire.

Until two wings grow

Out of my two breasts,

And till I rise up on high

Amongst the birds of the bay,

Till a coffin of boards is made for me

And till the nails go closely into it,

Your love will never part me

Until I shall be a quarter of a year in the tomb.

Διρ h-allaioib an tige móir-re
 Cóinnuigeann a'r bíonn mo ghráb bán,
 Διρ fao mo reult-eólaí
 'S é ir' sóig liom nac mbíonn* ré le fágáil.
 Duó inille liom a róigín
 'Ná an beóir 'r'ná an riúcpa bán
 'S muna b'fág' mé tu le pórad
 'S é ir' sóig liom nac mbéir mo éiríde r'lán.

Δτά an gáirtoín reó 'nna fárac,
 Δ ghráb geal, no an mioroe leat é?
 Faoi na corraioib† b'reág' bána
 Tá ag fár mar' builleabhar na g-craéb.
 níor binne liom glór céirrig
 Δs gabáil an tgráio reo ná sué binn na n-eun,
 'S gur euluis mo ghráb uaim
 Cúl fáinneac go cairleán uí néill.

Ir' a m'geirí i mbeul bearnan
 Uo fágáid mé an mairioin Ué luaim,
 Fan don uaine beó i nuál liom
 Δct mo ghráb bán a'r é iméigíte‡ a b'ao uaim
 ni b'uil gile ná b'reágaet
 ná áilleaet o'á raib ann ran ríogaet
 nac b'uil ann mo ghráb bán
 Δ'r gur fág ré rúo orna ann mo élaib.

náir fágáid mé an raogal ro
 no go leigrib mé úiom an mi-áb,
 go mbéir bac agam agur caoirige
 agur m'annraet aip leabaid go ráim.
 Tporgaó na h-aoine
 ná lá raoirie ni b'uirfinn go brát,
 'S níor b'aoa liom an oirde
 Uo beirínn rince le o' b'ollac geal bán.

* "na bídeann ré," ran MS.

† "faoi r na corraide," 'ran MS.—mar' doirio na muirínig.

‡ "míte," 'ran MS.

On the halls of this great house

Resides and does be my white love,

Altogether (?) (*he is*) my knowledge-star ;

What I am sure of is that he is not to be got ;

I would think his kiss sweeter

Than the b'yore (*kind of beer*) and the sugar white ;

And, unless I get you to marry,

What I think certain is that my heart will not be whole

This garden is a wilderness,

Oh ! white love ; or, are you sorry for it ?—

Under the fine white fruits

That are growing like the foliage of the branches.

I would not think the voice of a thrush more sweet

Going this street, or the melodious voice of the birds ;

And sure my love has eloped from me,

The ringletted cool, to the castle of O'Neill.

Like a (discarded) bush in the mouth of a gap

I was left on Monday morning,

Without one person alive near me,

But my white love—and he gone far from me.

There is no brightness nor fineness,

Nor loveliness of all that were in the kingdom

That is not in my white love ;

And sure that left a sigh in my breast.

That I may never leave this world

Till I let from me the ill-luck ;

That I may have cows and sheep,

And my affection on a couch pleasantly ;

Fasting on Friday

Or holiday I never would break ;

And I would not think the night long

That I would be near by your white bright heart.

Τά λúιβín νεαρ cúδαρτα δγáμ
 áη cúl an énocáin,
 le mo cúlþíonn vo bneugað
 á' r mo ceuo míle gráð.
 μαρ rín á bíδεαρ μο éρoιde-re
 Deunatñ píoρaιð ánn mo láρ,
 μαρ βeιðeαð epánn í láρ rλέιβε
 'S é γáη rρéáñáιð ná epoιde rλán.

μαρ βeιðeαð* γρiáη op cíonn vαιβeαcéáη
 bíonn m'ínnctínn, pápaop!
 γáη coσlαð γáη pυáññeap
 le cαίλλeαð áγyp βλiαðáη,
 íρ μαρ rín á bíδεαρ μο éρoιde-re
 Deunatñ píoρaιð ánn mo láρ,
 μαρ náε vctígeánn cu vo m' íáppaιð
 seáλ áon oíðce áñááη.

Δγ rο μαρ éáοíneap βeáη áñóíáγ á γρáð-rá γo píoρ-þímplíðe
 áγyp γo h-áη-bínn. Pυáη mé áη píoρa rο ó pεáη íññáοí váp
 β áñññ βpíγío nι éoppyaíðt bí 'ññá cóññuítde í mboctán í láρ pοp-
 τaíγ í γ-conoαé pοpcomáñ áγyp í βeáγ-náé ceuo βλiαðáη v'áoip.

mo úrón áη áη βpáírrγe.

mo βρόη áη áη βpáírrγe

íρ é τά mόρ,

íρ é γáðáιλ íoip† mé

'S mo míle rτόρ.

o'páγαð 'rāñ mβáιle mé

Deunatñ βróíñ,

γáη áon epúιλ τap ráιle líom

éοιðce ná γo vεó.

* Λάβαιρτέαρ áη pocal rο μαρ "βeιt," í n-áon píoλλα áñááη, í γ-connaéctáιð.

† "Diosi Crummey," í m βeupλa, τά pí μαρβ áñoip áγyp á cuio áβrán léιce.

‡ Λάβαιρτέαρ "íoip" μαρ "eαðap" í γ-connaéctáιð áγyp í n-áλβáññ.

I have a nice fragrant little corner (1)
 At the back of the hillock,
 To entice my fair one
 And my hundred thousand loves.
 Even so does my heart be,
 Making bits (of itself) in my middle,
 As it were tree in the midst of a mountain
 And it without roots or heart sound.

As it were a sun over an abyss
 My mind, alas, does be
 Without sleep, without rest,
 For more than a year.
 Even so my heart does be,
 Making pieces (of itself) in my middle,
 Since thou comest not to seek me
 For a while of only one night.

This is how a woman keenes after her love, exceedingly simply, and melodiously. I got this piece from an old woman named Biddy Cussrooe (or Crumney in English), who was living in a hut in the midst of a bog in the County Roscommon.

* MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

* Literally. My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever or aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth.

mo léun naé bfuil mi re
 'Sur mo múirinn bán
 1 g-cúige laige an
 no 1 g-conradé an Chláir.

mo bhrón naé bfuil mi re
 'Sur mo míle ghrád
 ari borro loinge
 triall go 'meicá.

leabuió luadha
 bí fúm aréir,
 agus éad mé amad é
 le tear an laé.

Cáimig mo ghrád-ra
 le mo éadé
 guala ari gualain
 agus beul asri beul.

Deurparó mé ann ro abrán ghrád eile, an t-abrán an-éilútaé ainn.
 neamuil rin, an Droigheán Donn, mar fuair é dá bliadain deug
 ó foim o sean-sear, báiteur Sgurrilóg, 1 gconradé Rorcomáin,
 fear vo fuair bár o foim. Beirim ann ro é, mar tá ré ruo-beag
 eugraimuil ó'n g-cóir vo eug murr bhrúe agus ó'n g-cóir vo eug O
 h Argaóin ná O Dálaidé úinn; agus má éirigeann rgoilaine fuar
 ariam le cur 1 g-cló rriom-abrán na h-Éireann (agus ir vob-ran
 an Droigheán Donn) 1 g-cuma ceart le rruoéaradé cúramaidé
 orra, ni fuláir* óó an oireao cóir eugraimuil vo beir aige agus
 ir réoir leir fágaíl. Ní'l an cóir reó ró éorimuil le don éann
 eile ari a bfuil fíor agam-ra, agus tá oíerir móir ior 1 agus an
 t-abrán 1 leabair an h-Arghaóin.

AN DROIGHEÁN DONN.

Saoileann ceo fear gur leó féin mé nuair élaím lionn,
 'S téideann dá vrian ríor víom nuair rmaoinigim ari vo éóiradé
 liom.
 Vo cum ir míne 'ná an ríosa ari sliab uí flóinn,
 S go bfuil mo ghrád-ra mar bláé an áinne ari an droigheán donn.

* Deir ríao 1 g Connaéarib "ní móir óó," 1. ir éirig óó,

My grief, and my trouble !
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster,
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound !—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South ;
 His breast to my bosom,
 His mouth to my mouth.

I shall here give another love song, that very renowned and famous one, "The Drinaun Dunn" (Brown Blackthorn), as I got it twelve years ago from an old man, one Walter Sherlock, in the County Roscommon, a man who is since dead. I give it here as it is slightly different from the copies which Miss Brooke, Hardiman, and O'Daly give, and if any scholar ever rises up to print the prime songs of Erin—and "The Drinaun Dunn" is one of them—in right form, and making a careful study of them, he would want to have as many different versions as he can get. This copy is not very like any other one that I know, and there is great difference between it and the song as given in Hardiman's Book.

THE DRINAUN DUNN (BROWN BLACKTHORN).

A hundred men think that I am their own, when I drink ale (with them),
 But two-thirds of them go down (i.e. retire) from me, when I think of your conversation with me ;
 Your form smoother than the silk that is on the mountain of O'Flynn,
 And sure my love is like the blossom of the sloe on the brown blackthorn.

Δεῦρ ῥλάν ῥεαρτα ὅο'ν ὅαιλε ὕοαις, * ῥίαν ἀμεαρῆς na ῥ-ερῆαν
 ἱρ ἄνν ῥῖν ἀτά μο ἔαρῥαῖνῆς ῥο ἰυαῑ ῥ'ῥῥ ῥο ῥαλλ,
 'S ἱοῦῑα ἀναῑ ῥῖνῑ ῥαλαῑ Δεῦρ ὅοῑῥῥῖν ῑαν.
 ῥαῑαῑ ῥοῑρ μέ 'ῥ ἄν ὅαιλε ὅῥῥῖλ μο ῥῑῑῥῥῖν ἄνν.

τά ῥῖβῖν ὅ μο ῑεῡῥ-ῥεαρῑ ἄνν μο ῥῑῑα ῥῑῥ,
 Δεῦρ ῥῖρ ῑῑῥεἄνν ῖν ῑεῑῑῑῥῥαῡοῑρ μο ὅῥῑῑ, ῥαῥαῡῑ!
 τά μέ ῥεῑῑ ῑεῑῑ ῥο ῥοεῡῡῡῡῡῡ ὡἄν ῑῑῥῖῥῖ ῑῑῑῑ
 'S ῥο ὅῑῑῥῥῑῑ ἄν ῥεῡῑ 'ῖν ἄ ὅῑῑῑ ῥῖν ῑῥῑῑ μο ῑῑῑ ἄῡῥῑ.

'S ἄ ῥῑῡῑῑ ἄν ῖνῑῥῑ ῑεῑῑ μέ ὅεῑ ῑῖν
 ῖο ἄ ῥῑῡῑῑ ἄν ῖνῑῥῑ ῑεῑῑ μέ ὅῡῑ 'ῥῑ ῥ ῑῑῑῑ
 ἄ ῥῑῡῑῑ ἄν ῑῡῑ ῑεἄῡῡῡῡῡῡ 'ῥ ῑ ὅῡ ὅεῡῑ ἄτά ὅῖνν,
 'S ῥο ὅῑῑῑῑῑῑ 'ῥῑῑ ὅῑῑῑῑῑ ὅεῑῑ μο ῥεἄν ὡῥῑ ῥῑῑῑ ὅῑῑῥῑῑ ῑῑῑ.

ἱρ ῥεῡῑ ῥῑν ῑῑῑῑ ἄ ῥῑῑῥῑῑ ῑῑῑ ἄν ῥῑῑῑῑ ὅεῑῑῑ ἄῡῑ
 'S ῑῑῑῑ ῑῥῑῑῑ ῑῑ ῑῑ ῑῑῑῑ ἄῡῑ ἄ ῑῑῥῥῑῑ ῥῑ ἄ ῑῑῑ.
 ῑῑῑ ῥῑῑ ἄῡῑ ῑ ἄν ῑῥῑῑ ῑῑῑῑῑῑ ὅῑῑῑ ῥῑ ῥεῡῑῑ ἄῡῑ ἄ ὅῑῥῑ
 'S ῥῑῥῑῑῑ ῥῑῑῑῑῑῑ 'ῥῑῑ ῥῑῑῑῑῑῑ ἄῡῑ ἄν ῥ-ῑῥῑῑ ἱρ ῑῥῑ ὅῑῑῑ.

'S ἄ ῑῡῡῑῑ ὅῑῑῑ ῑῥῑῑ ὅεῡῡῥῑῑ μέ ῑῑ ῑῑῑῑῑῑ ῑῑ ὡἄῑ,
 ῖῑῑ ῑῑῑῑ ῑῑῑ ὅῑ ῑῑῑ ἄῥῑῑ, ῑῑῑ ὅῑῑῑῑῑ ῑῑ ὅῑ ῑῥῑῑῑ,
 ῑῑῑῑῑῑ ὅῑῑῑῑ ὅῑῑ ῑῑ ῑῑῑῑῑῑ ὅῑῑ ῥῑῑ ῑῑῑῑ ῑῑῑῑ
 'S ῥο ῥῑῑῑ ῑῑῑ ῑῑῑ ὅῑ ῑῥῑῑῑῑῑῑ 'ῥῑῑ ῑῑ ῑῑῑῑ ῑῑῑῑ.

ἱρ ῥῑῑῑῑῑῑ ῑῑῑῑ ἄν ὅῑῑ ῥῑ, Δεῦρ ῖῑῑ ἄῡῑ ἄῡῑ ὅῑῑ ὅῑ 'ῑ ῑῑῑ ῑῑῑ
 ὅῥῥῖλ ῥῑ ῑῑ ῥῑῑῑῑ ῥῑῑ, Δεῦρ ῑῑ ῥῑ ῑῑῑ ῑῑῑῑῑῑ ῑ ῑ ὅεῡῡῑῑ ἄῡῑ
 ἄτά ῥῑ ῑ ῑῥῑῑῑῑῑ, ἄῑῑ ῖν ὅῥῑῑῑῑῑῑ ῑ ῥ-ῑῑῑῑῑῑῑ ῑῑ ὅῑῑῑῑῑῑ
 ῑῑῑῑῑ ἄνν. ὅῑ ῥῑῑῑῑῑῑ ἄνν ὅῑ ῥῑῑῑῑ ὅῑῑ ῑ ἄ ὅῥῑῑ ὅῑῑῑ, Δεῦρ
 ῖῑῑῑ ῑῑῑῑῑ ῥῑ ἄῡῑῑῑ ὅῑῑ ῑῑῑῑῑῑῑ ῥῖν

"ῑῑῑ ῥῑῑ ἄῡῑ ῑ ἄν ῑῥῑῑ ῑῑῑῑῑῑῑ," ῑῑῑ ῥῑῑῑῑ ῑῑ ὅῑῑῑ ἄῡῑ
 ἄ ῥῑῑῑ. Δῥ ῥῑ ἄὅῥῑῑ ὅῑῑ ῥῑῑῑῑῑῑ ῑῑῑ ὅῑ ῥῑῑῑῑ ῑῑ ὅῑ ῥῑῑ ῥῑῑῑῑῑῑ
 ὅῑῑῑ ὅῑῑ ὅῑῑῑ ῥῑῑ ῑ ῥ-ῑῑῑῑῑῑ ῥῑῑῑῑῑῑ.

*="ῡῑ," ῑ ῥῑῑῑῑῑῑῑῑῑ.

And farewell henceforth to yon town, westward amongst the trees,
It is there that my drawing is, early and late;
Many is the wet dirty morass and crooked road
Going between me and the town in which my treasureen is.

There is a ribbon from my first love in my pocket below,
And the men of Erin, they could not cure my grief, alas!
I am done with you, until a narrow coffin be made for me,
And till the grass shall grow, after that, up through my middle.

And, Oh, Paddy, do you think the worse of it (are you sorry), me to
be ill?

Or, Oh, Paddy, do you think the worse of it, me to go into the
churchyard?

Oh, Paddy of the bound back hair, it is your mouth is sweet,
And until I go into the ground my affection will be on you for your
conversation with me.

He is a man without sense would go contend with a ditch that
would be high,

And a low ditch by his side on which he might lay his hand (to
vault across);

Although it is high, the rowan-berry tree, it bees* bitter out of the
top,

While blackberries and raspberries grow on the tree that is lowest of
blossom.

And, Oh, dear Mary (Virgin), what shall I if you go from me?

I have no knowledge (of how to go) to your house, your haggard, or
your stacks;

A faithful counsel my people gave me not to elope with you,

For that there were a hundred twists in your heart, and the thousands
of tricks.

This poem is truly gentle and sweet, and there is no spot in the
country where it is not to be still found, and it is as common in
English as it is in Irish, but we do not always find in it the same
verses. There was an old woman in it, long ago, who used to sing it
to me, and she never came to this verse—

Although the rowan-berry tree is high, etc.,
that she used not to shed tears from her eye. Here is another little
simple song that I got from an old piper, named Green, in the county
Roscommon.

* Usual Anglo-Irish for "it always is," or "it does be."

IS TRUAGH SAN MISE I SACRANA.

IY TRUAGH SAN MISE I SACRANA
 I bhfrainc ná 'ra' Spáin
 ná éalll annfna riap-inveacáib
 mar a g-cóinnuigeann mo ghrád bán.
 Agus máire an cúil oualaig
 'nna ruidé roir mo ód láimh,
 A' r go mbéiríonn-re 'gá breugad
 go h-éirige an lá* bán.

nuair luíom air mo leabaib
 ní'l rócaimuil le páigil,
 's go bfuil armaid ann mo éaduib óear
 agus loit rí mo lár.
 Doctúiríde na cruinne
 's iao uile le páigil,
 ní'l mo leigear ag an méad rin
 acé ag máire an cúil bán.

IY PAOA MÉ AG IMTEACÉ
 Air éadairg mna tige,
 A macraimuil ní facaib mise
 i mbailé no i oír.
 Ód breicféad-ra an ruidé-bean
 air éaduib Ónuic-na-ríde,
 Duál o'd gnuaisg bán
 's é 'o'd ruadac le gaoit.

ní'l aon abrán iY rimplíde ann ran leabair ro 'ná an ceann ro.
 ní'l ré corhmúil le h-obair rir o'éleacéad vánta vo beunam, agus
 iY corhmúile le h-abrán beurla é 'ná le h-abrán gaeóeilg, óir ní'l
 an com-fuaim éadonna i noó no i oírí focalaib annr gac líne,
 mar atá annfna rean-abránnaib eile; ní'l com-fuaim ann ran
 abrán ro acé amáin i nveirne an oara líne agus an éadraimad
 líne,—rud érocuigear nac bfuil ré an trean, agus nac obair
 báird acé obair tuine-tíne éigin é.

* "Lá"="Láé," ann ro.

I WISH I WERE IN ENGLAND.

Pity I am not (*i.e.*, I wish I were) in England,
 In France, or in Spain,
 Or over in the West Indies,
 Where my white love lives,
 And Mary of the tressy *cool*
 Sitting between my two hands,
 And sure I would be coaxing her,
 Until the rise of the white day.

When I lie upon my bed,
 There is no relief to be got,
 And sure there is a stitch in my right side,
 And she has wounded my middle.
 The doctors of the universe,
 And they all to be got—
 My curing is not with all that number,
 But with Mary of the fair *cool*.

It is long I am going
 In search of a woman-of-the-house,
 And image of her I never *saw*
 In town or in country.
 If you were to see the lovely lady
 On the side of the Fairy's Hill,
 A tress of her fair hair,
 And it being violently-forced with the wind.

There is no song in this book more simple than this. It is not like the work of a man who used to practise making poems, and it is more like an English song than an Irish one, for there is not the same co-sound (vowel rhyme) in two or three words in each line as there is in the other old songs; there is no vowel rhyme in this song except at the end of the second and fourth lines, a thing which proves that it cannot be very old, and, that it is not the work of a bard, but of some peasant.

Σὶ ρεὸ ἀν λῖτ ὡαμ ἀβράνιν βεαζ ὡ'η τρὸρτ σευῶνα ὡο ἐυρ ρῖορ.
 βεαν εἰζιν ὡο ἐυζ γράδ ὡο ἐάλλιύρ ὡο ριννε ἔ. ρυαῖρ μῖρε ὁ
 ρεαν-ρεαρ, Ὀάιτέαρ στυρρλόζ, ἰ γ-ῶνοαέ ρορῶμλιν ἔ, ἀέτ τὰ ἀν
 ρεαρ ὁ α βρυαῖρ μέ οέτ μβλιαῶνα ὁ ροῖν ἔ μαρβ ἀνοῖρ. τὰ ρε ἀν-
 τρῖμπλῖδε, ἀσυρ γὰέ υἷλε ροαλ ὡ'ά νουβαῖρτ μέ ἰ ὡταοῖβ ἀν ἀβράν
 ὡεῖρῖονηαῖζ ἰρ ρῖορ ἔ ἰ ὡταοῖβ ἀν ἀβράν ρεὸ μαρ ἀν γ-σευῶνα.

τᾱίλλιύιρῖν ἀν εὐοαῖζ.

ρᾱγρᾱὸ μέ ἀν βαῖλε ρεὸ
 μαρ τὰ ρε γράννα,
 ἀσυρ ραέρᾱὸ μέ μο ὀόμνυῖδε
 ὅο ὀλαῖρ-ἡἰ-ῖεαῶρα.
 ἀν λῖτ α βρυῖζρεαυ ρόζα
 'Ὅμ' ρτόρῖν ἀσυρ σευ ράιτε,
 'Ὅμ' βογ ὀολαμᾱῖν (?) βό (?)
 ἀσυρ ρόρραο λειρ ἀν τᾱίλλιύρ.

α ἐάλλιύρ, α ἐάλλιύρ
 'ς α ἐάλλιύρῖν ἀν εὐοαῖζ,
 ἡῖ ὡεῖρε λῖομ μαρ ῖεαρρᾱρ τυ
 'ἡά μαρ ἐυμαρ τυ να βρευζα,
 ἡἰ τρυῖμε λῖομ βρὸ ἡυῖλῖν
 'ς ἰ τυῖτῖμ ἰ ὀο ἔῖρνε,
 'ἡά γράδ βυαν ἀν τᾱίλλιύρ
 τὰ ἰ μβρῶλλαέ μο λείνε.

σῖαοῖλ μῖρε ρέιν
 μαρ ὡο βῖ μέ γαν εὐλαρ
 ὅο μβαιρῖνῖν λῖομ ὡο λᾱῖν
 ἡο ράιννε ἀν ρόρτα,
 ἀσυρ ῖαοῖλ μέ 'ἡνα ὀῖαῖζ
 ὅο μβυὸ τυ ἀν ρευτε-εὐλαρ,
 ἡο βλάέ να ρυγ-εραοῖβ
 ἀῖρ γὰέ ταοῖβ ὡε να βόῖεῖρῖν'.

* β 'έῖοῖρ=ὀμ' βογ ὀολαμᾱῖνῖν (=column δῖζ).

This is the place to put down another little song of the same sort. It was some woman who gave love to a tailor who made it. I got it from an old man, Walter Sherlock, in the County Roscommon, but the man from whom I got it eight years ago is now dead. It is very simple, and every word I said about the last song is true of this one also.

THE TAILOREEN OF THE CLOTH.

I will leave this village
 Because it is ugly,
 And I go to live
 At Cly-O'Gara?
 The place where I will get kisses
 From my treasureen, and a *Céad fáilt*
 From my soft, young little dove,
 And I shall marry the tailor.

Oh, tailor, oh, tailor,
 Oh, tailoreen of the cloth,
 I do not think it prettier how you cut (your cloth)
 Than how you shape the lies;
 Not heavier would I think the quern of a mill,
 And it falling into Loch Erne,
 Than the lasting love of the tailor
 That is in the breast of my shirt.

I thought, myself,
 As I was without knowledge,
 That I would seize your hand with me
 Or the marriage ring,
 And I thought after that
 That you were the star of knowledge
 Or the blossom of the raspberries
 On each side of the *boreen* (little road)

Tá ceann de na beupraib reó le págáil i n-abrán eile, aghallam
no cómpáid roir buacáil ós do bí ag págbáil na h-éireann agus
mnaoi óis tá ag labairt leir. Deir ré léiti ann ran g-ceo rann
naé bpuil uadain aige aét a fláinte aindin, agus deir réir le
greann óir ir pollapac go mb'feair leir i u'imeadac uad. ni
éireann ríre é agus toruigeann rí ag cláirán. ag ro é.

τά cailín ós 'sa 'mbaile seó.

(An buacáil).

Tá cailín ann ran mbaile reo
'S ir ainm bí-re máire,
Do tug mé ghrád 'sur caicneadh oi
Tar cailínib na h-áite,
ni'l ór agam, ni 'l aipeao
ná don nio aét mo fláinte,
'S má'r noza leat fear polain
bídim agao agus páilte.

(An cailín).

A ógánaig óis
A bpuil ór-burde ann a pócaib
Go bpeicir mé do h-allaide
Seala, 'sur do cóiride,
Go bpeicir mé do gáirfin
lán de gac tórad,*
Agus na ceoia ag págáil báir
le ghrád do pórtas.

Šaoil me réin
Mar bí mé gan eólar
Go mbeuprá dam do lán
no páinne an pórtas,
Agus šaoil mé 'nna déis rin
Go mbuó tu an reult eólar
no blác na rúg-érad
Ain gac taoib de'n bóirín.

* Recté "torad," ni "tórad."

One of these verses is to be found in another song, a dialogue or conversation between a young lad who was leaving Erin and a young woman who is speaking with him. He says to her in the first verse that he has nothing but his health, and he says that in sport, for it is evident that he would prefer her not to go away from him. She does not believe him, and begins to complain. Here it is :—

THERE'S A GIRL IN THIS TOWN.

(THE BOY).

There's a girl in this town,
 And her name it is Maurya,
 I gave her love and liking
 Beyond all the girls of the place.
 I have no gold, I have no silver,
 Nor anything but my health,
 And if an empty man is your choice
 You may have me and welcome.

(THE GIRL).

O young youth,
 In whose pockets is the yellow gold,
 That I may see your halls
 Bright, and your coaches,
 That I may see your garden
 Full of every fruit,
 And the hundreds dying
 For love of your marrying.

I thought, myself,
 For I was without knowledge,
 That you would give me your hand
 Or the wedding-ring,
 And I thought after that
 That you were the star of knowledge,
 Or the blossom of the strawberry
 On each side of the boreen.

(An Duacáil).

17 buacáilín boét mé
 ag fágbáil na h-Éireann
 ag iméadé cum na Fraince
 1 n-airm riú Seumair,
 Óiol mé mo thúicé
 Air éarta uige géire,
 'S a bean an tige na páirce
 Tabair fluéad mo béil dam.

(An Cailín).

A ógánaig óig
 Óruil an t-óir buíde ann a phearlaib
 agur an iomarcuid ban óg
 ag rógað vo béilín,
 náir fágaib míre an raogal ro
 Tá bioánaic breugac
 So n-oilríd mé vo leanabán
 Air brollac geal mo léine.

Tá píopa binn eile ann a brághmaoir an ráb ceoira, "neult an eólair" agur 17 doibinn an ráb é. 17 ag cur 1 g-céill atá ré 50 mbionn eólair úbalt a agur géir-inncinn meudaisce 50 mór, ag an té atá 1 ngráð. Tá an gráð mar neult, agur tá ré mar neult-eólair mar geall ar an g-caoi ann a n-oghlann ré ar g-ceo-facta, 50 mbrómfo úbalt a níor eutroime níor beóda agur géire 'ná biamaí roime rin. Tuigmio ann rin glóir agur áilleadé an traogail 1 roct náir tuigeamar ariam 50 ocl rin é. Ag ró an píopa air ar labhar, abhan nac féoir a fáruagad 1 oteangda ar bié ar a millreadé agur ar a fíor-éaime.

A ógánaig an cúil ceangailte.

A ógánaig an cúil ceangailte
 le a raib mé real 1 n-éinfeadé
 Cuidí tu 'néir, an bealac ro
 'S m' éainig tu vo m'feudaint.
 Sáoil mé nac noenraide oclar oit
 Tá oclucrá, a'r mé o' iarrat,
 'S gur b'i vo póigin éabhairfead rólár
 Tá mbeibinn 1 lár an fiabhair.

(THE BOY).

I am a poor bohaleen
 A-leaving Ireland,
 Going into France
 In the army of King James.
 I sold my estate
 For a quart of sour drink,
 And, O woman of the house, of the part (*i.e.*, of my love)
 Give me the wetting of my mouth (*i.e.*, a drink).

(THE GIRL).

O young youth,
 Who has the yellow gold in his pearls,
 And too many young women
 Kissing your small mouth,
 That I may never leave this world
 Which is slanderous and lying
 Until I rear your children
 On the white bosom of my shirt.

There is another melodious piece in which we find the same expression, "star of knowledge," and a lovely expression it is. It is making us understand it is, that there be's double knowledge and greatly increased sharp-sightedness to him who is in love. The love is like a star, and it is like a star of knowledge on account of the way in which it opens our senses, so that we be double more light, more lively and more sharp than we were before. We understand then the glory and the beauty of the world in a way we never understood it until that. Here is the piece of which I spoke, a song which cannot be surpassed in any language for its sweetness and true gentleness.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me,
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy

Dá mbeirdeadh maoin agham-ra
 Aghur aithgead ann mo póca
 Ueanpáinn bóicéirín aic-ghiorpach
 Go uorpar tige mo rtoirín,
 mar fúil le Dia go g-cluinnfínn-íe
 Torann binn a bhróige,
 'S ír fad an lá ann ar éodail mé
 Aic agh fúil le blas do póige.

A' r fadail me a rtoirín
 Go mbuð gealac aghur ghian éu,
 A' r fadail mé 'nna óiaig rín
 Go mbuð rneaceta ar an tghlab éu,
 A' r fadail mé 'nn a óiaig rín
 Go mbuð lóerann o' Dia éu,
 no gur ab tu an neult-eólaí
 Agh uil rómam a' r mo óiaig éu.

Gheall tu ríosa 'r raicín oam
 Callaíde* 'r bróga ársa,
 A' r gheall tu tap éir rín
 Go leanpá rísa an tghlán mé.
 Ni mar rín a' r mé
 Aic mo rgeac i mbeul beapna,
 Gac nóim a' r gac maíoin
 Agh feudaint tige m' a' r.

Agh ro abhán fírr-mílir eile tá corhúil le píora ar Óige muhan
 tá ré coih binn rín, aic cpeioim gur abhán Connaceta é. Tá an
 ráð rín "neult an eólaí" ann ran bpíora ro mar an g-ceudna.
 Ír follapac go bfuil ré bhirce ruar go móir aghur nac bfuil an t-
 iomlán ann.

* róir rgháile no cáir, cpeioim.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that, you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.*

Here is another truly sweet song, which is like a piece out of Munster, it is so melodious, but I believe it is a Connacht song. The expression "star of knowledge" is in this piece also. It is evidently greatly broken up, and the whole not in it.

*Literally. O youth of the bound back hair, With whom I was once together
 You went by this way last night, And you did not come to see me. I thought
 no harm would be done you If you were to come and to ask for me, And sure it
 is your little kiss would give comfort. If I were in the midst of a fever.

If I had wealth And silver in my pocket, I would make a handy boreen To
 the door of the house of my storeen ; Hoping to God that I might hear The melo-
 dious sound of his shoe, And long (since) is the day on which I slept, But (ever),
 hoping for the taste of his kiss.

And I thought, my storeen, That you were the sun and the moon, And I thought
 after that, That you were snow on the mountain, And I thought after that That
 you were a lamp from God, Or that you were the star of knowledge Going be-
 fore me and after me.

an mair̃oean ós.

oá mbeib' áitneab aḡam féin
no ḡabáltar a' r̃ féin
 Caoir̃uḡ b̃neáḡ' bána
ar̃ áro-énoc no r̃léib,
sláinte aḡur méin
aḡur ḡráo ceap̃t o'á r̃éir̃
 beir̃óinn-re 'r̃ mo ḡráo ḡeal[†]
So r̃áiñ ann ran t̃raéḡal.

tá mair̃oean ós 'ran t̃r̃
's r̃ r̃éal̃tan ebl̃air̃ í,
 ḡrian b̃neáḡ ar̃ bóro f
a' r̃ toḡa ve na mñáib*
a cum r̃aḡa b̃neáḡ
's a cúil̃in c̃raḡaḡe b̃án
 s ḡaḡe al̃t léi ar̃ láit̃-éir̃ie
o bácla ḡo b̃ráḡaro.

oá mbeir̃óinn-re 'r̃ mo r̃ún
ar̃ éoil̃l aḡ buaiñ enó
 no ar̃ [éaoib] l̃ir̃iñ aoib̃inn
's ḡan oíoĩonn oírãinñ aḡt̃ ceó,
beir̃eab̃ mo éroib̃e-re o'á b̃neóḡab̃
le oíḡr̃ar̃ o'á r̃óis
 's ḡur̃ b'é ḡráo ceap̃t̃ oo élaor̃o m̃a
's oo f̃ior̃-r̃ḡair̃ mo r̃ñóó.

oá mbeir̃óinn-re 'r̃ mo ḡráo
ar̃ éaoib̃ énuic no báiñ
 's ḡan r̃eóir̃ling̃ anñ ar̃ b̃róca
ñá lón cum na r̃l̃iḡe,
beib' mo r̃úil̃-re le (r̃for̃t̃
le ar̃ noóḡaiñ† ḡan moil̃l
 a' r̃ ḡo oíḡr̃aḡ mo r̃t̃ór̃ ḡeal
an b̃r̃ón ro ve m' éroib̃e.

* "toḡa ḡaḡe oíḡf̃ir̃ í," ran ms., aḡt̃ tá r̃uo éir̃iñ amúḡa 'ran beup̃ra ro.

† "So b̃ráḡmaoir̃ ar̃ noóḡaiñ ḡan moil̃l" ran ms.

THE YOUNG MAIDEN.

If I had a dwelling to myself,
 Or a holding and position,
 Fine white sheep
 On high hill or mountain,
 Health and beauty,
 And right love accordingly,
 I and my bright love would be
 Quietly off in the world.

There is a young maiden in the land,
 And she is a star of knowledge,
 A splendid sun at table she is,
 And a choice one of women ;
 Her form long and fine,
 Her cooleen shaking, fair,
 And every joint with her in an agile-quivering,
 From her buckles to her neck.

If I and my secret love were to be
 At the wood gathering nuts,
 Or on the side of a pleasant lis (rath or moat),
 With no shelter over us but mist,
 My heart would be pining
 With affection for her kiss,
 And sure it was right love destroyed me,
 And truly-scattered my complexion.

If I and my love were
 On the side of a hill or a waste (?),
 Without a farthing in our pocket
 Or provisions for the way,
 My hope would be with Christ
 That we would get plenty without delay,
 And that my bright treasure would lift
 This grief off my heart.

Ὅα μβείρουν-τε 'ῖ μο ἕρδῶ

COIΓ ΤΔΟΙΤΕ ΝΟ ΤΗΔΙΞ

'S ʒan ʌon neʌc beo 'nn ʌr ʊtɪmcioll

Δη οὐδέ φαυδ, ἢ λά ;

Do béidinn-re ΔΣ cóμπράδ

Le neilrò an cúil báin

၁၃ လိဝ်-၄၁ 'ဗုဒ္ဓံ ဟ-အဝိဇ္ဇိတံ

βεῖτ ἀγ κοῖνωεᾷτ μο ξηάθ.

ἄττ ηι μῆαραιι ζο βφιλ ἄον Ἀβράη ζῆῶδ νίορ ἑατῆνιῖτῆ Ἀρ
 φῡο ηι τῆρε Ἀγῡρ νίορ κοιτῆοιηηα ι μβεῡλ ηα ῖεαν ῡαοιηε 'ηά Ἀν
 ῡᾶν ὅο ῖιηηε Τομάρ ἰάοιρ Κοιρῡεαἰα (ηο Κοιρῡεαἰβᾶε ἡαρ Ἀτᾶ
 Ἀη τ-αιηη ῖρῖοῖῆτᾶ ζο μινιε) ορ ειοηη Ἀη ἑαἰἰη ἡι-ἰῖῖᾶηιἰ ῖρῖα
 ἡῖῖῖῖ .7. ὕηα ηιε Ὑῖαρμᾶῡᾶ ὡ'ᾶ ὡεῖρ ῖε ζῆῶδ. ἡι ῖαἰβ Ἀοη ῖεαρ ι
 η-ἑῖρῖηηη ἑ ηα ἰηηη βῡῡ ἡῖῡ ηεαρτ Ἀγῡρ ἰῡῖ ἡά Ἀη Τομάρ ῖο,
 Ἀγῡρ ῖη ἑ Ἀη ῖᾶῖ ῖαοι ᾶ βῖρῡαῖ ῖε ᾶ ἑαρ-αιηη, Τομάρ ἰάοιρ. ἡι
 βῖῖῖῖᾶ ἡα ῖεαντῖῖῖῖ Ἀῖαἡ τῡῖρῖῖᾶῖ Ἀῖ ἡηηῖητ ῖῖῖῖ ἰοηῖᾶητᾶῖ
 ὡ'ᾶ ἑαοἰβ. ἡῖαῖ ῖε ἡ-αιηῖῖῖ Ἀη Ὑᾶρᾶ ῖεαρἰῡῖ, ῖαοἰἡ, Ἀγῡρ
 βῖ ᾶ ἰᾶη ῖαἰἡᾶη Ἀῖ ᾶ ἡῖηηηητῖ, ἑῖτ ῖαρ ἑῖρ ῖρῖοηἰἡ ὡῡ ἑῖᾶῖτ ζο
 η-ἑῖρῖηηη ἑαἰἰ ῖε Ἀη ἑῖρῡ βῡῡ ἡῖῡ ὅῖ, Ἀγῡρ ἑᾶἡῖῖ ῖῖ ἡ ῖεἰἡ ἡα
 Ὑῖῖῖῖᾶη ι ῖ-κοηῖᾶῖ ῖἡῖῖῖ Ἀγῡρ ι ῖ-κοηῖᾶῖ ἡῖῖῖ-ῖῖ. Ὑῖῖ ἡἡ
 Τομάρ ἰάοιρ ἑῖἡ ἡᾶῖ ῖη ζο ἡβεῖρῖᾶῖ ῖε Ἀη βῖρῖᾶῖ ῖῖ ἡἡᾶ-
 ὡἡη, ἡᾶῖ ῖαἰβ ῖῖᾶᾶ Ἀῖ Ἀῖᾶἡ, Ἀγῡρ βῖ ῖε ἑῖἡ ἰάοιρ ῖη ζο ῖ-
 κοηῖᾶῖῖᾶῖ ῖε ἑ ῖᾶη ἑἑῖῖᾶη ὡῡ ἡῖῖῖῖᾶῖ ἑῖἡ ἡῖηῖ Ἀγῡρ βῖᾶῖᾶῖ
 ῖε ῖῖῖῖ Ἀη ᾶ ἡῖῖῖῖ. Ὑῖῖ ῖᾶῡ ῖῖ ἡ'ῖῖ Ἀη ἑῖρῡ ῖῖῖῖ ἡῖῖ
 ὡῡ ῖηηη ῖε. ἡῖαῖ ἡῖ ῖε ἡᾶ ἡᾶῖᾶἰἡ Ἀῖ ῖᾶῖ, ῖῖῖῖῖῖἡ ῖᾶῖῖ
 ἡἡἡᾶῖᾶ ὡεῖρ ὡ'ᾶῖ, ἑᾶἡῖῖ ῖᾶῖῖῖῖᾶῖ ζο ὡῖ Ἀη ἡᾶἑ-ἡῖῖ
 ῖἡῖῖᾶῖ, Ἀγῡρ ἑῖρῖ ῖε ὡβῖῖῖᾶ ῖαοι Ἀη ῖῖ Ἀη ῖᾶῡ, Ἀῖ ἡᾶῖᾶῖ ῖῖ
 ᾶ ῖᾶῖᾶῖ Ἀῖ κοῖῖῖῖᾶῖῖ ἡῖ Ἀῖ ῖῖᾶῖῖ ἑῖρ. 'ῖ ἑ Ἀη ῖᾶῖᾶῖ ὡῡ ἡῖ
 Ἀῖ Ἀη ῖ-Ἀη ῖῖ, ῖῖ ἡῖῖῖ ὡῡ'η ἑᾶῖᾶῖ Ἀη ᾶ ὡῖῖῖᾶῖ ῖᾶῖῖῖᾶῖ
 ὡῡ'η ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ Ἀη ῖᾶῖῖῖᾶῖ ῖῖ ἑῖῖῖᾶῖ Ἀγῡρ ἑῖῖᾶἰ ἡῖ
 βῖῖῖῖᾶῖ ῖᾶῡ ῖεαρ ἑἑᾶ ἑ ἡᾶἰῖᾶῖ ἑ Ἀῖ κοῖῖῖῖᾶῖ.

Τάμινς ἀν λὰ ἀνν ἀρ ἐρμινιῶς ἀν κονοῶ εὐλε ᾠο σλιγεᾶς λε πεο-
ριντ ἀν παῖς ἀον οὔνε Δ παῖςφ ἄς κορμυγεᾶςττ λειρ' ἀν ηῡαιργιθεᾶς,
ἄςυρ βί θεαρβηράταιρ ἄταιρ ἀν Ὀοιροελαιῖς ἄς οὐλ ἀνν μαρ ἀν ὅ-
κευονα. Ὁ' ιαρρ τομάρ ἀρ λειγεαν ὁδ οὐλ λειρ, ἄςυρ ταρ εῖρ
ιμπίρε φᾶα ἐς γέ κεα ὁδ. Νυαιρ ἐλῡγᾶοαρ ᾠο σλιγεᾶς βί να
ρλυαῖγτε ἀνν πομπα, ἄςυρ ἐυαῖβ ριαῶ ἀμαῶταιρ ἀν βηαιῖςε νο ἀρ ἀν
μοιρφευρ 'η αῖτ Δ παῖς ἀν ᾠαιργιθεᾶς. Ἰᾶς εὐλε οὔνε ὁο βί οὐλ ἄς
κορμυγεᾶςττ λειρ, βίθεᾶς ῥέ ὁ' ἄ λῆῡᾶῶ, ἄςυρ ὁ' ἄ ἐᾶῡᾶς ἀρ ἀν
ῡαλαῖν, ἄςυρ νί παῖς ρῆαρ ἀρ βιῡ ιοννᾶνν ρῆαρᾶν 'ηνα ἄῡᾶῡ.
Ὀοννᾶιρς κολκεᾶῡταιρ ἀν Ὀοιροελαιῖς ὀῖς τομάρ ἄς κηᾶῡᾶς ἄςυρ

If I and my love were
 Beside the tide or the shore
 Without anyone alive around us,
 And the long night and the day
 I would be conversing
 With Nelly of the fair cool,
 It's I who would think it pleasant
 To be accompanying my love.

But I do not think that there is any love song more widely spread throughout the country and more common in the mouth of the people than the poem which Tumaus Loidher (strong Thomas) Cosdello, or Coisdealbhach (foot-shaped ?), as the name is often written, composed over the unfortunate and handsome girl Una MacDermott, to whom he had given love. There was no man in Ireland in his time of greater strength and activity than this Tumaus, and that was why he got his nick-name of Tumaus Loidher. The Shanachies used never to be tired of telling wonderful stories about him. He lived in the time of Charles II, I think, and his people had much land, but after Cromwell's coming to Ireland they lost the greater portion of it, and it came into the possession of the Dillons in the counties Sligo and Mayo. This Tumaus Loidher was that quick that he would overtake a three-year-old colt that never had been bridled, and he was that strong that as often as ever he got a hold of his mane he would hold him, without allowing him to get away. They say that this was the first great deed that he performed: When he was a boy growing up, about seventeen years of age, there came a champion or bully to the town of Sligo, and he put a challenge under (*i.e.* challenged) the whole county, looking for a man who would go to wrestle or contend with him. The custom which they had at that time was, that the city into which a champion of this sort would come, was obliged to support and maintain the champion until they could find another man who would beat him at wrestling.

The day came when the whole county gathered together to Sligo to see was there any man who would go wrestling with the champion, and Costello's father's brother was going there likewise. Tumaus asked him to allow him to go with him, and after long entreaty he gave him leave. When they came to Sligo there were multitudes there before them, and they went out on the lawn or meadow where the champion was. Everyone who was going wrestling with him he used to be throwing him and hurling him on the ground, and there was no man able to stand before him. Young Costello's uncle saw

αιη βρυσί. “Cao tá ort?” ar ré. “Óra,” ar ré, “leig oam, leig oam, uil ag corruigeaé leiréan.” “A amaodáin mhóir,” ar an colceadair leir, “cao é rin tá tu ráb? an maic leat go marbhócaó an gairgiócaó tu.” “Ní marbhócaó ré mé,” ar an buacáill, “ir láioine mire ’ná eiréan.” “Leig oam do ruigeaca láimhucaó,” ar an rean-féar. Sin tomár amac iao agur bí na féiceaca bí ionnta cómh teann agur cómh cruaid le iapann. Bhí an buacáill ag cur impióe air an t-rean-féar agur ag ríor-iapraio ceao air, go raib re ráruigece faoi deirne agur eus ré ceao oó uil ag troio leir an ngairgiócaó. Ní raib aon féar eile ag teacé an t-am rin, óir bí raio uile buailte ag an ngairgiócaó an méao do éuaio ag corruigeaé leir, agur bí raicéioir air na daoimib uile. Séar amac an Coircealaé ann rin agur oubairc ré, “raéfaio mire ag rraírin leat.” Rinne an gairgiócaó gáine nuair connairc ré an garúr óg uil amac leir agur oubairc ré, “má tá tu críona a garúr big,” ar ré, “fanfaio tu mar a bfuil tu; agur ní éiucaio tu ag troio liom-ra.” “Deunfaio mé mo óicéioill leat, ar móó ar bíé,” ar tomár.

Ir ámlaio buo gnaé leó corruigeaé do deunam an triae rin, críor no beil leadair do ceangailt timóioill cuim an oá féar, agur greim do éabairc do gaé féar ar érior an fhr eile, agur nuair berócaó raio réio agur nuair bharraioe an focaí oóib, éorócaó raio ag corruigeaé. Nuair connairc an rluag móir do bí cruinnigece ann rin an críor ag uil air tomár óg do glaoó raio amac gan leiréan oó uil ag troio, óir bí raicéioir oirra go marbfaioe é, mar do marb an gairgiócaó ro cuio maic daoine noime rin, agur fáoil raio uile nac raib corruileacé ar bíé go oiríubraó buacáill bog óg mar tomár a anam uaió. Acé nfor maic le tomár éirteacé leó, mar mócuig ré féin go raib ré níor láioine ’ná fáoil na daoine. Bí an rean-cólceadair ag reilt oéoir nuair connairc ré nac raib aon maic oó beil ag caint leir.

Éuaio an críor leadair air ann rin, agur fuair an gairgiócaó greim daingean air, agur fuair reiréan greim maic air érior a námaio. Tugaó orugaó oóib ann rin do éorugaó ar a céile. Nuair fuair ré an focaí éarraig tomár a oá láim do bí grea-muigece i mbeilt a námaio, arteaé éuige féin go h-obann, acé nfor éuir an gairgiócaó cor ar féin. Fuair tomár bárróg air agur eus re an oara fárgaó oó acé nfor corruig an námaio. “A colceadair ósli,” ar tomár, “cao tá ar an bfeair ro nac bfuil ré ag corruigeaé liom, rgaoil ósom é go bfeicrimio.”

Tumaus quivering and boiling. "What's on you?" (What's the matter with you?) says he. "Ora," says he, "let me go to wrestle with him." "You great fool," says the uncle to him, "what's that you're saying? Do you want the champion to kill you?" "He won't kill me," says the lad; "I am stronger than he." "Let me feel your arms," says the old man. Tumaus stretched them out, and the muscles that were in them were as firm and hard as iron. The lad was beseeching the old man, and asking permission of him until he was tired at last, and gave him permission to go fight with the champion. There was no other man coming forward at this time, for the champion had beaten them all, as many as went wrestling with him, and the other people were afraid. Costello stood out then and said, "I'll go wrestling with you." The champion laughed when he saw the young gossoon going out against him, and he said, "If you're wise, little gossoon, you will stay where you are, and you won't come fighting with me." "I'll do my best with you, anyhow," says Tumaus.

Now this was the way it was customary with them to make a wrestling at this time; that was, to bind a girdle or belt of leather round about the body of the two men, and to give each man of them a hold on the other man's belt, and when they would be ready and the word would be given them they would begin wrestling. When the great multitude saw the belt going on young Tumaus, they cried out not to let him go fight, for they were afraid he would be killed, for this champion killed a good many people before that, and they thought there was no likelihood that a soft young boy like Tumaus would bring his life away from him; but Tumaus would not listen to them, for he felt himself that he was stronger than the people thought. The old uncle was shedding tears when he saw that it was no good for him to be talking to him.

The leather belt went on him then, and the champion got a firm hold of it, and he got a good hold of his enemy's belt. The order was then given them to begin on one another. When he got the word Tumaus suddenly drew in his two hands that were fastened in his enemy's belt towards himself, but the champion never put a stir out of himself. Tumaus got a leverage on him and gave him the second squeeze, but the enemy did not stir. "Dear uncle," said Tumaus, "what's on this man that he is not wrestling with me; loose him from me till we see?" Then the people came

up and they loosed the hands of the champion from the belt where they were fastened, and on the spot the man fell back, and he cold dead; his back-bone had been broken with the first squeeze that Tumaus gave him.

That was the first hero-feat that Tumaus ever performed, and he himself understood then that he was stronger than other people. A smith bet with him one day that he would make four horse-shoes which he would neither bend nor straighten, but that he must put the four shoes together when trying to bend them. What did the smith do but put steel into them in place of iron. Tumaus came, and he took the shoes in his hand, and he gave them a squeeze; but he never stirred them. He gave them the second squeeze, but there was no good for him in it. "By my hand, then," says he, "it's well you made them. I must take off my cotamore (great coat) to it." He threw the cotamore off him and he gave them the third tightening, but he could not bend them, because it was steel was in it; however, he made pieces of them in his two hands as if they were glass. The smith was standing at the door, as he was afraid that the shoes might break, although it was an impossibility, as it seemed to him; but as soon as he saw them breaking, out with him, and he pulled the door after him. Then Costello took a flame of wrath when he saw the trick the smith played him, and he turned round and hurled the pieces of steel that were in his hand out after the smith, and he flung them with such strength that he drove them out like bullets through the door.

The old people have, or they had fifteen years ago, so many stories about the adventures and deeds of Tumaus Loidher, that were I to begin on them, and were I able to tell them as I heard them, I would never cease telling of them, and for that reason I shall only speak here of the occasion on which he composed the poem I am about to give on Una* MacDermott.

Una gave him love, and he gave love to Una. The Costello was not rich, but MacDermott had much riches and land, and he ordered his daughter Una not to be talking or conversing with Tumaus Loidher, because he never would allow her to marry him. There was another man in it who was richer than the Costello, and he desired that she should marry this man. When he thought, at last, that his daughter's will was sufficiently broken and bent by him, he made a great collation, or feast, and sent an invitation to the gentlemen of the whole

* Una is pronounced "Oona" not "Yewna" as so many people now call it. This beautiful native name is now seldom heard, but it is absurdly Anglicised "Wyny" in Roscommon, and in some places "Winny."

uairle an éontaí uile, agus bí Tomás Lároir 'nna meafg. Nuair
bí an uinéal criochnuigthe éoruithe riad agus ól pláinteas agus dubairt
mac Diarmada le na ingin, "feaf ruar," ar pé, "agus ól pláinte
ar an té rin i' feafar leat ann ran g-cuireadta ro," mar faoil
pé go n-ólfaid pí pláinte ar an bfeafar faidbir rin do bí leagta
amach aige mar céile d'í.* Ólac rife an glaine, agus feaf pí ruar,
agus o'ól pí deo ar Tomás Lároir coirveala. Nuair éinnairc
an t-áirí í agus deunadh rin éinmí feafar ari agus buail pé buille
boife ar a leit-cinn. Bhí náire uirru-re, agus éinmí deora ann
a rúilib, áit bí pí ro áirí-inntinneas le leigean do na daoimib
feicint go raib pí agus sol faoi an mbuille eus an t-áirí oí,
agus éis pí borca rnaoirin agus éur pí rguibín de 'nna rúoin, agus
leigean uirru gur b' é an rnaoirin Lároir do bain na deora d'í.
O'fág Tomás Lároir an reomra ar an móimro. Ir i rtaoib
an nro a éarla ann rin a dubairt pé an rann ro amearg móráin
eile.

naé lágac a dubairt páirte na ngeal-éioé é,
agus párgac a dá láim 'r agus minugac a méar,
agus eir ríac ari an áobair agus í i bpéin,
a' r cneas cráirte ari ! buó Lároir an rnaoirín é.

Buailas uína nic Diarmada tinn 'nna diais rin, leir an ngrá
do eus pí óó, agus ní raib pí agus págail birig ar bit ná leigir ó
don ruo, agus bí pí com dona rin faoi deireas náir feuo rí a lea-
baib o'fágbaíl. Ann rin agus ní go oir rin, eus mac Diarmada
cead oí an coirtealac do glaothac éurí péin. Chuir uína ríor ari
agus éinmí pé, agus éreoruithe riad go oir reomra uína é, agus
éinmí a h-anam ari éurí le párgac inntinne nuair éinnairc pí
ari é. Rinne an lúgáir do bí uirru faoi n-a feicint an oireas
rin de máit oí, gur éur pí faoi deireas ann a coblaib ráim roair,
an ceuo coblaib fuair pí le míoraib, agus eirean 'nna fuide coir na
leapcan agus rife agus congbaíl a láime-rean ann a láim-re péin.
Suir pé ann rin ar fead tamail máit, áit mar naé raib rife agus
uuirugac agus mar bí leir ari beir agus fanamaint ann rin, ríaoil
pé a láim-ran ar a láim-re, agus éuaid pé amach ar an t-reomra
agus ríor na rtaoiríde. Ní bfuair pé uirne ar bit ann ran teac,
agus bí náire ari o'fanamaint ann leir péin. Ólac pé ar a
fearbroganta dialaio do eir ar na caplaib, agus do beir agus

* feud an ffeagac criochna eus iníean eile nuair éur an t-
áirí an ruo ceuona o'fíacair uirru, ann mo leabair sgeulú
geacra, l. 153.

county, and Tumaus Loidher was among them. When the dinner was finished they began drinking healths, and MacDermott said to his daughter: "Stand up and drink the health of that person whom you like best in this company," because he thought she would drink the health of that wealthy man he had laid out for her as a consort.* She took the glass and stood up, and drank a drink on Tumaus Loidher Costello. When the father saw her doing that anger came upon him, and he struck her a blow of his palm on the side of the head. She was ashamed, and tears came into her eyes, but she was too high-spirited to let the people see that she was crying at the blow her father gave her, and she lifted a snuff-box and put a pinch of it to her nose, letting on that it was the strong snuff that knocked the tears out of her. Tumaus Loidher left the room upon the spot. It was anent the occurrence that happened there, that he spoke this rann amongst many others—

Is it not courteously the child of the white breasts said it,
Wringing her two hands and smoothing her fingers,
Putting a shadow upon the reason, and she in pain,
And bitter destruction on it! it was a strong snuff.

After that Una MacDermott was stricken sick with the love she gave him, and she was getting no relief or cure at all from anything, and she was so bad at last that she was not able to leave her bed. Then, and not till then, MacDermott gave her leave to call to herself the Costello. Una sent for him, and he came, and they guided him to Una's chamber, and her soul came again to her with satisfaction of mind when she saw him. The joy that was on her at seeing him did her so much good that she at last fell into a pleasant quiet sleep, the first sleep she had got for months, and he sitting beside her bed, and she holding his hand in her own hand. He sat there for a good while, but as she was not awaking and as he was loath to be remaining there, he loosed his hand out of her hand, and went out of the room and down the stairs. He found nobody at all in the house, and he was ashamed to remain in it by himself. He called to his servant to saddle the horse and be going. He then got on his horse and rode slowly, slowly, from the house, thinking every moment that he would be sent for, and that they would ask him to return; accordingly, he

* See the clever answer of the girl who was desired by her father to do the same thing, in my *Leabhar Sgeuluigheachta*, p. 153.

imēaētt. Cūaīō rē ar a cāpall ann rin, aḡur mārōāil rē ʒo mall
 ó'n tīʒ aʒ rmuāineāō ʒāc mōimīō ʒo ʒ-cuīrīrīde rīor aīr, aḡur ʒo
 n-īarīrīfāō rīaō aīr rīlleāō. O'fan rē mar rin, anaice leīr an
 tīʒ ācť nī rāib aon teācťtaīre aʒ tīʒeācť le na ʒlaōāc ār aīr.
 Ūī a rēarībrōʒanta cuīrīreāc aʒ ranamamc leīr, aḡur b'fāva leīr
 an t-am a bī a mādīʒīrtīr aʒ marcuīʒeācť ʒan ūul a b'raō ó'n tīʒ.
 Cōruiʒ rē aʒ rāō le n-a mādīʒīrtīr naē rāib muīnnctīr īlīic Ūīar-
 maōa, ācť aʒ maʒāō rāoi, aḡur cūīr rē ann a cēann é ʒur rēall
 ūo bī rīaō aʒ ūeunam aīr. Nīor c'pīeō an Cōīrtealaē i ūōraē
 ʒur ab' amīuīō bī rē, ācť nuāīr naē rāib ūuīne ar bīc aʒ
 teācť cūīʒe aḡur nuāīr a bī an rēarībrōʒanta aʒ rīōr-cūīr
 an amārīur rēō ann a cēann, ūo cōruiʒ rē rēīn a c'pīeōeāmīnt
 aḡur cūʒ rē a mōīō aḡur a mīonna ūar Ūīa aḡur muīre naē ūcīon-
 nōcāō rē ar aīr ʒo b'pāc aḡur naē laībeōrāō rē fōcal ʒo ūeō le
 ūīna nō le muīnnctīr Ūīarīmaōa muna nʒlaōūfārīde ar aīr é rīl
 cūaīō rē cār ācť na h-aībne bīʒe, na ūonōīʒe. Nuāīr cūaīō rē
 arteācť 'ran abāīn nī rāc'pāō rē cāīrīrtī, ācť o'fan rē 'ran uīʒe ar
 rēāō leācť-uaīre aḡur nīor mō, aʒ rīor-fūīl ʒo ūcīuēfāō teācťtaīre
 'nna ūīaīʒ. Cōruiʒ an rēarībrōʒanta ū'ā cāīneāō ann rin. "īr
 mōr an t-īongīnāō līom," ar rē, "ūuīne ūaral mar cūīra ūo bēīc
 aʒ ruarāō 'ran uīʒe rēō aīr rōn mnā ar bīc ann ran trāōʒal
 mōr. Naē beaʒ ū'uaībīear nāīīe mar rin ū'fūlāīnʒ." "īr rīor
 ūuīc rin," arī an Cōīrtealaē, aḡur cīomāīn rē an cāpall ruar ar
 an mbānca. Ar ēīʒīn bī rē ar an talām cīrm nuāīr cāīnīʒ teācť-
 taīre 'nna ūīaīʒ 'nn a lān-īuīc ó ūīna, aʒ ʒlaōūāc aīr ūo cēācť ar
 aīr cūīcī ʒo luācť. ācť nī ūīurīrēāō an Cōīrtealaē a mōīō aḡur
 nīor rīll rē. Tar ēīr an Cōīrtealaē ū'imēaēcť ūaīcī, nīor ūūīrīʒ
 ūīna ar rēāō tamāīll āīūbēul-mōīr. Ar nūīrīruʒāō ūī rāoi
 bēīrēāō ʒo h-aerāc ēuōtrōm b'ēan ēeūo ruōdo rīnnē rī rīor ūō cūīr
 ar an ʒ-Cōīrtealaē, ācť bī rē imēīʒcē. ʒʒannīuīʒ rī ann rin
 aḡur cūīr rī teācťtaīre 'nn a ūīaīʒ, ācť nīor cāīnīʒ an teācťtaīre
 ruar leīr i n-am. Ūīlac an Cōīrtealaē larāō-fēīrīʒe ann rin aḡur
 buāīl rē ūōrīn ar an trēarībrōʒanta ūo cūʒ an ūrōc-cōmāīrle ūō,
 ʒur mārīb rē ūe'n buīlle rin é.

nīor b'pāda 'nna ūīaīʒ rin ʒur ʒoīll an b'pōn aḡur an cūīma cōm
 mōr rin ar ūīna ʒur fēīrīʒ rī, aḡur ʒo b'ruāīr rī bār. Nīor fēuō
 aon ruō bī ar an ūōmān rōlār ar bīc cāūāīrē ūo'n Cōīrtealaē
 'nna ūīaīʒ rin. Ūhī ūīna cūrēā ar oīlēāīnīn beaʒ i lār loēā cē,
 aḡur cāīnīʒ an Cōīrtealaē ʒo b'ruāc an loēā an oīūcē 'rēīr a
 cūrēā, aḡur rīnām rē amācť ʒo ūcī an oīlēān aḡur cāīcť rē é rēīn
 rīor ar an ūaīʒ, aḡur cūīr rē an oīūcē cāīnīr aʒ rāīne aḡur aʒ ʒo

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remained near the house, but there was no messenger coming to call him back. His servant was tired waiting for him to go on, and he thought it long the time that his master was riding without going far from the house. He began to say to his master that MacDermott's people were only humbugging him, and he put it into his head that they were doing an act of treachery on him. Costello did not at first believe that it was so, but when no one was coming to him, while the servant kept continually putting this suspicion into his head, he began, himself, to believe it, and took his vow and oath by God and Mary that he would never again turn back and never speak a word to Una or one of MacDermott's people unless he should be called back before he went across the ford of the little river, the Donogue. When he did go into the river he would not go across it, and he remained in the water for half an hour or more, ever hoping that a messenger might come after him. Then the servant began to revile him: "I think it a great wonder," he said, "for a gentleman like you to be cooling in this water for any woman at all in the great world; is it not small your pride, to endure a disgrace like that?" "That's true for you," said the Costello, and he drove his horse up upon the bank. Scarcely was he up on the dry ground when there came a messenger after him in a full run from Una, calling to him to come back to her quickly; but the Costello would not break his vow, and he did not return. After Costello's going from her, Una did not awake for an exceedingly long time. On awaking of her at last, airy and light, the first thing she did was to send for the Costello, but he was gone. She frightened at that, and sent a messenger after him, but the messenger did not come up with him in time. Costello took then a flame of anger and struck a fist upon the servant who gave him the bad advice, so that he killed him of that blow.

It was not long after this that grief and melancholy preyed so much upon Una that she withered away and found death. Nothing at all that was on the world could give any comfort to the Costello after that. Una was buried in a little island in the middle of Lough Cé, and Costello came to the brink of the lake the night after her burial and swam out to the island, and threw himself down upon her grave, and put the night past, watching and weeping over her

or a cionn. Riarie ré an puo ceoimh an bapa oirde. Éainis ré an
cniomh oirde agus tuidairt ré or cionn na h-uaisle mar éalair
mire é.

a úna bán is gránna an luirde rin ort
ar leabair caol áro amearg na mílte corp
muna ttagairt tu fáid* (?) oim a rúio-bean bí miam gan loct,
ní tiucfairt mé cum na h-áite reó go brát áct ariér r'anoct.

no mar fuair mé an ceatáimh ró i láimh-rigibinn óroo-rigibéa,
an t-aon ceann amáin ann a bfuairtear amáin é,

a úna bán is gránna an luirde rin ort
ar leabair caol áro, láim leir na mílte corp
muna ttagairt tu vo lámh oam a rúio-bean nac noearnairt ole
ni feuchfairt mo rúile ar an t-rúio reó coirde áct anoct.

ní luaithe tuidairt ré rin 'ná moctuis ré úna ag éirige ruar agus
ag bualaó boire éuorime ar a leictinn, agus éalairt ré sué mar
sué úna ag ráó leir "na tairnais,"† agus oiméis ré go rára ann
rin gan fílleaó go brát.

Ói an euro eile ve beaáa tómair láioir coim h-ionganraé leir
an rgeul ro, agus vo bidead an oiréar rgeul ag na rean oaoimib
i g-conraé rorcomáin agus i g-conraé sligis o'á éaoib agus éong-
bócaó uime ag éirteáct leó ar reáó oirde iomláine áct níor éruin-
nis mé iao uile nuair o'feurairinn agus anoir ni éis liom a brágaile.
fuair ré bér faoi tairéad. Ói fear ve na ruabánaib agus géal
na ofolúnaig buair oó oá marbáó ré é. agus rgaol ré peiléar
leir o éil cruaité móna agus mairb ré é. bhi ré 'nna luirde ar
reáó tpi lá ar an talamh gan uime ar bit le na éogbáil mar bí
raitóir ar na oaoimib roime. mar géal ar an ngníom rin ni
leigreáó na coirdealairt vo éainis 'nna diais don fear o'á' b'ainn
ruabán beir 'nna cóimnuirde ar a noúitce-rean. áct veir euro eile
sur b'é a deairbráctair-rean Dubálrtaé Caoé vo fuair bér mar ro.

Deurfairt mé anoir na ceatáimh vo minne an coirdealairt ar
úna nic diaimhaó, mar éalairt mé iao o móráin oaoime. Veir
na oaoime-tipe sur i g-"cruab-geaóeilge," atá ríao, agus nac

* "fáid," no "fáir," is é reó an focal éalairt mé ó gac uile
uime a raib an rann ro aige, agus iao a b'ao ó éile, tpi ríce
míle ó éile, áct ni éuigim cao é an éall oó.

†=na tairr.

head. He did the same thing the second night; he came the third night and spake above her grave, as I heard it—

“O fair-haired Una, ugly is the lying that is upon you,
On a bed narrow and high among the thousand corpses,
If you do not come and give me a token (?), O stately woman, who
was ever without a fault,
I shall not come to this place for ever, but last night and to-night.”

Or, as I found this stanza in a very ill-written manuscript, the only one in which I ever did find it:

“Unless thou givest me thy hand, O stately woman who did no
evil,
My shadow shall not be seen upon this street for ever but to-
night.”

No sooner did he say that than he felt Una rising up, and striking a light blow of her palm upon his cheek, and he heard a voice like Una's, saying, “Come not,” and he then departed satisfied, without returning for ever.

The rest of the life of Toms Loidher was as wonderful as this story, and the old people in the Counties Roscommon and Sligo used to have as many stories about him as would keep a person listening to them for an entire night, but I did not collect them all when I was able, and now I cannot find them. He found death at last. There was a man of the Ruane's, and the Dillons promised him a reward if he would kill him, and he loosed a bullet at him from behind a turf clamp and killed him. He was lying for three days on the ground without any person to take him up, for they were afraid of him. On account of this deed the Costellos who came after him would not allow any man of the name of Ruane to live on their estate. But some say that it was his brother, Dooalagh, or Dudley, the dim-eyed, who died in this manner.

I shall now give the stanzas which the Costello made about Una MacDermott as I heard them from many people. The country people say that they are in “cramp-Irish,” and that there was never yet found a piper or a fiddler to play them on the pipes or the fiddle! There are a great many stanzas in the poem, but I never got the

ruarab̄ don p̄obairne ná don beilleab̄oir p̄or o'feubarab̄ a reinnm
ar a p̄obairib̄ ná air a f̄oil! Tá a lán ceat̄raim̄a ann ran v̄án aet̄
ni b̄fair mē an t-ioml̄án aca, ná an leat̄. C̄ualab̄ mē na r̄geul̄ta
ro ar t̄omár l̄air̄oir o Šeumar O h-air̄t, ó b̄ait̄ear s̄gurl̄óg,—tá
an beirt̄ aca mar̄b̄ anoir—āgur o m̄ártaim̄ O b̄raonáim̄ i s̄-con̄v̄as̄
Rorcomáim̄, aet̄ fair mē cur̄o ve na ceat̄raim̄naib̄ o fear̄ i n-oileán
acaill, nár̄ c̄ualab̄ caint̄ arim̄ air t̄omár l̄air̄oir.

nuaire fair p̄é b̄ár cuir̄eab̄ é, mar̄ o'or̄v̄uiz̄ p̄é féin, ann ran
poil̄iz̄ āgur ann ran oileán ceut̄na ann ar cuir̄eab̄ úna, āgur
o'f̄ár cr̄ann f̄uinn̄reóiz̄ ar uair̄z̄ úna āgur cr̄ann eile ar uair̄z̄
t̄omáir, āgur vo c̄laon r̄iav̄o v̄á c̄éile, āgur nior̄ r̄gair̄eab̄ar o'á
b̄f̄ár s̄ur car̄ab̄ āgur s̄ur l̄úbab̄ an v̄á b̄ár̄i ar a c̄éile i meab̄on
na poil̄iz̄, āgur dub̄air̄t v̄aoine vo c̄onnair̄c̄ iav̄o, s̄o r̄aib̄ r̄iav̄o
ann rin̄ p̄or, aet̄ b̄i m̄ire ar b̄ruac̄ loac̄a c̄é s̄o v̄éiḡeanaac̄ āgur nior̄
feut̄ mē a b̄reic̄r̄int̄, aet̄ ni r̄ab̄ar ar an oileán.

úna bhán.

Δ úna bán, a bláit̄ na n̄ol̄oir̄ óm̄ra
ac̄á 'méir̄ vo b̄ár̄ ve b̄ár̄i v̄roac̄-c̄óim̄air̄le,
feuc̄ a s̄r̄ab̄, cia aca b̄'feair̄i ve'n v̄á c̄óim̄air̄le
Δ éin i s̄-cl̄iab̄án 'r̄ mē i n-ac̄ na v̄on̄óiz̄e.

Δ úna bán o'f̄áḡb̄uoir̄ tu mē i m̄br̄ón car̄ta,
āgur cia b̄'áil leat̄ beit̄ cr̄áct̄ air̄ s̄o v̄eó fear̄ta,
c̄úil̄in r̄áim̄neac̄ air̄ ar f̄ár ruar̄ an t-ór̄ leat̄s̄ta
Δ'r̄ s̄o m̄b̄feair̄i liom̄ air̄ l̄áim̄ leat̄ 'n̄a an s̄l̄oir̄ r̄laic̄ir̄.

Δ úna bán, ar r̄eirean, na s̄-cur̄r̄ac̄án (?) cam
's̄ an v̄á f̄úil̄ ās̄ao buō óiúine o'á n̄veac̄air̄ i s̄-ceann,
Δ beil̄in an cr̄iúcr̄a, mar̄ leat̄im̄naet̄ mar̄ f̄ion 'r̄ mar̄ beóir̄,
āgur Δ c̄or̄ v̄eair̄ l̄úct̄mar̄ ir̄ tu f̄iúb̄al̄rab̄ s̄an r̄ian i m̄br̄óiz̄.

Δ úna bán, mar̄ p̄or i n̄ḡair̄v̄oin̄ tu,
's̄ buō c̄oin̄nleóir̄ óir̄ ar b̄órv̄o na b̄air̄p̄iōgan' tu,
buō c̄eileab̄air̄ āgur buō c̄eól̄mar̄ ās̄ s̄ab̄ail an beal̄aiz̄ reó p̄ó-
m̄am̄ tu,
āgur 'r̄é mo c̄reac̄-m̄air̄one b̄r̄ónac̄ nár̄ p̄or̄ab̄ le vo dub̄-s̄r̄ab̄ tu.

Δ úna bán ir̄ tu vo m̄ear̄uiz̄ mo c̄iall
Δ úna ir̄ tu c̄uair̄ s̄o ol̄úct̄ v̄oir̄ mē 's̄ur̄ v̄ia,
Δ úna, a c̄raeb̄ c̄úb̄ar̄c̄a, Δ l̄úib̄in car̄ta na s̄-cl̄ab̄,
nár̄ b̄'feair̄i v̄am̄-ra beit̄ s̄an f̄úil̄ib̄ ná o'feiceál̄ arim̄.

whole of them or the half. I heard these stories about Tomaus Loidher from Shamus O'Hart, from Walter Scurlogue (or Sherlock), both of them dead now, and from Martin O'Brennan, or Brannan, in the County Roscommon, but I got some of the verses from a man in the island of Achill who had never heard any talk about Tomaus Loidher.

When he died he was buried, as he himself directed, in the same grave-yard and island in which Una was buried, and there grew an ash-tree out of Una's grave and another tree out of the grave of Costello, and they inclined towards one another, and they did not cease from growing until the two tops were met and bent upon one another in the middle of the graveyard, and people who saw them said they were that way still, but I was lately on the brink of Lough Cé and could not see them. I was not, however, on the island.

OONA WAUN (FAIR UNA).

O fair Una, thou blossom of the amber locks,
Thou who art after thy death from the result of ill counsel,
See, O love, which of them was the best of the two counsels,
O bird in a cage, and I in the ford of the Donogue.

O fair Una, thou has left me in grief twisted,
And why shouldst thou like to be recounting it any more for ever?
Ringleted *cooleen* upon which grew up the melted gold,
And sure I would rather be sitting beside thee than the glory of heaven.

O fair Una, said he, of the crooked skiffs (?)^{*}
And the two eyes you have the mildest that ever went in a head,
O little mouth of the sugar, like new milk, like wine, like *b'yore*,
And O pretty active foot, it is you would walk without pain in a shoe!

O fair Una, like a rose in a garden you,
And like a candlestick of gold you were on the table of a queen,
Melodious and musical you were going this road before me,
And it is my sorrowful morning-spoil that you were not married to
your dark love.

O fair Una, it is you who have set astray my senses;
O Una, it is you who went close in between me and God,
O Una, fragrant branch, twisted little curl of the ringlets,
Was it not better for me to be without eyes than ever to have seen you?

^{*} Perhaps referring to the skiffs or currachs on Loch Cé, round which so many of the MacDermotts lived

17 ʔʕiuc dʒur ʔuap mo cuapɾ-ʔe cum an baile apɛɪp,
 dʒur mɛ mo ʔuiðe ʔuap ap ʔpuac na leapɾan liom ʔɛɪn,
 a ʒile ʒan ʒpuam dʒ nɔp luadɔð an iomaɔamɪladɔt dɔt mɛ
 cao ap nac ʔpuadʒpuɪʒeann tu ʔuadɔt na maɪone ðam ʔɛɪn.

τά υδοιμε ανη ʔan ʔpaogal ʔo cuɪɔeap ʔi-mɛap ap ʔuɪtce ʔalam*
 a lan ðe maoɪn ʔaogalca, dʒur ni buan i accuɪ
 ceapadɔt maɪone ni ðeunʔaɪnn na ʔpuadʒ ʔeapɪann,
 dɔt b'ʔeapɪ liom na ða caoma ða mbeɪɪ† ʔna dʒam.

ʔuapɪ mɛ na ceɪɾe ceapɾamɪna ʔo leanaɪ i nɔpɪc-ʔʒɪɪbɪnn, nac
 ʔaɪb dɔt cuɪ ðe na ceapɾamɪnaɪb ʔuap ann. nɪoɪ cualaɪ ʔɛɪn
 apɪam na ceɪɾe cɪnn eɪle ʔeð. 17 ʔoɪllɛɪp nac e an coɪpɛaladɔ
 ʔo ʔɪnnɛ an ceann ʔeɪpeannadɔ aca, ap mɔð ap bɪɪ.

ʒeapɪð dʒur ðeapɪadɔ ʔʔuɪl mo ʔo-ʒɪadɔ dʒ ʔɪʒeacɔt,
 17 map enap-ʔneadɔta [i] a'ɾ map mɪl-beadɔ (ʔo) ʔoɪʒeacɔ an ʒɪan,
 map enap-ʔneadɔta 'ɾ map mɪl-beadɔ (ʔo) ʔoɪʒeacɔ an ʒɪan,
 dʒur a cuɪo 'ɾ a caɪaɪo 17 ʔaɔa mɛ beð ʔo ʔɪadɪʒ.

a ʔna, a aɪnnɪp, a caɪaɪð, 'ɾ a ðeɪo opɔð,
 a beɪlɪn meala nɔp can ʔuam eugɔpa,
 b' ʔeapɪ liom-ʔa beɪɪ ap leabaɪð lɛɪ 'ʒa ʔɪoɪ-ʔogadɔ
 'na mo ʔuiðe i ʔʔɪadɪɔeap i ʒ-caɔɔaɪp na ʔɪɪonopɪe.

ʒluapɪ mɛ ʔɪo buaɪle mo caɪaɔ apɛɪp,
 a'ɾ nɪ ʔpuapɪ mɛ ʔɛɪn ʔuapadɔ na ʔʕucadɔ mo beɪl
 's e ʔuɔapɪɾ an ʔuadɔ-caɪlɪn ʒpuama a'ɾ maɔap ap a mɛap
 mo ʔɪp ʔpuadɪʒɛ ni (1) n-uadɪʒneap ʔo capadɔ liom tu (ʔɛɪn).

Ceɪɾe ʔna ceɪɾe aɪne, ceɪɾe mɪape 'ɾ ceɪɾe nɔpa
 na ceɪɾe mnɔ buð ceɪɾe ʔneadɔta bɪ (1 ʒ-) ceɪɾe ceapɔaɪb na
 ʔoðla,
 Ceɪɾe ʔaɪpɪʒɪðe a'ɾ ceɪɾe ʔab dʒ ceɪɾe clɔpɪaɪb cɔmɪpɪʒ
 Ceɪɾe ʒɪam aɪp na ceɪɾe mnadɪb nac ʔuɪbɪpɔð a ʒ-ceɪɾe ʒɪadɔ
 ʔ'a ʒ-ceɪɾe ʔogadɪb.

*=ʔolam. †=aca. ‡ beɪɪ="beɪðeacɔ," i ʒ-connaɔɔaɪb.
 § "Ceɪɾe ʔamɪadɪʒ a ʒceɪɾe ʔɪadɪʒ a ʒ-ceɪɾe clɔpɪadɪʒ cɔmɪpɪpɪ,"
 'ʔan ms.

152
 It's wet and cold was my visit to the village last night,
 And I sitting up on the brink of the couch by myself,
 O brightness without gloom, to whom the many were not betrothed
 but [only] I,
 Wherefore proclaimest thou not the cold of the morning to myself.

There are people in this world who throw disrespect upon an empty
 estate
 [Having] a quantity of worldly goods [themselves], though they have
 them not lastingly,
 Complaint over [lack of] goods or lament for land I would not make;
 I would rather than two sheep if I had Una (i.e. "a lamb," a play on
 the word).

I found the following four stanzas in a bad manuscript in which
 were only a few of the above verses. I never heard these other four
 myself. It is plain it was not the Costello who made the last one
 of them, at all events.

Stand ye and look ye is my very love a-coming,
 She is like a ball of snow and like bee's honey which the sun would freeze
 Like a ball of snow and like bee's honey the sun would freeze;
 And my portion (i.e. my love) and my friend, it is long that I am
 alive after you.

O Una, O maiden, O friend, and O golden tooth,
 O little mouth of honey that never uttered injustice,
 I had rather be beside her on a couch, ever kissing her,
 Than be sitting in heaven in the chair of the Trinity.

I passed through the byre* of my friends last night;
 I never got any refreshment or [even] the wetting of my mouth.
 'Twas what the frowning high-shouldered (?) girl said, and madder on
 her fingers,
 "My three pities that it was not in a solitude I met yourself."

Four Unas, four Annies, four Marys and four Noras,
 The four women, the four finest were in the four quarters of Fola (Ireland)
 Four nails and four saws to four boards of coffin,
 Four hates on the four women who would not give their four loves
 off their four kisses.

* Or perhaps through the town of Boyle, i.e. *Buille* not *buaile*.

Éug mé cóip oe'n Céann Dub Oilear céada, amearg na n-abrán
ar ar glaoó mé “abráin ocátoeada,” agus o'innir mé fáct a
óeunta, agus cairbéan mé gur eugraimil ar fao é ó'n g-cóipín
gearr vó vo dí i g-cló le O h-Arghadáin. Cairéir mé anoir an
cnear cóip éur rior. Tá rí gearr rimpliúe agus binn. Ir corimúil
gur rine an cóip reó 'ná aimir an Céarbalánais. Tá ré seo nfor
corimúile le ceatrainnais uí h-Arghadáin ná an t-abrán vo éug
mé ann ran g-ceuo-éabidil.

ceann vúb vñileas.

Tá mná an baile seo ar buile 'r ar buairneas
Ag tarraing a ngruaise 'r 'gá leigean le gaoit,
ní glacraio ríao rgarairie o'feairais na tuaithe,
So oteir ríao 'ran ruais le buacailib an ríe.

Ceann vúb vñleat vñleat vñleat
Ceann vúb vñleat vñleat liom anall,
Ceann vúb ir gile 'ná 'n eala 'r an faoilean
Ir vaine gan ériore nac vñubraó vñit gráó.

A ógánais uarail uarail uarail
Seobair tu vñair a'r ríuríg go lá,
Seobair tu ríoból a'r uilár an buailte
Agus ceao vo beir ríur go n-éireóair an lá.

Ceann vúb vñleat vñleat vñleat,
Ceann vúb vñleat, vñleat liom anall,
Ceann vúb ir gile 'ná 'n eala 'r an faoilean
Ir vaine gan ériore nac vñubraó vñit gráó.

Óearraio mé ann ro abrán air a nglaoótar an páirtín fionn.
Tá abrán oe'n ainm rín i leabair an h-Arghadáin aet ní'l don
line ann corimúil leir an vón ro. ní'l ré ró foilléir cao air a
bpuil an vón ro ag tráct. Dí rgeul i vñaoib mná éigin a táinig
cleatáir .7. rógarie le na fuaoac leir, aet éur rí a culair féin
ar vñine éigin eile, agus nfor fuaois an “cleatáir cam” an
vñine ceart leir. ní éig linn an rean-rgeul fágail anoir, tá
raitéir oim go bpuil ré cailte. Ir cinnte mé gur i vñaoib puo
fírimnig a tárla don uair aínáin amearg na vñaoine, vo cumad
nfor mó 'ná leat ve na rean abránais reó, aet ní éig linn fágail
amao anoir cao iao na h-ocáiríe faoi a n-vearuaó iao. Ir cor-
imúil go bpuil vó abrán meargta ruar ann ran abrán ro, an vó
ceuo beupra ag tráct ar an iarrairí vo rinne an cleatáir cam
leir an bpáirtín fionn .7. cailín bán, o'fuaoac leir, agus ar an g-

I gave a version of the *Cann Dhu Dheelish*, or *Darling Black Head*, amongst the songs which I called "Occasional," and told the reason of its composition, and showed that it was quite different from the short little copy of it that was printed by Hardiman. I must now give the third version of it; it is short, simple and sweet. It is probable that this copy is older than Carolan's time. This song is more like Hardiman's stanzas than the one given in the first chapter.

DARLING BLACK HEAD.

(ANOTHER VERSION).

The women of this village are in madness and trouble,
Pulling their hair and letting it go with the wind,
They will not accept a gallant of the men of the country
Until they go into the rout with the boys of the king.*

Black Head, Darling, Darling, Darling,
Black Head, Darling, move over to me,
Black Head, brighter than swan and than seagull,
He's a man without heart gives not love to thee.

O youth well-born, well-born, well-born
Thou shalt get a reward, and remain till day,
Thou shalt get barn and threshing floor,
And leave to be up till the day shall rise.

Black Head, Darling, Darling, Darling,
Black Head, Darling, move over to me,
Black Head, brighter than swan or than seagull,
He's a man without heart gives not love to thee.

I shall here give a song called the *Paustyeen Finn*.† There is a song of that name in Hardiman's book, but there is not one line in it resembling this poem. It is not very clear what this poem is about. There was a story about some woman that a "clahirya," or rogue (?) came to carry off with him, but she put her own garments on someone else, and the crooked "clahirya" did not carry off the right person with him. We cannot find the old story now; I am afraid it is lost. I am sure it was about some true event or other that once hap-

* This seems to mean that the girls said they would not marry anyone who had not fought with and routed the king's troops. All these old songs, however, are very obscure.

† This word, as in the name of the celebrated warrior, *Finn MacCool*, is pronounced like "Finn" in *Connacht* and the North, but something like "Fewn" (rhyming with tune) in parts of *Munster* and *Scotland*. Hence the diversity of spelling we meet with in the Anglicized *Ossianic* tales.

caoi ann ar mheall rí é, agus tá an cúro leanar ag molaó rgeime
 an páirtín, agus ann rin veir ouine éigin—an “cleachtaine cam”
 b'éioir—nár cóir a érocaó ar fon an páirtín, mar o'imtigh rí leir
 go toilteannaic. Da g-cruinneócaíde na rean-abráin reó ceo
 bliadaín no ceo bliadóin go leic, ó íoin, i n-éinfeacó leir na rgeul-
 taib báinear leó, ni beirdeó na bearnadó móra ionnta, agus ni
 beirdeó ríao cóin bairte ruar agus cóin vo-cuigce a'r atá ríao
 anoir. Ir triaig fíor-móir é nár cruinnigeadó abráinaic agus báir-
 vacó agus rgeulugacó na noaoime—níl mé ag triacó ann ro ar
 abráinaic agus rílicó acó na mbáir--a bráoó, agus voóeunraó ríao
 an cirt agus an rtor ir luacómaire agus ir rpreaímla o'á bruil le
 rágaic amearg na náirín labhar teanga “Ceilteac.” Tá ré ró
 mál ann ran lá anoir, le vail o'á g-cruinnigeadó agus o'á mbailiugacó
 óir bainró leacó na ceacómaíne na h-abráinaic ir fearir le ceairt
 láir na h-éireann agus leir na conoacóir rin ann nac labairtear acó
 fíorbeargán gaedailge anoiú. Má éiríomó a bráo riar coir na mara
 amearg na rleibteacó agus na n-iarraire, geobamaoir oaoime go
 veimín labhar gaedailge ve gnaic, acó m'laca anoir móraín eile
 taob amuis ve na h-abráinaic agus ve na rgeultaib vo bí coitcíoinn
 ann a mearg réin, agus o'éirig coir na fairrige, acó tá rgeulugacó
 agus bárvacó na coda ir rairóbre agus ir veag-múinte agus na n-
 oaoime ir mó eólar agus léigean, imtighce agus caillce anoir, mar
 atá i gconoacó na mío agus na h-iar-llíne agus i gceairt-láir na
 h-éireann ar rao, i gconoacó longfoir, roicomáin, luimig, cio-
 bharo áran agus plúr na h-éireann. Faraoir geir i r caill óó-
 éreirce é.

an páirtín rionn.

Ceann veireannacó ve'n tsácairín murglócaó an greann,
 táinig mo veirbírúir eugam go caoimeamúil rann.
 “Tiocraicó ré eugainn an cleachtaine cam
 agus beairraicó ré mire 'ra' b-rúacac.”

Daín eura óio euraig vo euirp a'r vo éinn,
 agus cuir oir mo hata 'r mo eulaicó úr óonn,
 má tigeann ré eugainn an cleachtaine cam
 ir mire beirdear leir ann ra' brúacacó.

pened amongst the people that more than half of these old songs were composed, but we cannot now find out what were the occasions on which they were made. It is probable that there are two songs mixed up in this one, the two first verses speaking of the attempt which the crooked clahirya made to carry off with him the Paustyeen Finn, or fair-haired childeen, and of the way in which she deceived him, and what follows is praising the beauty of the Paustyeen, and then somebody is saying—perhaps the crooked clahirya—that he ought not to be hanged for the Paustyeen because she went with him willingly. If these old songs had been collected a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, together with the stories that belong to them, these great gaps would not occur in them, and they would not be so broken up and so unintelligible as they are now. It is a really great pity that the song and poetry and story of the people—I am not now talking of the song and poetry of the bards—were not collected long ago, and they would make the most valuable and interesting store and treasure amongst the nations that speak a Celtic language. It is now too late in the day to go gathering or collecting them, for half or three-fourths of the best songs belong to the middle of Ireland, or to those counties in which only a very little Irish is spoken to-day. If we go far back beside the sea, amongst the mountains and the fishermen, we will find people who habitually, indeed, speak Irish, but they have not much now outside of the songs and stories that were common in their own midst and rose beside the sea; but the stories and bardism of the wealthiest and best educated portion of the country, the portion of most knowledge and learning, are now gone and lost, such as those of the counties of Meath and Westmeath, and all the central parts of Ireland, Longford, Roscommon, Tipperary and the flower of Erin. Alas! it is an incredible loss.

THE PAUSTYEEN FINN, OR THE FAIR-HAIRED CHILDEEN.

At the last end of the Saturday I shall waken the fun,

My sister came to me mildly and weak,

“He will come to us, the crooked clahirya,

And will bring me off by violence.”

“Do you take off the dress of your body and your head

And put on my hat and my new brown suit,

If he come to us, the crooked clahirya,

It's I shall be carried off by him.”

níl de mháoin an tsaogail agham áct don deirbhíurí aitháin
 aghur ní "réic" an doimáin buó mhaic liom í fáḡail,
 ní béarfaínn-re rḡillins ar m'fórtún go bráct
 muna* oisḡ liom a ráó gur liom féin í.

nuair éuaib mé amac leir an bḡairtín fionn
 tá me lám-éinnce gur óiblisḡ mé an ḡreann,
 éuir mé mo lám éairtí a'ḡ deairisḡ rí liom,
 a'ḡ o'ḡreartail mé an é-am bí 'ra' láḡair.

ḡráó le m'anam í, an ḡairtín fionn,
 a croidé 'ḡ a h-anam beic ḡairḡce liom,
 oá éic ḡeala mar bláct na ocom
 's a ríob mar an eala lá máḡta.

nuair o'éirḡ rí ar mairsin an ḡairtín fionn
 "a éuirle na ḡ-carao creáto éunḡar tu liom?"
 "a ríur" ar ra mḡre, "caḡair o'áḡair ar ríall,
 's má éḡrḡisḡeannḡ tu aicḡur o' rḡeul dó.

cao o' o'áil oáois mo émoéat fá 'n b-ḡairtín fionn,
 a'ḡ gur ar mo neaíh-éoil tuḡat mé ann,
 ní éisḡn o'á n-aíh-éoisín o' rḡinne mé ann,
 áct le lám-éoil a h-áḡar 'ḡ a máḡar.

oá mbéirínn-re i o'ceat folaíh ḡan aoim-neac ann,
 ḡaoḡ mór aghur fearḡeann oá réoead o' ar ḡ-cionn,
 ḡan neac do beic 'm' aice, áct an ḡairtín fionn
 ir cinnce go n-ólḡainn a rḡáinte.

ḡan báto ná coite do éunḡainn rḡáíh,
 ḡan ḡunna ḡan ríortail o' éunḡainn lám,‡
 níl aoim-fear a baínḡeal le mo deirbhíurí aitháin
 naḡ n'eunḡainn rúoar o'á énáíhais.

ir é an porḡ aghur ní h-iao na focail o' rḡinne clá an aḡráin reó,
 mar éibmíto le móráin eile aca.

Seó anoir coíḡráó ríur buacáill aghur cailín, ann a bḡuil an
 cailín aḡ cur aitháir ann a deairbḡaó go oisḡ ré ḡráó ríortairé
 óf. Ir an-éoitcíoann aḡráin o'e'n éineál ro, aghur cuirim an ceann
 ro ríor mar sompla ar mórán eile.

* "mar," 'ran ms.

‡ "eagḡraíḡeann tu," 'ran ms. focal naḡ oisḡisḡm.

‡="lámáct".ḡ. rḡaoileat ḡunna?

I have not of the goods of this life but one sister only,
 And it is not a rake of the world I would wish to have her.
 I would not give a shilling for my fortune for ever
 Unless I can say that she is my own.

When I went out with the Paustyeen Finn
 I am certain sure that I doubled the fun ;
 I put my arm round her and to me she clung
 And I served the time that was present (?).

The love of my soul is the Paustyeen Finn,
 Her heart and her soul to be squeezed to me,
 Two breasts, bright like the blossom of the bushes,
 And her neck like the swan on a March day.

When she rose in the morning, the Paustyeen Finn,
 " O pulse of the friends, what wilt thou do with me ? "
 " O sister," said I, " take your father on an occasion
 And if you choose tell him your story."

Why do you wish to hang me for the Paustyeen Finn ?
 And sure against my will I was brought into it.
 It was not violence against their wish I did there
 But with the full consent of her father and mother.

If I were to be in an empty house without anyone in it,
 Great wind and rain blowing over our heads,
 Without anyone to be near me but the Paustyeen Finn
 It is certain that I would drink her health.

Without a boat or a cot I would make a rowing,
 Without a gun or a pistol I would make a shooting.
 There is no man would touch my one little sister*
 That I would not make powder of his bones.

It is the air and not the words which has made the fame of this
 song, as we see is the case with many more.

Here, now, is a conversation between a boy and a girl in which
 she doubts the reality of his protestations of eternal love. Songs of
 this kind are very common, and I put this one down as an example
 of many more—

* Sister is often used, not as a term of relationship ^{here}, as here, of affection.

uē a uñā.

(Eirean).

uē a uñā an tinn no an oúbaē leat

mire aḡ veunam cúma am' donar,

's oá mbraicḡinn vo oúbraēct ann mo éovlaō ná mo úireāct

vo veunfainn rún go h-euḡ ort.

ir ionḡantaē liom-ra ēu beic bonn-or-cionn liom

's mé beic lán ve'n oúil beic réiō leat,

's oá vtiucpaō* cúḡainn a múnín muiḡin ná cúram

ir áḡair mé múnpeaō léigean vo.

(Ire).

a óḡanaig múnite na labarēa ciúna

taicḡigean vo élú a'r vo méin liom,

hfor b'áite leat rúḡraō vart m'fállainḡ 'ná liom-ra

áct ar eaḡla ēu beic breuḡaē.

mar ir rḡaraine ēu tá meanmnaē rúḡaē

'spalpaō na mionn 'r na n-éicēaē,

's go mb' eaḡalaē liom oá leanfainn-re ēu

sur capāō fá ciúma vo veunfainn.

(Eirean aḡ rreagairic).

a ḡrāō 'sur a éuro go brāē ná cuiḡ

go vveunfainn vo málairic ve éile,

go n-iompuiḡ' an muiḡ ar paō 'nna fuil,

's go nḡabann na cnuic fá éile.

go brárfaiō biolar tḡiō lár na teimeaō,

's go vtiḡ na bḡic o'á éiliuḡaō,

's go ḡ-caillio na vḡuio' ar paō a n-ḡuib,

's go vveunfaiōe lon ve'n éirirḡ.

ir abrán connāctāē an Cúilín no an "Cúilḡionn" aḡur beir c
harḡaōáin vóinn é. Tá cóip múnineāē i ḡelō mar an ḡ céaona.
áct béarfaiō mé ann ro cóip eile vo fuair mé i láim-rḡrībinn atá
aḡam vo bi rḡrībēā i ḡ-convaē an Chláir, atá euḡraimuil ar paō
ó'n oá cóip eile. fáḡaim amaē oá rann vē atá ar don focal, beaḡ-
naē, leir na béarfaiō i leabair u i oálaiḡ, i bḡilēaēē na Cúige

* "oá vtiḡio" 'ran MS. vḡoē-foirḡm naē vḡeicimio go minic
annḡna rean-abránaiō reō. O'áḡraiḡ mé an líne reo beaḡán.

† "air," ran MS.

UGH, O UNA.

[HE].

Ugh, O Una, do you think it a sickly or sorrowful thing
 Me to be making melancholy alone ?
 And if I were to observe your earnestness in my sleeping or my waking
 I would make a secret-love of you (or set my heart on you?) till death.

I think it wonderful, you to be upside down (i.e. fallen out) with me,
 And I full of desire to be reconciled to you ;
 And if there were to come to us, my dear, a family or a care,
 A father I who would teach them learning.

[SHE].

O learned youth of the quiet speeches
 Your fame and your mien please me,
 By my cloak ! sport were no more agreeable to you than to me,
 But for fear of you being false.

For you are a gallant, who is high-spirited, merry,
 Taking-rashly oaths and perjury ;
 And, sure, I would be afraid if I were to follow you,
 That it is a return under melancholy I would make.

[HE].

My love, and my portion, do not think for ever
 That I would ever exchange you for another consort ;
 Until the sea change entirely into blood,
 And until the hills go under each other.

Until watercress shall grow through the middle of the fire,
 And until the trout come to sue for it ;
 Until the starlings shall altogether lose their bills,
 And, until a blackbird is made of the thrush.

The Cooleen, or Coolun, literally the "Cúl Fhionn," or fair-haired cool, i.e. back-hair, is a Connacht song, and Hardiman gives it to us, and there is a Munster version in print also ; but I shall here give another copy which I have, which I found in a manuscript of mine, written in the County Clare, which is altogether different from the other two copies. I omit two ranns of it which are almost on one word with

muíhan, 'ran abrán "A mháire 'gur a cúirle," ag leatanaid 224 ;
 agur tá dá rann eile ríodócte i ríodócte na gceis liom a léigead, áct
 ag ro an cúir eile dé. ní'le don abrán i n-éiríonn i' mo clú 'ná an
 Chúilíonn agur ar an dóbhar rín i' ríodócte na gceis na gceis na gceis
 eugraímla dé do baileugad agur do cúir i g-cló. Ueir O Daláig
 gur cúiríodé ré an muíhan ar fad agur na gceis na gceis na gceis
 ríodócte do cúir ré. bí mair níos dóbhar.

an Chúilíonn.

Ceó meala lá reaca, ar coillteib duba darráige
 a' gur grád gan éile atá agam uuit a bái-énir na ngeal-éile,
 do éom reang, do beul tana, a' do cúilín bí car mín,
 a' a céad-fearc ná tréig mé, ar gur mhéadúig tu ar m'áicfo.

a' cía éiríodé mo grád-ra ar ceairt-lár an donaid,
 's gur marbad na mílte ógáid le ríodócte a h-euodain.
 a gur mar an g-cocan, 'r í buid breáigéa ar uóim an ríodócte
 a' gur uóig le gac ríodócte gur ab áilleán do réim í.

an té éiríodé an Chúilíonn 'r í ag ríodócte ar na bántaib
 ar maroin laé ríodócte 'r an ríodócte ar a bántaib.
 's a laé ógáid ríodócte ríodócte bíod ag ríodócte le na ríodócte
 áct ní bráigad ríodócte mo ríodócte ar an g-cúntar i' uóig leó.

a neilíod, mo grád-ra, an ríodócte liom fad fíleibíod,
 ag ol ríodócte a' bolcáin* a' baíonn an gceis ríodócte.
 Ceól fad a' ríodócte do éabharfáin le u' ríodócte uuit,
 a' ceo uil a' coislad i mbrollad mo léime.

ag ro anoir an ceairtíodócte cóir de'n abrán clúitáil ceuona,
 atá eugraímla ar fad ó na ríodócte eile. fágaim amad an uair
 agur an ríodócte ríodócte óir tá ríodócte an ríodócte do cúir
 harráidín, i' é rín na ríodócte ríodócte "Sibé éiríodé an Chúilí-
 íonn," agur "an cuimín leat an lá úo."

* Cineál uirge-bead, ceiríom. Tairbéad an focal ro go
 buil an cóir de'n Chúilíonn rean go léor, óir i' fad o bí don
 ríodócte ar "bolcáin." Uíomíod an focal ro fad do 'ran abrán clúitad
 rín "magad láiríom."

the verses in O'Daly's book, "The Poetry of Munster," in the song "A Waurya gus a hushla" at p. 224, and there are two other verses torn in a way that I cannot read them, but here is the other part of it. There is no song in Erin more famous than the Cooleen, and for that reason, it is an exceedingly useful thing to collect and print the various copies of it. O'Daly says that after hunting through Munster he only found the three verses of this song which he has given. I was more fortunate.

THE COOLEEN, OR COOLUN.

A honey mist on a day of frost, in a dark oak wood;
And love for thee in my heart in me, thou bright, white, and good ;
Thy slender form, soft and warm, thy red lips apart,
Thou hast found me, and hast bound me, and put grief in my heart.

In fair-green and market, men mark thee, bright, young, and merry,
Though thou hurt them like foes with the rose of thy blush of the
berry ;

Her cheeks are a poppy,* her eye it is Cupid's helper,
But each foolish man dreams that its beams for himself are

Whoe'er saw the Cooleen in a cool dewy meadow
On a morning in summer in sunshine and shadow :
All the young men go wild for her, my childeen, my treasure,
But now let them go mope, they've no hope to possess her.

Let us roam, O my darling, afar through the mountains,
Drink milk of the goat, wine and bulcaun in fountains ;
With music and play every day from my lyre,
And leave to come rest on my breast when you tire.†

Here is now the fourth copy of the same renowned song, which is altogether different from the other three. I leave out the second and third stanzas of it, for they are in the version which Hardiman gave ; those are the stanzas beginning, "Whosoever would see the Coolin," and "Do you remember the day."

* This is the only song in which I remember meeting the word *cooleen*, which, I think, means "poppy," applied to a girl's cheeks.

† This translation is nearly in the metre of the original.

Literally. Mist of honey on day of frost over dark woods of oak, And love without concealment I have for thee, O fair skin of the white breasts. Thy form slender, thy mouth thin, and thy cooleen twisted, smooth, And O first love, forsake me not, and sure thou hast increased my disease.

And who would see my love upon the middle of the fair, And sure the thou-

AN CUILFIONN. (CÓIP EILE).

Δ'ῖ εἰρηγ το ἴουθε Δ ἑυαείλλ Δ'ῖ ḡleur oam mo ḡearpán
 ḡo paéaiò mé ḡo luac* Δḡ cur tuairirg mo ðian-ḡrác,
 Δ'ῖ tá ῖí o'á luac liom ó bí ῖí 'nna leannabán
 'S ḡur buð binne liom naoi n-uairé í 'nΔ cuac Δ'ῖ 'ná orḡáin.†

Δn curmhn leat Δn oróce úo oo bñomari Δḡ Δn bñuinneóig
 Δnn Δ ruz tu Δr láim orim 'ῖ ḡur fáirg tu orim boḡóg (?)
 Oo ῖín mé le oo éaoib, 'ῖ Δnn mo émoíde nī paib upóio,
 Δ'ῖ oo bí mé Δnn oo cómluaoari no ḡ-cuala mé Δn ḡuireós.

'Sí mo ῖíur í, 'ῖí mo ῖún í, 'ῖí mo ḡrác í, 'ῖí mo óalta,
 'S í ḡriannán na bñear óḡ í ḡac aon lá 'ῖan tpeaéctmáin.
 Tá Δ ḡruaiò mari Δn ῖór Δ'ῖ Δ ῖíob mari Δn éala.
 Sé mo cúmha ḡan mé í ḡcóimhuíde mari Δ ḡ-cópaigḡeann ῖí Δ leabaíò.

níl aipḡeao níl ór Δḡam, níl cóta, níl léine,
 níl pḡim Δnn mo ῖóca 'ῖ ḡo bñóimíò mac Oé orim,
 Oo ḡeall mé paí oó buic, ῖul Δ ῖóg mé oo béilin
 Δ mhaighe Δn cúil ómraig nac bñóppáinn le m' paé tu.

Δ mñuirnín Δ'ῖ Δ Δnnῖact bí oíleat Δ'ῖ bí oaimḡeann,
 Δ'ῖ ná tḡeig-ῖe ῖún oo émoíde-ῖeig mari ḡeall Δr [Δ] beit oeaib‡
 Oo béapῖáinn Δn bioblaḡ Δ'ῖ nῖó Δr bit Δr taláin
 ḡo oíúbhiaíò mac Oé cur na h-oíóce oúinn le cataò.

Δ mñuirnín Δ'ῖ Δ Δnnῖact ooll mēall tu mé í oúῖr m'óige
 le oo éluaimḡeact mñn mánla ḡur ḡeall tu mé ῖórad,
 mÁ éug mo émoíde ḡeān buic oar liom-ῖa ḡur leór ῖin,
 Δ'ῖ ḡur fáḡ tu í leannouib mé Δr teaéct Δn tḡactnóna.

sands of youths were slain with the roses of her face, Her cheeks like the poppy,
 and she was the finest in beauty of the world, And sure every fopling thinks
 that she is his own darling.

He who would see the Cooleen and she walking on the meadows Of a morning
 on a day in summer, and the dew on her shoes. And all the grey-eyed youths
 who are envious to marry her. But they shall not get my darling as easily as
 they think. (*Literally*, on the account that is hope with them).

O Nelly, my love, wouldst thou come with me beneath the mountain, Drinking
 wine and buleawn (a kind of spirits?) and the milk of the white goat. Long-
 drawn music and play I would give thee during thy life; And leave to go sleep
 in the bosom of my shirt.

* "ḡo luac mo" ῖan MS, ῖuo nac oíuigim.

† "na nappḡain" ῖan MS. focaí nac oíuigim.

‡ oeaib=paíam no boct. § "Δn biobla ῖeoc" ῖan MS. nī
 éuigim Δn "ῖeoc" ῖo. || "le nar mēall tu" ῖan MS.

THE COOLUN.

(ANOTHER VERSION).

And rise up lad, and get ready for me my nag,
 Until I go quickly to enquire for my desperately-loved,
 And she is betrothed to me since the time she was a little child,
 And, sure, I thought her nine times more melodious than cuckoo or
 organ.

Do you remember that night that we were at the window
 When you caught my hand and squeezed a pressure (?) on it ?
 I stretched myself at thy side, and in my heart there was no harm,
 And I was in thy company until I heard the lark.

She is my sister, she is my secret,* she is my love, she is my be-
 trothed (?)

She is the greeanawn (sunny-chamber) of the young men every day
 in the week ;

Her countenance is like the rose, and her neck like the swan,
 'Tis my sorrow I am not always where she dresses her couch.

I have no silver, I have no gold, have no coat, have no shirt ;
 Have no penny in my pocket—and may the Son of God relieve me,
 I promised thee twice before I kissed thy little mouth,
 O maiden of the amber cool, that I would not marry thee during my
 life.

My sweetheart, my affection, be faithful, and be firm,
 And do not forsake the secret love of your inner heart on account of
 him to be poor ;

I would take the Bible (as oath) or any (other) thing on earth,
 That the Son of God will give us our nights' portion to eat.

My sweetheart, my affection, you deceived me in the beginning of my
 youth,

With your soft pleasant roguishness, sure, you promised to marry me,
 If my heart gave you love, I think myself that that is enough,
 And, sure, you left me in melancholy on the coming of evening.

* Rún which literally means "secret" is, in these songs, often used in the sense of sweetheart, as in "Eileen Aroon," i.e. "Eileen O secret (love)."

ῥάγαίμ ἀρ μ'ῥάλλαιγς ζυρ ῥαῶα λιὸμ υαίμ αὐ Ὀόηηαδ
 ὅο ἔρεϊεῖρὸ μέ ἀν ἀννηρ. αἷ εἰρηγε ἀμαδ ἀρ να βόϊεῖρῖθ,
 τῖαλλῖρὰὶ μέ ἐμ ἀιῖρῖνν μαρ ἃ μῖεῖρὸ μο ῖτοῖρ-ῥα,
 — Sgeul cinnce ζυρ ῥάḡ ῖ μ'ῖνντῖνν βυαῖθεαῖεῖα.

ὀθέαῖρὰὶ με ἀν ῖο κυῖδ ὀ'ἀβῖράν ἀν ἐλύεῖαῖαῖλ εἰλε, ὀ'ἀ ὅτυς
 ὀ ἡῖρηαῖαῖν τῖρ ῖαῖνν ῥαοἱ ἀῖνν “Ἐαῖρὸ ἀν τ ὀυḡαῖν.” ῖυαῖρ
 ῖῖρε ἔ ῥαοἱ ἀῖνν ἀν “ὀῖῖῖν βἄν.”

ἀν ὀῖῖῖν βἄν.

μἃ βῖονν τῖ λιὸμ βἢ λιὸμ ἃ ḡῖρἃδ ḡεαλ μο ἐῖροῖθε
 μἃ βῖονν τῖ λιὸμ βἢ λιὸμ ὀο ῖό ζυρ ὀ'οἰθ῔,
 μἃ βῖονν τῖ λιὸμ βἢ λιὸμ ḡαδ ὀῖλαδ ἀνν ὀο ἐῖροῖθε
 'S ἔ μο ῖευν ἃ'ῖ μο ῖομ ναδ ῖομ τῖαεῖηόηα ἐτ μαρ ῖηηαοἱ.

ἀν ḡ-ῖῖνν τῖ* μέ ἃ ḡἱὸῖῖα τἃ αἷ ἱαῖρὰὶὸ ḡῖρἃδ,
 ῖῖῖῖ ἃ-βἃἱλε ἀῖῖῖ ἃ'ῖ ῖαν βῖαῖθἃῖν εἰλε μαρ τἃῖρ,
 Ἐἃῖνḡ με ἀῖτεαδ ἱ ὀτεαδ ἃ ῖαῖθ ḡῖρἃδ ḡεαλ μο ἐῖροῖθε
 ἃ'ῖ ἐῖῖρ ἀν ἐἃῖῖλεαδ ἀμαδ ἀρ ἐαῖρὸ ἀν τῖρηḡαῖν μέ.

β'ἃῖτ ῖομ βεαν ἃ ὀ'ῖανῖαδ ἃ βῖαῖθἃῖν ῖε η-ἃ ḡῖρἃδ
 β'ἃῖτ ῖομ βεαν ἃ ὀ'ῖανῖαδ βῖαῖθἃῖν υἱλε αἷζυρ ἃ ῖἃ,
 ῖῖοῖρ β'ἃῖτ ῖομ ἀν βεαν βεῖθεαδ ῖεατ-ῖα αἷζυρ ῖομῖα ἀῖῖῖ ἃρ βἃῖῖ
 'S ἢ μο ḡῖρἃδ ἀν βεαν ἃ ὀ'ῖανῖαδ ἀρ ἀν ἀοη ῖεἃῖο ἃῖἃῖν.

ἃ'ῖ αῖο ἔ ἀν αῖτ μαῖθ ὀο ῖεὸῖ ἀνν ῖαν τῖρ ῖεὸ μέ
 ἃ'ῖ ἃ ῖαῖτ αῖῖῖν ὀεαῖ ὀ'ῖἃḡβἃῖθ μέ μο ὀεῖḡ,
 ῖἱ τῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖρε ῖῖν, ῖ ῖἱ βυαῖλεαδ῔ ὀῖῖ ἔ,
 ἃ'ῖ ζυρ ῖῖῖῖ ὀο βἃῖν βεαν ῖῖατ ὀο βυαῖῖῖεαδ ἢ ῖῖῖν.

ἃ'ῖ ῖῖοῖ ἢ ὀῖḡεαδ ἐῖῖρ με εὸῖαῖ ἃρ να ῖηἃῖθ,
 αἷζυρ ῖῖαῖ ἢ ηḡαῖῖῖῖ ὀ'ὸῖ μέ ῖεὸ ῖἃ μο ῖἃῖτ, etc.

ἱῖ ἔ ῖἃτ ἀν ἀβῖράν ῖεὸ, βἃῖρ ὀο ἐῖḡ ḡῖρἃδ ὀο ῖηηαοἱ ὀῖḡ αἷζυρ
 ἐἃῖνḡ ῖἔ ἀῖτεαδ ῖῖαν τῖḡ ἀνν ἃ ῖαῖθ ῖἢ ῖῖῖν αἷζυρ ἃ ῖἃῖαῖρ ῖε
 τῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἃ η-οἰθ῔. β'ὸῖc ῖῖῖ ἀν τῖεαν ῖηηαοἱ ἃ ἐῖḡεαδτ, αἷζυρ
 ῖῖῖἃῖν ῖἢ ἃῖcἱ ῖῖῖῖ cἱα ἀν ἐαοἱ ὀο β'ῖεαῖῖ ῖε η-ἃ ἐῖῖρ ἀμαδ ἀῖῖῖ.
 αἷζυρ ἐῖοῖαḡ ῖἢ αἷ Ἐαῖρὸ ῖḡαῖν ηὸ ῖῖῖῖα τῖḡε. Ḳῖῖννḡ ῖῖῖ ἀν
 τῖḡε αἷζυρ ἐῖῖρ ῖἢ ἀν βἃῖρ ḡ'ἃ ἐαῖρὸ. βἢ ἀν βἃῖρ ὀυῖ ἀρ ἃ ἐῖῖ
 ῖῖῖῖ μαρ βἢ ἀν ῖḡḡἃν αἷ ῖαῖῖḡἃδ ηὸ ḡῖ ῖῖεααῖθ ῖἔ ἀμαδ ἀρ ἀν

* “ḡῖῖνν τῖ ῖεατ μέ” ῖῖαν ῖῖῖ.

† “ῖἱ βυαῖα” ῖῖῖ. ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ἃῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

I leave it on (*i.e.*, swear by) my mantle that I think it long from me
 the Sunday is,
 Till I shall see the maiden rising out on the roads ;
 I shall journey to Mass where my treasure shall be—
 A sure tale it is, that she has left my mind troubled.

I shall give here part of another renowned song, of which Hardi-
 man gave three verses under the name of "The Twisting of the Rope."
 I found it under the name of the Soosheen Bawn, or White Coverlet.

THE SOOSHEEN BAWN.

If thou art mine, be mine, white love of my heart :
 If thou art mine, be mine by day and by night ;
 If thou art mine, be mine every inch in thy heart,
 And my misfortune and misery that thou art not with me in the
 evening for wife.

[The maiden answers :]

"Do you hear me, you gilly, who are seeking love ?
 Return home again, and remain another year as you are."

[The harper says :]

I came into a house where the bright love of my heart was,
 And the hag put me out a-twisting of the suggaun.

I would like a woman who would wait her year for her love ;
 I would like a woman who would wait a whole year and her day ;
 I would not like the woman who would be with you and again, on
 the spot, with me :
 My love is the woman who would remain in the one state only.

And what was the dead cat which guided me into this country,
 And the numbers of pretty girls I left behind me ?
 I am not the heavier for that, and I was not beaten by it,
 And sure a woman often cut a rod would beat herself.

And down in Sligo I gained a knowledge of women,
 And back in Galway I drank with them my enough, etc.

'Tis the cause of this song—a bard who gave love to a young
 woman, and he came into the house where she herself was with her
 mother at the fall of night. The old woman was angry, him to come,
 and she thought to herself what would be the best way to put him
 out again, and she began twisting a suggaun, or straw rope. She

τοῦ παρὰ τοῦ θεοῦ, ἀγῶν ἐστὶν πρὸς τὸν ἐχθρόν. Πᾶσι τοῖς ἀνθρώποις
 δεῖν ἀμύνεσθαι, ὡς εἰπὺς τοῦ θεοῦ πρὸς τοὺς ἀνθρώπους. ὁ δὲ
 εὐδοκῶν. Τίς γὰρ ἀμύνει τὸν ἐχθρόν; ὁ δὲ εἰπὺς τοῦ θεοῦ ἀν-
 τιστάμενος ἀγῶν τοῦ ἐχθροῦ τοῦ θεοῦ ἐστὶν. ἰ. ἐστὶν “ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν
 ἐχθρὸς τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου” αὐτοῦ τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου
 ἐχθρὸς, ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ἀντίστοιχος, ἀλλ’ ὁ δὲ εἰπὺς τοῦ θεοῦ
 “κατ’ ἐξουσίαν” ἀγῶν τοῦ θεοῦ “κατ’ ἐξουσίαν” ἀγῶν τοῦ θεοῦ
 ἀγῶν τοῦ θεοῦ ἐναντίον τοῦ ἐχθροῦ τοῦ θεοῦ, ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ἀντίστοιχος
 ἐχθρὸς.

Ἀλλ’ ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἐστὶν ἐχθρὸς τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου.
 τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἐστὶν ὁ ἐχθρὸς τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου
 τοῦ θεοῦ (ὁ παρὰ τοῦ θεοῦ) ὁ ἀντίστοιχος, οὗτος ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος
 τοῦ θεοῦ.

ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος.

ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος καὶ ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος
 ἀλλ’ ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος,
 ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος
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ἰ. ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος καὶ ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος
 καὶ ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος,
 ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος
 καὶ ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος.

ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος
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ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος
 ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος,
 ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος
 ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος.

* “ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος” ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος.

† “ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος” ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος.

‡ “ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος” ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος, ὁ δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος ἀντίστοιχος.

held the straw, and she put the bard a-twisting it. The bard was going backwards according as the suggaun was a-lengthening, until at last he went out on the door and he ever-twisting. When the old woman found him outside she rose up of a leap and struck the door to in his face. She then flung his harp out to him through the window, and told him to be going. [The first line of this song in Hardiman's book runs, "Is it not the dead battle that twisted me into this place," a line which I never understood, but it is certain that the word *cath*, "battle," is a mistake, and that it is *cat*, "cat," as I found it, that should be in it; and, that dead cat in the language of the bard, is synonymous with bad luck].

Here now is another celebrated song which I heard myself from an old man. I also found a copy of it in a manuscript which said that it was Donal Faire, or Farire (of the watch ?) O'Gorman, whoever that bard may have been, who composed it.

BREED ASTORE.

O Breed, astore, do not marry the old man,
But marry a young man 'tis he who would rear thee a child.
Who would stretch softly on a couch beside thee;
Who would in the morning give thee a kiss or two.

'Tis a pity, O Breed, it was not death I found
Before I gave thee love so lasting.
Thou hast left my mind destroyed and troubled,
Like the aspen tree and the wind rocking it.

If this country were as it ought to be,
In a delightful castle thou wouldst be living;
Gall and Gael would be grieving, through thee,
And I, myself, shall not be pleading any longer with thee.

You promised me—and told me a falsehood—
That you would be with me at the pen of the sheep.
I let a whistle and a thousand shouts for you,
And I found nothing in it but the lambs a-bleating.

And you passed me by dark and late,
And you passed me by, and the light of the day in it.
If you would come in yourself to see me,
The demon a misunderstanding (?) I would have with you.

Δε πο δβράν μιλip puaip μέ αμεαρς μοpαιn ο'αβράναιb Connac-
ταcα, αcτ ni πό cοpμύιλ le h-αβράν Connacταc é, cá pé πό binn.
Ο'αcραic μέ an οά cευo line, oip bí piao map po “Cí an θpιςθεac
cam buaic Oap muica pi puaip” pocla nári cuiγear. Ói an c-
αβράν po pςpíobcα amac go h-an oic, aγup ni bpuaipeap acτ an
cóip peo amáin oé.

an θpιςθεac h.

'S í an θpιςθεac tá uaim
an cαoin-bean pám puaip
Reuil eólaip na cipe í*
'S ap mo cpoicbe cuip pí cuan.
Οά cíc cpuinne cpuaib
[Seal-píob map an cúbar]
folc bpeáz paαa buicbe
'S ap mo cpoicbe cuip pí cuan.

ní hí Óenup tá mé pác
ná don bean oe na mnáib
acτ an ppeipbean óonn gléγeal
τά o'éip mo cpoicbe (oo) cπάb.
ní feunpaο go bπάc
a h-ainm púo oo pác,
Cúip γaiupm í, 'r ní ceilim í,
Tap a mappeann oe mnáib.

Teannam go oci an puaib
aγ éipceacτ leip an bpiac
ann pna gleanncaib ouba ouaibpeaca
map a labpamn an piaó†
Oap an leabap po ann mo láim
a Cúil áluinn na mbacáil bán
O'panpamn leat í n-uaiγneap‡
go múpγlaiγeab an lá.

* Oúbaileap an line po .γ. tpeap line γac painn, nuai pεinn-
ceap é, acτ níop pςpíob mipe oúbaleta é. Ói an c-αβράν po πό
cpuailligcbe aγup o'acpuiγ mipe cuio mait ann, nac ocaipbεanaim
'r na nócaib, oip buó πό iomaοaíail na locca pςpíobnóipeacca
oo bí ann.

† “peapamn” ms. ‡ “go ngealctóim paoi oo cíu real” 'pan
ms, puo nac ocaigim b'peapn “go múpγlócab” 'na “go múpγlai
γeab” 'pan line leapap.

Here is a sweet song I got in a manuscript among many Connacht songs, but it is not very like a Connacht song, it is too melodious. I changed the first two lines, for this is how they ran: "*Shee in Vreedyuch tom woot, Dor mutya shee soarck*," words which I did not understand. This song was written out very badly, and I only got one copy of it.

THE BREEDYEEN.

'Tis the Breedyeen I love,
 All dear ones above,
 Like a star from the start*
 Round my heart she did move.
 Her breast like a dove,
 Or the foam in the cove,
 With her gold locks apart,
 In my heart she put love.

'Tis not Venus, I say,
 Who grieved me this day,
 But the white one, the bright one,
 Who slighted my stay.
 For her I shall pray—
 I confess it—for aye,
 She's my sister, I missed her,
 When all men were gay.

To the hills let us go,
 Where the raven and crow
 In the dark dismal valleys
 Croak death-like and low;
 By this volume I swear,
 O bright cool of fair hair,
 That through solitude shrieked
 I should seek for thee there.

* In singing this, the third line and the seventh line of every verse are often repeated. This metrical version is in the exact metre of the original.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

It is the Breedyuch I want; The mild woman, gentle, pleasant; The knowledge star of the country, And in my heart she took harbour. Two breasts round and hard, Bright neck like the foam. Fine long yellow hair. And in my heart she took harbour.

It is not Venus of whom I am speaking, Or any other woman of women, But

Ceannam go dtí an ríad
 Agus éirtead leir an bfiad,
 'S na gleannraib' ceannam lionn'-rub
 Mar ar éaillear mo éiall.
 ní bhonn rólár agaim ann
 Gan vólár ann a ceann,
 ní bhonn maire gan a marla,
 ná an oíreac* gan a cam.

'S bheadh a píob mar an déil
 A' r' a b'ráidaro géal† gan péim
 A' r' a bán-éioe nár lámhigeab
 O gail-éneac‡ go h-éag.
 mo éara trom go h-eug
 mar rgal vubg ar éun,
 'S gur b'í érad mé le lán-troille—
 fát b'rig mo rgal!

Ó'n trát eug me gradó duic
 Ó'n trát eug mé gradó duic
 [Ó'n trát eug mé gradó duic]
 A blát na rúg-éneab
 Do fáraig do héim||
 'S eug tu gradó leat ó'n ngréim,
 'S gur roir do óa lámh-re
 Do b' fegar liom uil o'éug.

* "Oíreac" MS.

† "éí" 'ran MS, ruo uac dtuigim. ‡ "O gal éneac" 'ran MS
 ni tuigim é. § "rgail oib ari can" 'ran MS. ni tuigim.
 || "Do fáraig tu an héim," MS.

the brown bright sky-lady, Who is after destroying my heart. I shall not refuse for ever To repeat her name; Sister, I call her, and I conceal it not Beyond all that live of women.

Let us go to the mountain, Listening to the raven, In the black sorrowful valleys, Where the deer speaks; By this book in my hand, O lovely cool of the fair tresses, I would remain with you in solitude, Until the day would waken.

Let us go to the mountain, Listening to the raven In the glens making melancholy, Where I lost my sense; There existeth no joy Without sorrow at its back; There is no beauty without its reproach. And no Straight without its Crooked.

Her throat is fine, like the lime, And her bright neck unpained, And her white breast that was never touched By foreign defeat (?) till death. My heavy

To the hills let us go,
Where the raven and crow
 In the dark dismal valleys
 Wing silent and slow.
There's no joy in men's fate,
But grief grins in the gate ;
 There's no Fair without Foul,
 Without Crooked no Straight.

Her neck like the lime
And her breath like the thyme,
 And her bosom untroubled
 By care or by time.
Like a bird in the night,
At a great blaze of light,
 Astounded and wounded
 I swoon at her sight.

Since I gave thee my love,
I gave thee my love,
 I gave thee my love,
 O thou berry so bright ;
The sun in her height
Looked on with delight,
 And between thy two arms, may
 I die on the night.

grief till death, Like a dark shadow over a bird ; Sure it was she destroyed me with full light—The cause of the substance of my tale.

From the time I gave thee love ; From the time I gave thee love ; From the time I gave thee love, O Flower of the raspberries, Thy mien overcame, And thou tookest love with thee from the (very) sun, And sure it is between thy two arms I had rather go and die.

My disease (?) and my grief, Without me and thee, my treasure ; In dark sorrowful glens, Or in a glen of a wood on a bog. It is honestly, gently, decently, I would coax from thee a kiss, O lovely learned star, 'Tis thou art the pick of the young women.

She is a Phoenix, my love, From Helen who took the palm, The gentle accomplished pearl, Of character the most generous of all. O first love of my middle, Do not leave me to death, And sure I would read your accomplishments, In Irish softly.

Δ'ῖρ μο ἐάνταλ 'ῖρ μο βρόν
 Ξαν μέ 'ῖρ τυ α ῖρτοῖρ
 1 ngleannnais tuda tuisbreada
 no 1 ngleann coille ar móin,
 1ῖr cnearta caoin cóir
 Do theallraimn uait póg
 Δ πάλταιν βρεῖξ μύιντε
 'S tu toga na mban óg.

1ῖr í phoénice mo ξράδ
 O helen rug báir,
 An péarla ciúin tréicead
 1ῖr féile ar bit cáil,
 Δ céuo-feric mo láir
 ná léig mé cum báir,
 'S go léigfinn-re vo tréice
 é nΞaeðeilg* go ráimh.

Δg ro rann milir eile, aét mar an t-abrán iuar, 1ῖr mó atá blas
 muinneadé na blas connactac air, ciò gur 1 ῖrῖuibinn connactais
 ruairnear é. Δgur còr leir rin, ní focal connactac an focal rin
 “éirling”=laige, Δgur 1ῖr iao na muinnis go móir-móir vo cleactad
 imir le focal, mar ciòmfó ann ro. bheirim an rann ann ro le
 croctugad na oítre atá roir na rean-abránais rimpliòe vo eug
 mé ceana, Δgur abránais nuada na muinneadé.

Δ máire is tu mo ξράδh.

Δ Máire 1ῖr tu mo ξράδ, Δ'ῖr ξράδ mo érhoide vo ξράδ
 Ξράδ rin gan vonar gan éirling,
 Ξράδ ó doir go báir, ξράδ ó basoir Δg ráir,
 Ξράδ cuirfir go olút faoi éré mé,
 Ξράδ gan rúil le raozal, ξράδ gan cnút le rpré,
 Ξράδ o'fág mé cráirde 1 noáer-bruro,
 Ξράδ mo érhoide tar mnáid, 'ῖr Δ raithuil rúo ve ξράδ
 1ῖr anam† é le rázail Δg aen-feair.

* “Ar Saolam,” ms † “innuad,” ran ms.

And I would that I were
 In the glens of the air,
 Or in dark dismal valleys
 Where the wildwood is bare;
 What a kiss from her there
 I should coax without care,
 From my star of the morning,
 My fairer than fair!

Like a Phœnix of flame,
 Or like Helen of fame,
 Is the pearl of all pearls
 Of girls who came,
 And who kindled a flame
 In my bosom. Thy name
 I shall rhyme thee in Irish,
 And heighten thy fame.

Here is a sweet rann I found in another manuscript of mine, but like this song, there is more of a Munster flavour than of a Connacht flavour about it. And besides that, the word *aishling* ("weakness") is not a Connacht term, and it is the Munstermen, too, who used especially to practise playing upon a word, as we see done here. I give the verse to show the difference there is between the old simple songs I have given already, and the newer ones of the Munstermen

O MAURYA, TAKE MY LOVE.

O Maurya, take my love, love of my heart, thy love,
 Love without fear or failing;
 Love that *knows* not *death*, love that *grows* with *breath*,
 Love that must shortly slay me;
 Love that *heeds* not *wealth*, love that *breeds* in *stealth*,
 Love that leaves me sorrowing daily;
 Love from my heart is *thine*, and such a love as *mine*
 Is found not *twice*—but found, is unfailing.*

* *Literally.* "O Maurya, thou art my love, and the love of my heart thy love, A love that without pettiness, without weakness, Love from age till death, love from folly growing, Love that shall send me close beneath the clay. Love without a hope of the world, Love without envy of fortune, Love that left me withered in captivity, Love of my heart beyond women, and such a love as that, It is seldom to be got from any man."

Τά αν ιμιρε ρεό λειρ αν βροαλ “ζηρό” κομήνιλ λε ιμιρε ι νοάν
 το ρζηρσθ αν “μανγαρε σήζαό” (δινοριαρ μαρ κρατ) ο έονοαέ
 λυιμιουζ. Όειρ ρειρεαν ι νοάν άλυιιν το ριννε ρέ αρ ρονη “Ήλιιν
 οεαρ ρηύιότε να μβό.”

Δ έυμαιιν να ζ-ευμαιιν νά τρείζ μέ
 'S ζο βρuiim ι η-έαζ-έριε άο' όεόιζ,
 Δ'ρ ζυρ ευμαιιν μο έυμαιιν ναέ οτρείζρεαο
 Δ έυμαιιν ζο τέιόιμ ραοι αν βρσο,
 Ο έυζαρ ουιτ ευμαιιν αρ ζέιλλεαο
 μο έυμαιιν-ρα α ρέυναο ηι κόιρ,
 Δ'ρ μο έυμαιιν Δ έυμαιιν μά έρείζιρ
 ζαν ευμαιιν Δζ αέν-βεαν ζο οεό.

Δζ ρο άβράν ειλε το έυαλαίό μέ ο ρεαν ηήηαοι ι ζCon-να-μαρα,
 Δζυρ ό όαοιηιό ειλε. ιρ άβράν κοιτέοιηη ζο λεόρ έ αμεαργ να
 ηοαοιηε, Δζυρ έυιρ μέ λειρ ανη ρο ρανη ηο όό το ρυαίρ μέ ι λάιη-
 ρζηρβιηη. Όο έυαλαίό ιμιρε αν τρεαν-βεαν 'ζά ζαβαίλ Δζυρ ι Δζ
 βλιζ να μβό, Δζυρ το βι τυλλεαο άιαι ναέ ζ-ευιήηιζιμ, Δζυρ ναέ
 βρυαίρεαρ ό άον ουιηε ό ροιη.

ρευρλα οεαζ αν τςλέιβε βάιη

Κείρε λά οευζ ζαν βρείζ
 Όο έαίτ ιμιρε 'ραν τρλιαβ
 Δζ ρίορ-ιηηρεαέτ μο ρζέιλ
 Όο βέιλιν άιηηφιρ να ζ-αιαβ,
 μο έαεβ λε η-α ταεβ
 Δ'ρ μο όά λάιη ταίρρτι άηιαρ,
 μο βεул αρ Δ βεул
 ζυρ ευλαίζ ριη έορμιαηη αν ζρμιαη.

Όλυιιμ υ'ά λυαο
 Δζυρ ιρ αιηιτ ι έυιζεαρ Δ λάν,
 ζο οτυζ μο έρποιό ζεαν
 Όο ρευρλα οεαρ αν τςλέιβε βάιη,
 ζαέ Δ οτυζ με υ' άηηρεαέτ
 Δ'ρ αρ ρανηιυιζ με ριαη οε να ηηάιό
 ιρ ι βειτιό ηι η-άιηλε
 η'άηηρεαέτ Δζυρ μο ζρράό,

This play upon the word love is like that which the Mong-ir-yah Soogugh—Andrew MacGrath, from the County Limerick—made. He says, in a beautiful poem which he composed to the air of the “Colleen D’yas Crootyee na Mo :”

Oh, love of my love, do not *hate me*,
 For love, I am *aching* for thee ;
 And my love for my love I'll *forsake not*,
 O love, till I *fade* like a tree.
 Since I gave thee my love I am *failing*,
 My love, wilt thou *aid* me to flee ?
 And my love, O my love, if thou *take not*
 —No love for a *maiden* from me.**

Here is another song I heard from an old woman in Connemara, and from others also ; it is a rather common song among the people, and I put with it, here, a stanza or two, which I found in a manuscript. I heard the old woman singing it, and she milking the cows, and she had more of it that I do not remember and that I never got from anyone since.

THE PRETTY PEARL OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN.

Fourteen days, without lie
 I spent on the mountain's side,
 Ever crying my cry
 In the ear of my maiden's pride ;
 Pleading bitterly,
 My side set by her side,
 On her mouth my mouth,
 Till the sun set southward and died.

I hear it spoken
 By many a friendly mouth
 How my heart is broken
 By her of the White Hill south.
 All my affection true
 And my hope and my longing at flood,
 Are concentred on you,
 Maid of O'Hanly's blood.

** *Literally*, “ Affection of the affections, forsake me not, And sure I am in a death-condition after thee, And sure the affection of my affection shall I not forsake, O affection, until I go under the soil. Since I gave thee affection and submission, My affection, to deny it is not right, And my affection, O affection,

'S é mo éneac a' r mo ùit
 nac b'pail mé mo laéa big b'áin
 So r'ndámpainn go h-áepac
 1 n-euóan na tuile 'r na epáé,
 As r'uil le mac Ué
 So péiúeócaib' reirean mo éar
 'S go r'ínfionn mo éadé
 Le peupla veap an tsléibe é áin.

Deir r'iao liom péin
 Sur n'ó beas r'uarac an epáé,
 Acé ir mairé ar a mbíonn pé
 mí no reáctmáin no lá,
 1 'nna luiúe ar a taoib
 (faoi éuilleabap asur) bláé
 Asur mé le n-a taoib
 Asur epaob beas glar ann mo láin.

mo éneac a' r mo ùit
 nac b'pail euóac oim ná bláé
 ná geapráinín dépac
 Uo beupac mipe don áit.
 So b'l'acúac na veupma
 má ééróim ni pilleac go b'páé
 Acé bíóé a roga péin
 As peupla veap an tsléib' é áin.

Cao é an máic éam péin
 Uá noeunpáinn capall ve bó?
 A' r cao é an máic éam é
 Uá noeunpáinn capléán ar róó?
 Cao é an máic éam é
 Uá noeunpáinn muilíonn ar móim?
 O éail mipe an gleup
 Le a mbreupáinn beiré mo r'éór.

if thou forsakest—No affection for any woman forever (for me).

These verses are constructed on different words, one *grau*, the other *cumman*, which sounds better in Irish than any such word-play can in English, since the latter word, for instance, can assume three forms—*cumman*, *humman*, and *gumman*, which keeps up the play without palling on the ear.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally*. Fourteen days without lie, I spent in the mountain. Ever-telling my tale To the little mouth of

'Tis my grief and my pine
 That I'm no white duck on the bay,
 On the billows to rise,
 And to dive in the teeth of the spray.
 That God may decide on my side,
 And me far away,
 And set me beside
 The side of my pearl some day.

They tell me that love
 Is little, "t is nothing" they say,
 But, oh, it's woe for who has it
 A month, a week, or a day.
 There she lies on her side
 Gently by light winds fanned,
 I sit close to her now
 With a leafy bough in my hand.

Oft I wish I were
 Clothed bright in state like a king,
 Or had a winged mare
 To bear me afar on her wing.
 To term-keeping Dublin
 If I go I shall fare but ill,
 Leaving thee free my girl,
 Thou pearl of the fair White Hill.

What should it profit me
 To make a steed of a cow?
 What should it profit me
 To build a castle here now?
 What should it profit me
 To build on the meadow a mill,
 Since I lost the way
 To bend my fay to my will?

the maid of the tresses. My side by her side, And my two hands back across her, My mouth on her mouth Until the sun stole away past us.

I hear it being said, And a talk it is which numbers understand, That my heart gave affection To the Pretty Pearl of the White Mountain, All that I ever gave of affection, Or that I ever coveted of women, She is Betty Nee Hanli, My delight and my love.

'Tis my destruction and my loss That I am not a little white duck Until I should swim airily In the face of the flood and the shore, Hoping for the Son of God That He shall settle my case, And that I might stretch my side By the pretty girl of the white mountain.

They say to myself That love is a small petty thing, But it's woe for whom it is on, A month, or a week, or a day. Lying on her side Beneath the foliage and blossoms, And I by her side And a little green bough in my hand, etc.

The remaining verses present no difficulty and need not be translated.

Here is a curious poem, a dialogue or discourse—*Carmen Amœbæum*—between a man and a woman, as we find it in the poetry of every country from the time of Horace to that of Tumaus O'Moore and as it will be while men and women exist. I found it in a letter which some one wrote to the old *Nation* at the time when Thomas Davis and Gavan O'Duffy were steering it, hoping, as is likely, that they would put it in print for him. It is worth mentioning here that about half of the Irish, at the least, at this time spoke Gaelic, and that a good deal of Irish songs and different things were sent to the *Nation* by "Iresians" throughout the country. No doubt they would have been printed had there been anyone on the staff of the paper able to do so, for Thomas Davis was very friendly to the language; but it is likely they had no person to correct the proofs, and, besides that, had probably no Irish type at this time.

The man who sent them this poem said that it was composed in this way. Teig O'Dornin, he says—but I do not know what O'Dornin—was travelling through Erin, and came to the house O'Luneen or Lindon. Lindon was a Beetagh or hospitaller; that is, one who kept open house, giving food and shelter gratis to those who went that way. O'Dornin went in, and after the repast or supper, a harp was placed in his hand, as was customary in the country at that time, to see if he wished to make music. Nobody in the house knew O'Dornin, and there was great wonderment on them when he began to draw from the harp the sweetest music at all. That made Lindon's sister jealous, for she was herself a queen harpist. She said that there was no man went by that way for a long time was able to make music like that, and after a long conversation with him she challenged him to play the harp against herself, and the people of the house listening to them as judges. Teig O'Dornin began, and on the moment composed and played this half stanza extempore, and she answered him in the same way, and the same metre.

TEIG AND MARY.

TEIG :	Bright was the air, the hills were fair, When first I saw thee, Mary.
MAURYA :	Not brighter they than thou, the day Thou tookest Teig the "bairy."*

*The Anglo-Irish for a "goal" in hurling, from the Irish *báire*.

This translation is exactly in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

T.—Calm was the time, hills were in blossom, when I beheld thee, Mary.
M.—Not finer was the day than thou wert, the time thou tookest Teig the

Ἐὰν: Ὁ πορκα, ἀ ρέρειρ, ἀρ ὅατ ἀν αείρ,
 'S μὰ ῖρ πέτοιρ ἑ νίορ ἄλλε,
μάριρ: ἡ'Ἴλ αέρ νά (ῖ)λεανν ἱρ πορ ὅαμ ἀνν
 νίορ ρῖομαιῖζε 'νά ὁ ὀάιλ-ρε.

τὰς; ὅσοι οὐκ ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπων ἀλλὰ τοῦ
 ἰσχυροῦ τοῦ ἐν ἡμῖν,
 ἡμῶν; ὅτι οὐκ ἔστιν ἡμεῖς οὐδὲν ἄλλο
 ὅτι οὐκ ἔστιν ἡμεῖς οὐδὲν ἄλλο.

Եւոթ : Ար՝ զն էլիսց եան-րծե Բսծ մաւծ 'ր Բսծ հնաօ
մարի : Իր բարր 1 ոցնէ լիսց լծե 'նա մե,
 ձտ բ'բարր ոօ հնե-րե զն տրա իռ.

τὰς : βαρρι-ῖς εἰς ἀν ἡμεῖς ἡ ἐκείνην ἐκείνην*
 ὁ ἐκείνην με οὐκ ἔστιν ἡ ἐκείνην,
 ἡμεῖς : ἡ ἐκείνην ὁ ἐκείνην ἀν ἐκείνην
 ἡ ἐκείνην ἐκείνην ὁ ἐκείνην.

τὰς . Ὅ ποτε καὶ αὐτοὶ τὸ θεῶν ἀνέστη
 ὁ γὰρ μοι ἐπιθε-ρε ἡ ἡμέρα,
 ἡμέρα ἡ ὅτε τὰ ἀνὰ τὴν γῆν τὸ γῆρας
 ἡ λαοὶ γῆρας γὰρ ἡ ἀνθρώπων.

Ταὸς : μα ῖ ρ ἀί λ λεατ μέ Δ ξηράδ μο ἐλείβ
 1ρ λεατ ζο h-eug μέ Δ μᾶιπε,
μᾶιπε : τάιο λαργαδ' cluain ὕgam' ἐράδ ζο ciuin,
 tié! úmliuzim ouit, cto náipead.

11 քար տնոն ԸՏԵՐ Է ԻՐ ՎԵՐԵԱԾ ՎՕՆ ԴՅԵՒ-ՐՕ, ՈՐ ԱՐ ՆՄԼԱԾՑ ԱՆ
 ՕՆՑԵԱՆ ՎՕ ՎՃ ԴՐԻՄԻՅ, ՈՐ ԱՆ ԱՅ ՄԱՏԱԾ ԲԱՕԻ ՎՕ ԽԻ ԲԻ.

* "bárrrgeim an graidh mar cucacacn braidh," ran ms.

† nī lēip dām cao é an focal ro ann ran MS. ir corinúil le
 “minirēact” é. ‡ “caoī” ran MS.

goal. *T.*—Thy eyes, O sky-lady, of the colour of the air, and, if possible, more lovely. *M.*—There is no air or valley (?) that I know of, more beautiful than thy reputation. *T.*—Blacker is the sun when setting than thy features, Mary. *M.*—Neither star nor sun exhibit one third as much light as thy shadow. *T.*—It were a good and a comeliness for the host of the fairy women (To have) thy bright gentle countenance, Mary. *M.*—Better is the fairy host in appearance than I, but better thy appearance at that time (than theirs). *T.*—Top-beauty of love in thy fine curls I beheld upon thee, Mary. *M.*—It is thou who worst the smooth curl? with the gentle softness of thy laugh. *T.*—Thy gentle eyes have shaped the web which took my heart, O Mary. *M.*—It is on thee is ever the love-spot which kindles the love of every stately woman. *T.*—If I am pleasing to

TEIG : Thy eyes are bright as stars of night,
Each one God's candle-bearer.

MAURYA : There is no star of all that are,
But thou by far art fairer.

TEIG : The setting sun shows black and dun,
And cold, beside thee, Mary.

MAURYA : There is no sun of all that run
To which I could compare thee.

TEIG : The fairy host might make their boast
Of thy sweet features, Mary.

MAURYA : More fair they are than I, by far,
But thou more fair than fairy.

TEIG : Top-knots of love all else above,
Lurk in thy tresses, Mary.

MAURYA : Thou hast a smile which must beguile,
So gay it is, so airy.

TEIG : Thy bright eyes spin a net so thin,
Thou took'st me in it, Mary.

MAURYA : A love-spot thou hast on thy brow,
Of charms it is not chary.

TEIG : Thy slave I'll be ; thou sees't in me
Thy thrall and lover, Mary.

MAURYA : No longer free, I yield to thee,
All shamefaced, all unwary."

We do not know what is the end of this story, and whether the lady submitted to him in reality, or whether it was jesting at him she was.*

thee, O love of my bosom. I am thine till death, Mary. *M.*—There are treacherous flames silently destroying me. Alas, I submit to thee, although shamefaced.

*There was a celebrated poet O'Dornin, born near Cashel in 1682, who lived most of his life in Armagh. But his name was Peadar (Padder), not Teig, and his wife's name Rose, not Mary. The gentleman who sent this piece to the *Nation*, accompanied it with a poetic version by a "talented friend" of his own, each half verse of which—regardless of any reminiscence of Cowper—ended in "My Mary," to which the second half of the verse as invariably responded with the delightful assonance of "My Thady." Of course, this is not in the Irish, where the lady's difficulty was to find a fitting extempore rhyme for her own name, Maurya.

Ódharraíð mé anoir píopa atá le fágaíl ann r'gac áit ar fuo na círe, bean an fíir Ruaid. ní'l fíor dgam cao páé ar éuir na daoine an oipeao rin r'péir ann ran dbrán ro munab é an fonn atá air. ní feicim féin móráin ceóil ná filidheácta 'rna foclaib, acé tá an gíota ro coim' deag-aiéniéte rin, éar agur éuaíð, nac' utis liom a fágabáil amuig. fuaíir caia óam féin na briaéira leanaí o beul feanouine i g-conoae ná Gaillíne, agur fuaíir mire uaíð-fean iao. fágaim amac' rann no oó nac' bfuil no foiléir.

bean an fíir Ruaid.

Tá ríao o'á ráð

Sur tu ráilín rocaíir i mbróig

Tá ríao o'á ráð

Sur tu béilín tana na b'póg.

Tá ríao o'á ráð

A m'le gráð go utis tu óam cúl,

Cró go bfuil fear le fágaíl

'S leir an táillíir bean an fíir Ruaid.

Oo éugar naoi mí

i b'píorún, ceangailte cruaid,

boltaíð ar mo éalaláib

Agur m'le glar ar rúo ruar,

Éabarraim-re ríde

Mar éabarraíð eala coir cuam,

Le fonn oo beir' rínte

Síor le bean an fíir Ruaid.

Šaoil mire a ceuo-feapic

Go mberó' don tigear roir mé 'r éu

Šaoil mé 'nna óéig-rin

Go mbneugrá mo leaib ar oo glúin.

Maílaet Ríé neime

Ar an té rin bam óiom-ra mo élu,

Sim, agur uile go léir

Luét b'péige éuir roir mé 'r éu.

I shall now give a piece which is to be found in every place throughout the country—the Red Man's Wife. I do not know why the people took such pleasure in this song, unless it is the air which is on it. I do not see myself much music or poetry in the words, but this piece is so well known North and South that I cannot omit it. A friend of mine got the words which follow from an old man in the County Galway, and I got them from him. I leave out a verse or two which are not very clear.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue ;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.

Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound ;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around ;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.

I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be ;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee ;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet with mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

Τὰ ἔργα αὐτοῦ παντοκράτορι
 αὐτὸς ἐκτίθει καὶ οὐκ ἔστιν ὁ καταλείπων·
 ὁ ἀναστρέφει τὸν θάνατον ἐν ἡμῖν
 ἵνα ἡμεῖς μὴ ἀποθῶμεν·
 ὁ ἐκτίθει τὸν θάνατον ἐν ἡμῖν
 ὅπως οὐκ ἀποθῶμεν·
 ὁ ἀναστρέφει τὸν θάνατον ἐν ἡμῖν
 ὅπως οὐκ ἀποθῶμεν·

Δέτ γο οτις λά αν τραοῖαι
 'ηνα νευβαρ ανις αἰρ ανις,
 Τιουαῖο ριμῖτ αν αν ηἰν
 'S βέο na νευβλα ανις ουβ λειρ αν ηἰν
 βέο αν ανις ανις
 Δ'ρ τιουαῖο na ανις ανις ανις
 'S βέο αν ανις ανις ανις
 αν λα ριν ανις ανις ανις ανις

“Ο κύριος εἰπεναὐτὸς ἐγὼν θεσγὰν μὴ ὁ ποῖν, κόρη εἴτε θε’ν ἀβράν
 ποῖ γελῶδ, ὁ δὲ βί ῥηγιοῦδα, θεῖν ῥε, ντορ μὸ ’νά γενο βλιαδαιν ὁ
 ποῖν γονδαεὶς νὰ μῖθε. Ὀλόβυαιλ ῥε ἡ βράιῖρεν ἀβανναεὶς ἐ, “**ἡ
 ἡμῖν τοῦδε ὀβαιν.**” Ἀς πο κύριε θε.

bean an fìr ruaid. Còip eile.

'Sé do beada ann ran tír-re
 A fáoilinn ír veire faoi ghuair
 'Ná an bean do bí fíar
 Agus naoir mac úirnead 'ran g-cuan.
 Sgriofar do mé an tír
 Aníor go h-imeall Ror-cuain,
 'S an uair caiffar arís
 Déiread claoite agus bean an fíh Ruaidh.

There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake.
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.

But the Day of Doom shall come,
 And hills and harbours be rent ;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent ;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban ;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.*

Some Irishman, a few months since, printed another copy of this song, which he says was written down more than a hundred years ago in the County Meath. He printed it in a Scotch paper, the *Oban Times*.† Here is some of it :

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

(Another copy).

Salutation to thee into this country
 O seagull more lovely in countenance
 Than the woman in the West whom
 Naesi, son of Usneach, had in the harbour.
 I shall destroy the country
 Down to the border of Roseuain,
 And when I turn back again
 I shall (myself) be overthrown by the Red man's wife.

*This translation is in the curious broken metre of the original. *Literally*: They are saying it, That thou art the quiet little heel in a shoe. They are saying it, That thou art the thin little mouth of the kisses. They are saying it, Thou and loves, that thou hast turned thy back on me, Though a man may be had. The tailor's is the wife of the Red man, etc. The other verses offer no difficulty. There is no mention of a tailor in the older copy. It may have been altered to suit local circumstances.

† Or rather, the well-known and humorous Gaelic *littérateur* who writes under the name of Fionn (Mr. Henry Whyte) published it, but some Irishman, I think, gave it to him.

1r gile 'oo b'rágáio
 Δ míle gráð ná eala ar tuinn,
 1r veirge 'oo gruað
 'ná an rór 'oo éig ar na c'rainn,
 1r binne 'oo beól
 'ná 'n éuac 'r í feinn go binn
 'S gur míne 'ná 'n ríoda
 Sác olaoi o'á o'ig ar 'oo éeann.

Δ b'ruinníoll gan rmál
 Δ b'ruil an vealrað veap ar 'oo gruað,
 Cía bé an t-óglanac bán
 'oo b'áil liom leat-ra 'oo luad;
 Cía éeilim ar don
 An t-áððar fá b'ruilim faoi gruaim(?)
 Oá mbeidinn gonnta as an éas
 'S í mo cheuo gráð bean an f'ir Ruaid.

Δ blác-bean na r'géime
 Cuirim ceuo míle beannaét leat uaim,
 Tá mé gonnta as an éus
 1 n-éusmair 'oo tátaig'ce sác uair,
 Oá mb'eól dam bean b'neugad
 Cuirpinn 1 g-céill uuit m' anacra cruait
 'S má fillim go h-eus
 'Sí mo ceuo fearc bean an f'ir Ruaid.

Oá mbeidinn 'ran tír f'íor
 1 b'p'riopún ceangailte cruaid
 bolcaíð ar mo cuim
 Δ'r míle glar ar rúo ruar.
 Éabarrainn-re r'gnib
 mar 'oo éabarrað eala coir cuaim
 O'fonn a beic p'inte
 seál o'óce le bean an f'ir Ruaid

Whiter is thy neck
 Thousand loves, than the swan on the waves,
 Redder is thy cheek
 Than the rose which comes on the trees.
 Sweeter is thy mouth
 Than the cuckoo, and she singing sweetly,
 And sure smoother than the silk
 Is each lock which grows upon thy head.

O damsel without spot,
 Who hast the pretty gloss upon thy cheek,
 Whoever the fair-haired youth is
 I would like to betroth to thee,*
 Why (?) conceal I it on anyone
 The reason why I am under gloom?
 Though I were wounded by the death
 My first love is the Red man's wife.

O blossom-woman of the beauty,
 I send with thee a hundred thousand blessings from me
 I am wounded by the death
 In lack of thy society every hour.
 If I knew how to coax a woman,
 I would explain to thee my hard calamity.
 And if I return for ever
 My first-love is the Red man's wife.

If I were in the Down country
 In prison bound hard,
 Bolts on my waist,
 And a thousand locks from that up;
 I would give a flight
 As a swan would beside a harbour,
 With pleasure to be stretched
 For the while of a night by the wife of the Red-haired man

* I do not well understand the third, fourth, and fifth lines; perhaps c·a is meant for ch·a which is used instead of n· "not" in parts of Meath.

Δε πο δβράν μαίτ' ευδία με ανν μο φεαν-ρξμύβινν φέιν αζυρ νι
φάδατὸ μέ ι η-δον άιτ ειλε έ.

βριξιο όξ να ζ-αιβη.

Cuirim oo cúimrixið*
 Δι Όια [΄ξυρ impíðim]
 Réiróciξ ðam an bealað aζyρ ná fylaiηξ mé ι βρια·
 Όά οτιυερά-ρα φά an τηλιαβ
 'η άιτ α ζκόμναιζεανν an φιαð
 [Δξ] θέαναιη lionnuib φά na ζleanntaib 'r ζyρ leat éaill mé mo
 éaill.

Τά ζηρόδ αζam δι ηημοι
 αζyρ έφρόδ φί μο έφοιθε,
 Ruð binne liom í naoi η-uaipe 'ná an éuað δι an ζ-εραοιβ,
 'S 'ná lon-oub an béil buiðe
 'S an ceipreaðt le η-a éaoib
 'S í ‡ an φμόιλην binν bpeuzað oo ζέαρ-λοιηξ μο έφοιθε.

an ζ-cualaib φib-pe τηάét
 Δι éluanaizeaðt na mná?
 ιr δι φeabap oo ρξμύβφαð φί le caol-φeann δι élar,
 níl φé le φάξail
 Δnn 'ran bφpaiηc ná 'ran φpáin
 ηað bφuil óiol φip μαρ ééile innti, φéupla an éúil báin.

Geobaimn-pe zo leór
 luét φioða 'ξyρ φpóil,
 ηaαaið míne ouba, αζyρ φáinnuðe buiðe óip,
 ηι φaéaið mipe leóξ
 áét φioτ-φα, α míle φτόη,
 α φiúη-éapτ iaφla anntpaim 'r ζyρ tu plannoða oe'n φuil móip.

*=coimrice, "cuirim éu φaoi éoimrice .γ. ρζάét, Όέ," b'éoiη.

† "ιr α ceapφað" 'ran MS.

‡ "Sna," MS.

§ "ηι leó φaéuinn" 'ran MS. "φioτ-φα" 'ran line leanaφ=leat-φα.

Here is a good song I found in my own old manuscript, one which I have never met anywhere else—

YOUNG BREED OF THE TRESSES.

Unto God I pray
Every night and day
Not to leave me pining, but to speed me on my way ;
Oh, come my love to-day
Where the ravens seek their prey,
We shall sorrow in the valley where you set my heart astray.

For gone it is and strayed,
My love is on a maid,
I think her nine times sweeter than the cuckoo in the glade,
Or, thrush, within the shade,
Or blackbird when he played
His sweetest notes to cheer us, and my soul is dismayed.

Oh, have you heard them say
How arch and bright and gay
Is my lady, how she writes with a pen in her play ?
There is not, so they say,
In France or Spain to-day,
A man who would not leap to take the hand of my may

Girls I'd get, I swear,
Who silk and satins wear,
Hats both dark and glossy, and rings rich and rare ;
But see, I leave them there,
Thou only art my care,
Sister of Antrim's Earldom, so fragrant and so fair.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

I put to his guardianship Upon God, and I request, Smooth for me the way and do not suffer me (to be) in pain. If thou wert to come with me under the mountains, Where the raven dwells, Making melancholy through the valleys, and with you I have lost my senses.

I have love for a woman, And she ruined my heart. I thought her nine times sweeter than the cuckoo on the branch Or the blackbird of the yellow mouth, And the song-finch (?) at his side. She is the melodious coaxing little thrush that bitter-burned my heart, etc.

The next verses offer no difficulty and need not be translated. "Ὅσις γῆν" in the third verse, means "a sufficiency for any husband;" that is, one good enough to satisfy the most exacting.

Δε πο ἀβράν μαῖτ εἰλε ρυαῖρ με ἰ n-Δμερῖα. Ἀνν ραν ἡ-σευθ
 ρανν τὰ ἀν καῖλιν ἀς ράθ ναε λεῖγρῷ ρῖ ὡ' n βυαέαιλλ Ἀ μεαλλὰθ,
 ἀγυρ ἀνν ρνα τρῖ ρανναῖθ λεαναρ τὰ ἀν βυαέαιλλ ἀς κυρ Ἀ εἰαῖρ ἰ
 ἡ-σεῖλλ ὡῖ ἀγυρ 'ἡ Ἀ βρευγαθῷ.

ΜΟΡ ΝΑ ΒΕΑΣ.

[Ἀν καῖλιν ἀς λαβαῖρετ].

Μόρ να βεας νίορ λυαῖθεαθ ριαῖν μῖρε
 ἰ μβυαῖθεαθ ρῖρ να εῖλε,
 Ἀ'ρ ἡο βρυαῖρ με mo βεαεα ἀρῖαῖν ἡαν ἀῖορ,
 Νῖ μό* ἡυρ βαῖνεαθ λαπαθ ἀρ m' εἰσαν.
 Μά 'ρ ε' οἰοῖβῆιλ mo εἰραο εῖγ ρῖε ὡῖτ ἀρ mo μεαλλὰθ
 Νά ὡ'δον ρεαρ ὡ'δ βρυῖλ βεό ἰ n-εῖρῖνν
 Ἀ'ρ μά τὰ τυρα ἀς βραε μῖρε ὡο κυρ ὅ ραε
 Κυρῖνν Κυρῖορε τὰ ἀρ νεαῖν 'nna ὡεῖς ορε.

[Εῖρεαν ἀς ἰαρηαῖθ ἰ ὡο βρευγαθῷ]

ἡοῖρῖνν τυ Ἀ ρῖῖῖρ, ἡοῖρῖνν τυ Ἀ ρῖῖν,
 ἡοῖρῖνν τυ ναοῖ n-υαῖρε,
 ἡοῖρῖνν ὡο εῖλ τὰ τρῖορалаε [ολύε],
 Ἀ'ρ ἡοῖρῖνν ὡο εῖν ρεανῡ υαῖρ.
 ἡοῖρῖνν τυ Ἀ ἡῖαθ, τὰ m' ἀναμ ἀρ ὡο λῖαῖν,
 Ταρῖαῖ,† τυρα, τρῖ ἀγυρ ρυαρῡαῖλ,
 Congβαιῖς με ὅ' n εῖγ ἀγυρ βῖῖῖνν ἀγασ ρεῖν,
 Ἀ βρυῖννῖολλ na nγευῡ nῡλαν υαῖρ.

Τὰ βαε ἀγαν ἀρ ρῖῖαθ Ἀ'ρ nῖ'λ δον ὡῖνε 'nna νῖαῖς
 Ἀ'ρ μῖρε ὡο m' εἰραθ λεό-ραν,
 Ἀ'ρ m' focal ὡῖτ Ἀ ὡῖα ὅ'ρ ορε ἀτά mo ἐρῖαλλ
 ἡυρ βαῖνεαοαρ mo εἰαλλ ἡο μόρ ὡῖομ,
 μῖρε βεῖτ λῖομ ρεῖν ρολαῖν, ὡε nῖ βεῖθεαο,
 Ἀνοῖρ ἀγυρ με ἰ ὡτύρ m' ὡῖε,
 Ἀ'ρ ἡυρ mall ἡυε ἡαε εῖν Ἀ λαβῖαρ λειρ ρεῖν ‡
 Ἀρ ἡῖαλa no ἀρ ρῖῖαθ μῖοῖντε.

* "μόρ," ραν ms.

† = "ταρ."

‡ Τὰ ἀν ἡῖνε ρεό ἰ n.

ἀβράν εἰλε, ἡρ ρεαν-focal ε.

Here is another good song which I got in America. In the first verse the girl is saying that she will not let the boy deceive her, and in the three stanzas that follow, the boy is explaining his case to her and persuading her.

GREAT OR SMALL.

Great or small, no word was ever spoken
 Betrothing me to another.
 My fame has been fair, and my life without care,
 I have no blush of shame I must smother.
 If my friends being few, prompts an ill thought in you,
 Or in any man else who has seen us,
 And who hopes he may lead me to shame and to need,
 I put Christ and His cross between us.

[HE ANSWERS].

I call on thee, my love ; I call on thee my dove ;
 I call on thee nine times over ;
 I call on thy cool, so tressy and so full,
 And I call on thy form as a lover.
 I call thee through the land, my soul is on thy hand,
 Then leave me not banned and in trouble ;
 Save me from the death, O maiden with the breath
 And the limbs of a freeborn noble.
 Upon the mountain side my kine are running wide,
 They have not a guide to herd them.
 I left them there, God knows, to seek for my wild rose ;
 My thoughts like waves arose since you stirred them.
 Alone, why must I be, with none to go with me ?
 I shall draw from my youth as a fountain :
 For every bird, you know, who sings alone, sings slow
 On the side of the grove or mountain.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

Great or small was I never betrothed In trouble of husband or consort, And sure I found my life ever without reproach, And more (than that), no blush was ever struck from my face. If it was the loss of my friends gave you a way to betray me, Or any other man alive in Erin, And if you are intending to put me from prosperity, I set Christ who is in Heaven to avenge it on you (*literally*, "after it upon you")

I call thee, O sister. I call thee O secret-love, I call thee nine times, I call thy cool that is clustering and close, And I call thy form slender, noble. I call thee O love, My soul is on thy hand, Come thou for awhile and relieve me. Keep me from the death, and let me be thy own, O damsel of the limbs clean (shaped) and noble, etc.

Τά λαράδ ann ran ngréin ašur lonraða vά réir
 Timéiolli do béilin móbhaidir,
 Δ' r gur pollur do'n tpaéšail gur mearaiš tu le céill
 Tuilleað ašur vά ceuto óig-ferar.
 Δ ainfir breáš šeal féim na bpafo-fole cuac[ac] claoon
 Larann mar an rtauib (?) ómra
 'S gur b'é v'iairpaimn-re ve maoim no ve fáiðbhear an tpaošail
 Ceao rínte leat šac don oibce Dóimnaiš.

Τά pann eile ann ran abrán ro tpaošear, "Δ cúl álunn óear"
 mar tá ré i n-"Éamon an Ónuic," ašur ir pollurac é šo raib vά
 abrán mearšca le céile ann ro, mar connamari é veunta šo
 minic. Τά an vά pann tpaošear "Šoirim tu Δ ríur" ann ran
 "mall Dub an šleana" mar an š-ceutna.

Ann ran abrán ro leannar tá an cailín aš caomeað tap éir i vo
 beic tpaéigce le n-a šráð. Ir rimpliðe ašur ir binn an óearact acá
 ri aš veunam. Samluigean ri Δ múirín le "neult tpio an š-
 ceó," ráð cuipear ann ár š-cuimne an vón breáš rin i leabair u
 h-aršavóim, an vón ir breášca ve na vántaib, b'éoir, acá 'ran
 riš-leabair rin

"Connairc mé aš teact cúgam i tpe lár an tpeíðe
 mar neultan tpio an š-ceó."

cailin beaš an šleana.

Δ óšánaiš óig mar neultan tpio an š-ceó
 Vo cúgar-ra mo šean šo léir* vuit,
 Δ' r vo šeall tu beic róimam aš coill šlar na š-cuó
 Šo š-cuirrimir ár š-cóimairle i n-éimfeact.
 Tuig Δ mife rcor naó bful peacaó ar bié cóim mór
 Ir meara ašur ir mó le veunam
 ná maišvean óear óš vo meallaó le (vo) póig
 ašur peallaó uirri šo voó 'nna óéig rin.

This "I call thee" is a word often used when things or people display any un-
 accountable restlessness; the full form is, "I call and consecrate you to myself,"
 and it is used against fairy agency. Cíapáð in the following verse means
 "torturing," and mearaiš means to "set astray." "Every bird who sings by
 himself sings slow" is, I think, a proverb.

* "mór" ran ms.

A flame comes from the sun when day is almost done,
 I see it on thy small mouth staying ;
 For you have set in play—as all men know to-day—
 Hundreds of young men straying ;
 O maiden of the hair so fair beyond compare,
 On the air like an amber shower,
 This world has, I swear, no wealth that can compare
 With but one kiss there in thy bower.

There is another verse in this song which begins *A Hool awlin yass*, as it is in the song of "Ned of the Hill," and it is evident that there are two songs mixed up here, as we have seen done frequently. The two verses which begin *Guryim hoo a h'yewr*, "I call thee, O Sister," are also in the song of "Dark Moll of the Valley."

In the song which follows, the girl is lamenting after her being for saken by her love. The complaint which she makes is simple and melodious. She likens her sweetheart to a "star in a mist," a saying which calls to our recollection that fine poem in Hardiman's book, perhaps, the finest of all the poems that are in that king-book—

"I saw her come towards me through the middle of the mountain
 As a star shines through the mist."

OH, YOUTH WHOM I HAVE KISSED.

Oh, youth whom I have kissed, like a star through the mist,
 I have given thee this heart altogether,
 And you promised me to be at the greenwood for me
 Until we took counsel together ;
 But know, my love, though late, that no sin is so great
 For which the angels hate the deceiver,
 As first to steal the bliss of a maiden with a kiss,
 To deceive her after this and to leave her.

Δ ΡΑΘΑΙΣΕ (?) Ο Δ ΠÚΜ ΔΝ ΔΙΤΡΕΑΔ ΛΕΑΤ ΣΟ ΒΥΑΝ
 ΜΑΡ ΕΥΗΡ ΤΥ ΛΕ ΒΥΔΙΘΡΕΑΘ ΔΝ ΤΡΑΘΣΑΙΛ ΜΕ (?)
 'S ΣΥΡ ΕΥΗΡ ΤΥ ΟΟ ΘÚΛ Ι Ν-ΔΙΡΣΙΟΟ 'Ρ Ι ΜΒΥΔΙΘ
 ΔΣΥΡ Ι ΡΕΑΡΑΙΘΕΑΘΔΙΘ ΟΥΒΔ ΔΝ ΤΡΛΕΙΒΕ.
 Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΣΟ ΜÓΡ ΒΕΙΤ ΔΡ ΤΑΟΙΒ ΒΥΔΑΙΛΛ ÓΣ*
 'ΝΑ ΡΕΑΛΒΑΝ ΒÓ ΔΡ ΤΑΕΒ ΕΝΥΙC
 'S Ε Σ'ΙΜΕÓΡΑΘ (ΛΙΟΜ) ΔΙΡ ΡΕΑΝ (?) ΔΣΥΡ ΕΛΥΙΤΕΕ ΕΡΥΑΙΘ ΝΑ ΝΓΕΑΛΛ
 ΔΣΥΡ ΡÚΒΔΑΡΑΘ ΔΝ ΡΑΘΣΑΛ ΣΟ ΡΕΙΘ ΛΙΟΜ.

ΔΣ ΟΥΛ 'ΝΝΑ ΛΥΙΘΕ ΟΟ'Ν ΝΓΡΕΙΝ, ΜΟ ΕΡΕΑΔ, ΜΟ ΘΙΤ ΣΟ ΣΕΥΡ !
 ΙΡ ΜΥΡΕ ΒΙΟΡ Ι ΒΡΕΙΝ ΔΝ ΥΔΙΡ ΡΙΝ,
 ΣΟ ΜΒΥΘ ΡΑΜΥΙΛ ΟΟ Μ'ΓΝΕ ΔΝ ΤΕ ΡΙΝΕΑΘ ΑΝΝ ΡΑΝ ΣΕΡΕ,
 'S Δ ΜΙC ΜΥΡΕ ΝΑC ΜÓΡ ΔΝ ΤΡΥΔΣΤ ΡΙΝ !
 ΜΟ ΕΑΙΡΘΕ ΥΙΛΕ ΣΟ ΛΕΙΡ, ΔΝ ΕΥΤΟ ΔCΑ ΝΑΡ ΕΥΣ
 ΣΥΡ ΕΥΣΑΘΑΡ ΣΕΥΡ-ΡΥΑC ΟΑΜ,
 ΣΑΝ Ο'ΡΟCΑΛ ΑΝΝ Δ ΜΒΕΥΛ, ΔCΤ "Ó ΜΙΛΛ ΤΥ ΕΥ ΡΕΙΝ
 ΡÚΛΑΙΝΣ ΟΟ ΡΕΙΡ ΡΙΝ ΒΥΔΙΘΡΕΑΘ."

Ι Ν-ΔΒΡΑΝ ΕΙΛΕ ΑCΑ ΔΣΑΜ "CΥΔΙCΙΝ ΒΕΙΝΝΕ ΕΪΟΙΡ" ΝΑC ΟCΥΣΑΙΜ
 ΑΝΝ ΡΟ, ΑCΑ ΡΕΑΡ ΔΣ ΟΕΥΝΑΘ ΝΑ CΑΡΑΟΙΘΕ CΕΥΘΝΑ Ι ΟCΑΟΙΒ ΜΗΝΑ,
 ΔΣΥΡ ΜΑΡ ΟΥΒΔΑΙΡ ΔΝ CΑΙΛΙΝ ΣΟ ΜΒ'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΕΙΤΕ ΒΥΔΑΙΛΛ ÓΣ 'ΝΑ
 "ΡΕΑΛΒ ΒÓ ΔΡ ΕΑΟΙΒ ΕΝΥΙC," ΟΕΙΡ ΡΕΙΡΕΑΝ

Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ CΑΙΛΙΝ ÓΣ
 ΔΣ CÓΡΥΣΑΘ ΜΟ ΛΕΑΡCΑΝ
 'ΝΑ ΡΑΙΘΒΡΕΑΡ ΡΥΣ ΝΑ ΡÓΘΛΑ
 'S ΜΟ ΡÓΡΑΘ ΛΕ CΑΙΛΙΣ.

ΝΙ'Λ ΜÓΡΑΝ ΡΙΛΙΘΕΑCΤΑ ΑΝΝ ΡΑΝ ΔΒΡΑΝ ΡΟ ΔΣΥΡ ΝΙ ΔΒΡΑΝ CΟΝΝΑC-
 ΤΑC Ε ΔΣΥΡ ΡΙΝ Ε ΔΝ Τ-ΑΘΒΑΡ ΡΑΟΙ Δ ΒΡΑΣΑΙΜ ΑΜΑC Ε, ΔCΤ ΙΡ ΡÚ Δ
 ΕΑΒΑΙΡΤ ΡΑ ΟΕΑΡΑ ΣΟ ΝΟΕΑΡΡΝΑΘ Ε 'ΡΑΝ ΑΜ ΑΝΝ Δ ΡΑΙΒ ΣΑΕΘΕΙΛΣ ΔΣ
 ΝΑ ΟΑCΙΝΙΘ Ι Μ ΒΕΙΝΝ-ΕΪΟΙΡ, ΡΕΑCΙ ΜΙΛΕ Ο Θ'Λ'ΑCΕΛΙΑC.

* "ΡΕΑΡΑΘ ΒΥΔ ΛΑ ÓΣ" ΡΑΝ ΜS. ΡΥΘ ΝΑC ΟCΥΙΣΜ.

† "ΡΣΕΥΛ" ΡΑΝ ΜS.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally.* O young youth, like a star through the mist I have given thee my love completely, And you promised to be before me at the greenwood of the nuts Until we would put our counsels together. Understand, O thousand treasures, that there is no sin so great, Worse and greater to do, Than to deceive a pretty young maiden with your kiss And betray her for ever afterwards.

O Rody (?), O secret love, dost thou constantly repent How thou hast sent me on the world's trouble, And how thou hast set thy affliction on money and on kine And on black heifers of the mountain? I should greatly sooner be at the side of

And do you now repent for leaving me down bent
 With the trouble of the world going through me,
 Preferring sheep and kine and silver of the mine
 And the black mountain heifers to me?
 I would sooner win a youth to love me in his truth
 Than the riches that you, love, have chosen,
 Who would come to me and play by my side every day
 With a young heart gay and unfrozen.

But when the sun goes round I sink upon the ground,
 I feel my bitter wound at that hour;
 All pallid, full of gloom, like one from out a tomb,
 O Mary's Son, without power.
 And all my friends not dead are casting at my head
 Reproaches at my own sad undoing,
 And this is what they say, "since yourself went astray,
 Go and suffer so to-day in your ruin."

In another song which I have, called "The Cuckoo of Bin-édar," which I do not give here, there is a man making the same complaint about a woman, and just as the girl said that she preferred a young boy to the "possession of cows on a hill-side," so he says—

I had sooner a young girl
 Preparing my couch
 Than the wealth of the King of Fola (Ireland),
 And my marriage with a hag.

There is not much poetry in the song, and it is not a Connacht one, hence I omit it, but it is worth observing that it was made at a time when the people of Binédar (the Hill of Howth), six miles from Dublin, spoke Irish.

a young bohal Than (have) possession of cows on the side of a hill. It is he who would play with me on *pan* (?) and (play) the hard game of the pledges, And who would freely walk the world with me.

On the sun's going to lie down—my destruction, my loss, grievously—It is I was in pain at that hour, And the likeness of my countenance was that of him who was stretched in the clay, And O Son of Mary, is not that the great pity! My friends, all of them entirely, as many of them as did not die, Ah, they have given me bitter-hatred, Without a word in their mouths but, "Since you have ruined yourself, Now suffer trouble according."

So abhán eile ann a tseáctar ar bheinn éirir.

neillió na scoóan.

'S a óia gan mé am' iargairne
 Sóir i mbeinn éirir,
 Agus neillió na scoóan
 Beir i scoirt-lár locha éirne
 Rácfainn-re or írioll
 Sóir ar fao o'á feúcam,
 'S ní éubhainn bhoib luáca
 Ar mháib uairle na h-éirneann.

'S a neillió, óia óilir !
 n1 cubaid* óuit beir am' éirígean,
 'S gur a n-aice oo mhín-éir
 Duó mian liom beir do' bheugan.
 Mo lámh ar an mbiobla
 'S mé ífor ar mo glúnaib,
 nac rgarfainn leat coitíce
 So ríníre 'ran úir mé.

Tá cóirín veir buíde agam
 'S é líonta le cnoirtal,
 'S tá glar geur go nígín air
 'S é go ríneannaé curéa.
 Aécuingim ar lora
 A'ar ar ríó Colam cille
 A mháigvean gan m-íreann
 Deag-éiríoc ort ó-íluirne.

Agur b'éirir go mbéirínn-re
 Agur maigvean an cúil ómra
 Ar mairim ag éirteáct
 Le h-aírmionn ár bpoirta ;
 Munab cúir a rácfar,
 Ar a h-aíaró í, béirdeao bhoínaé
 Mar na lon-tub' ar na coilltib
 Le poillre an traónóna.

*=m1 cóir é, m1 oirneáinnac é. Labhaircear an focal ro mar
 "caoí" no "cuíde." Tá re an coitícionn i n-aíteácaib i scoóige
 múman.

Here is another song in which mention is made of Binédar.

NELLY OF THE TOP KNOTS.

Dear God ! were I fisher and
 Back in Binédar,
 And Nelly a fish who
 Would swim in the bay there,
 I would privately set there
 My net there to catch her,
 In Erin no maiden
 Is able to match her.

And Nelly, dear God !
 Why ! you should not thus flee me,
 I'd long to be near thee
 And hear thee and see thee.
 My hand on the Bible
 And I swearing and kneeling
 And giving thee part
 Of the heart you are stealing.

I've a fair yellow casket
 And it fastened with crystal,
 And the lock opens not
 To the shot of a pistol.
 To Jesus I pray
 And to Colomkill's Master,
 That Mary may guide thee
 Aside from disaster.

We may be, O maiden,
 Whom none may disparage ;
 Some morning a-hearing
 The sweet mass of marriage,
 But if fate be against us,
 To rend us and push us,
 I shall mourn as the blackbird
 At eve in the bushes.

'S a' óia gan mé ar linn (?) léite
 'S gan uimprí áct a léine,
 no i bparáir na ffraince
 no ar inrib loc' éirne,
 as cup ríor mo éainte
 'S as veimniugadh mo rgeíl ol,
 mar fúil go mberóinn-re asao
 a maighean na gcráeb-fólt.

As ro abrán do rinne O Ceapballáin, do péir mo láim-rghíbinne.
 re, áct ní meapaim féin gur b'é. I' vóig go raib a lán abrán
 rghíobda ar an bponn ceutna, asur ní'l don ampar oim nac bfuil
 an porc asur an t-abrán níor rine 'ná ampar uí Ceapballáin.
 beir seágan O Dálaidg—feap nac bfuair ariam a fáit molta ar
 ron an méro do rinne ré i g-cúir na n-abrán munnead—pfora
 dúinn ari a nglaoðann ré "bean Dub an Gleanna," asur tá cur
 vé an éorimúil leir an ván ro. Veir reirgan gur b'é éamon an
 énuic O Riain do rinne an t-abrán atá ann a leabap féin timcioll
 na bliadna 1730-40. Tá an ronn rimplide asur an-binn. As ro
 mar fuair mire é.

mall dubh an gleanna.

I' as mall Dubh an gleanna
 tá mo ghrád-ra i vóirge,
 I' i nac bfuair gur ná náire,
 I' caoróeathail múinte mairead
 Dubairt rí liom ar maroin
 Iméig a'r ná feuc go b'rác mé.
 ní'l ógánac veap
 O múmáin go tuaim 'r go fállim,
 ná ó rin go laigim uí h-eaigra,
 nac bfuil triall cum an gleanna
 ar eacraib rliocaid pleamain,
 (as) feiceam ar an mbean dub i' áille.

* This is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

NELLY OF THE TOP-KNOTS.

I wish to God that I were a fisher* West in Benedar, And Nelly of the top-knots
 To be in the middle of Lough Erne. I would go privately Down all the way to
 look at her, And I would not give the point (?) of a rush For the (other) gentle
 women of Ireland.

* Literally, "O God! without me is my fisher."

Oh, God, were she with me
 Where the gull flits and tern,
 Or in Paris the smiling,
 Or an isle in Loch Erne,
 I would coax her so well,
 I would tell her my story,
 And talk till I won her
 My sunshine of glory.

Here is another song, which, according to my manuscript, Carolan composed, but I do not think myself that it was he. Probably there were a number of songs written to the same old air, and I have no doubt that both air and song are older than Carolan's time. Shawn O'Daly—a man who never received sufficient praise for all he did for the Munster songs—gives us a piece which he calls "Ban Dhuv in Glanna," i.e., "The Dark Woman of the Valley," and part of it is very like this poem. He says that it was Éamon, or Ned of the Hill, O'Ryan, who composed the song which is in his book about the year 1730-40. The air is simple and very sweet. Here is how I found it:—

DARK MOLL OF THE VALLEY.

My heart loves to dally
 With Dark Moll of the valley,
 No blame nor shame she had ever *
 How gently, not scorning,
 She bade me in the morning
 To go, and return to her never.
 There is no handsome youth
 From the lands of the south
 Unto Galway's old city of story,
 But on hunters sleek they rally
 In hundreds to the valley,
 To see the Dark Girl in her glory.

And O Nelly, Oh, dear God, It is not proper for thee to be forsaking me, And sure it was beside thy white skin I had desired to be coaxing thee. My hand 'on the Bible And I down on my knees, That I would never part with thee Until I should be stretched in clay.

I have a nice little yellow casket And it filled with crystal, And I have a sharp lock toughly on it And it truly placed; I implore Jesus And the king of Colum-kille, O maiden without ill favour, A good end on thee from Mary.

The remaining verses offer no difficulty, and do not need translation

Uá b'ráðainn-re bean ó'n b'pionnraé,
 A'r bean ó'n luinnraé,
 A'sur bean eile ó Ríð Seórra,
 Ingean Coirnéill bingam
 A'r í oo beit le fonn liom,
 No bean eile a'sur m'le bó léit,
 Ingean óg an iarla
 A'r í oo beit go r'ruaélaé
 Uá m'iarraio féin le póraó,
 Mná veap' an voimain
 Uá b'ráðainn o'rra mo rogan
 I'r mall Dub an ðleanna éóðfainn.

Sa'rim tu a r'ruir,
 Sa'rim tu a r'ruin,
 A'sur sa'rim tu naoi n-uairé,
 Sa'rim-re oo éú
 Tá feamunneac b'raéð olúit,
 A'r sa'rim-re oo éom veap uapal.
 Sa'rim-re a'ir tu a g'raó,
 Tá m'anam a'r oo láim,
 Muna o'rigio turá, tráé, a'sur fuar'gailé,
 Coraim m'ire ó'n éas
 Feapra a éoióé' éuit féin,
 A ainm'ir éaom na g-céapra r'ó-veap.

Tá b'ranndaið a'sur beóir
 A'r éapra-láir an r'róo,
 A'sur cláiréao a'r an nóir céuona,
 Bantracé ban óg
 Le r'ruábal leat ann ran r'róo,
 Sin a'r oul i g-cóirte ré n-eac.
 Seobair r'rooa a'sur r'ról
 (A's) r'ileao leat go feóir,
 Cáéaoir a'sur bóro-euoaín,
 A'r nac feapir rin a r'róir,
 A'sur eulóðad liom a r'róir,
 Má cóimnuíoe faoi b'róin i n-éirinn.

* This translation is in the exact metre of the original. *Literally* :—

It is with Dark Moll of the valley My heart is laid up in keeping. It is she got neither blame nor shame. It is courteously, mannerly, beautifully, She said to me in the morning, Go and see me not for ever. There is no handsome youth

Were a maid of the Frenches,
 A maid of the Lynches
 Or of George's maidens to take us ;
 Or Colonel Bingham's daughter
 To love me as I taught her,
 Or one with thousands of acres.
 Or could I get the girl
 The daughter of the Earl
 In her robes of pearl to marry,
 Of all the women fair
 To take my choice of there,
 I would choose the Dark Girl of the Valley.

I call thee a-roon
 I call thee right soon,
 And I call on thee nine times over,
 I call on thy cool,
 Like sea-weed fine and full,
 And thy noble shape, as a lover ;
 I call thee through the land
 My soul is on thy hand,
 Then leave me not banned and forsaken,
 Save me from the death
 And keep me for thyself
 Most beautiful, most tender maiden.

There's brandy amply stowed
 On the middle of the road
 And the claret is not put into hiding,
 And maidens bright as day
 To take thee on thy way,
 And a carriage and six to ride in.
 Satin you will get
 And silk, and golden fret,
 And a throne and a royal faring ;
 And were it not, my dear,
 Far better than be here,
 Under grief, under fear, in Érin.*

From Munster to Tuam and Galway Or from that to Leyny of the O'Hara But is
 journeying and drawing On sleek smooth steeds Attending upon the most beau-
 tiful Dark Woman.

If I were to get a wife from the French, And a wife from the Lynch, And another

ní cís liom don ruo do b'féarri déanaí ann ro'ná an dá béarra
 i n-abrán ui 'Óálais atá corinúil le dá béarra i m'abrán-ra do
 éur ríor ann ro, as tairbéant na caoi ann a n-áruigeann na rean-
 abráin reó ó cúige go cúige. Tá an dá abrán éasraídhail ar fad
 ó céile, déit aiháin 'ran dá béarra ro. as ro mar fuaire O 'Óálais
 iao; ní áruigim-re a mhó-rghriobda-ran.

ní'l ógánaé caílce
 O b'l'acilac go saillim,
 ná ar rin go tuama ui imeara,
 nac bfuil as triall 'r as tairraing
 ar eadail donna deara,
 as tnuic leir an mbean Dub áluinn.
 Geabainn-re bean 'ra' múman,
 triúr bean i laigean,
 asur bean o ruig geal seórra,
 bean na lúbad buide
 O'fáirgioc mé le na ciorde,
 bean asur dá mife bó léi,
 ingion óg an iarlac
 atá go tein dubac siacraé
 as iarraid mife o'fágail le pórad,
 's dá bráiginn-re féin mo roga
 De mna deara an domáin
 Ir í an Dean Dub ó'n ngleann do b'féarri liom.

Ir rompla maic é reó ar áobair na n-áruigad éigear ann rna
 rean-abránaib. Cúimro mar o'áruig an muimneac é do réir
 inntinne a cúige féin as cur ainm' na n-áit rin ar a raib eólar
 aige féin, ann ran abrán; asur mar do rinne an Connacac an
 ruo ceutona as tráct ar mnaib uairle do bain le muinntirib do
 bí clútaé ar fead Connacac go léir, mar atá na pmonnraib asur
 na luinnriú, no na pmonnraib asur loingriú mar rghriobda iao
 mar an g-ceutona. ar an áobair ro ni imearaim go raib lám ar
 bié as an g-Cearbállánac ann ran abrán ro muna b'é gur éur ré
 béarra no do eile leir, as tógbáil reomra nuaid ar an tpean
 éloc-donn.

wife from King George, The daughter of Colonel Bingham And she to be with
 gladness with me, Or another wife and a thousand cows with her. The young
 daughter of the Earl, And she to be eager Seeking for myself to marry, The fair
 women of the world If I were to get of them my choice It is Dark Moll of the
 Valley I would take, etc.

I cannot do anything better than put down here the two verses in O'Daly's song, which are like two verses in my one; thus showing the way in which these old songs change from province to province. The two songs are altogether different from one another, except in these two verses. Here is how O'Daly found them. I do not change his orthography. Mangan has translated these lines thus:—

Not a youth from Dublin town
 Unto Galway of renown,
 Or thence to Toomevara, but is laden,
 On steeds bounding free
 With love-gifts to thee,
 My loveliest, my dark own maiden.
 In Momonia I could find
 Many damsels to my mind,
 And in Leinster—nay, England, a many;
 One from Georgy, without art
 Who would clasp me to her heart
 And a beauty is the lass among many.
 The daughter of the earl,
 Who walks in silks and pearl,
 Would fain have me netted in her thrall yet.
 But could I have my choice,
 How much could I rejoice
 To wed thee, my dark maiden of all yet.

This is a good example of the cause of the changes which come in these old songs. We see how the Mweenugh (Munster man) changed it according to the spirit of his own province, putting in the song the names of those places which he knew himself, and how the Connacht man did the same thing, speaking of ladies who belonged to families renowned through all Connacht like the Frenches and Lynches. For this reason, I do not think that Carolan had any hand in this song, unless it were that he added a verse or two to it, raising a new chamber on the old foundation.

"*Feamunneach*" in the third verse means "clustering like sea-weed," a word often applied to hair, and *bord-eudainn* in the last verse means, I think, a "side-board," or some piece of furniture. Carolan uses the word. *Gairim* in the third verse is also spelled *goirim* as in the song "Great or Small," where the verse has been already translated.

But I have another copy of this song, written by Donal Considine, of the county Clare, which is like O'Daly's copy, but not so like it that it is not worth while to give it here, for it were well to collect and print as many copies as possible of these renowned prime songs. This poem is not written in the short lines in which O'Daly's poem is, but the reader will see on the spot they are in the same measure.

THE DARK GIRL OF THE VALLEY.

Upon the mountain brow I herd a lowing cow,
 (And my sense is gone now through a maiden) ;
 I drive her east and west, and where'er the sun shines best,
 To return with her white milk laden.
 But when I look above, to the village of my love,
 My grey eyes fill in their dreaming ;
 O mighty God of grace, take pity in my case,
 'Tis the Dark Girl left them streaming.

Whoever saw my house, with no roof but the rush,
 Where the road bends out to the far west,
 The bee loves to roam and to build there his home
 In the sun and the heat of harvest.
 When withered is the root, the bough will bear no fruit
 'Tis the young twigs shoot by the river,
 O lovely golden fay, who stole my heart away,
 Farewell to thee to-day, and for ever.

I would get in Leinster a wife, or in Munster,
 Whose thousand-cow dowry all paid is
 (The maiden of fair hair has left me in despair),
 Or a lady of King George's ladies.
 The Earl has a daughter, excess of love has brought her
 With me to trifle and to dally,
 My choice if I could find of the women of mankind
 I should choose the Dark Girl of the Valley.

O great God of grace, give a relief for my case, And sure it is the Dark Woman has left me under grief.

Whoever would see my house with no roof on it but sedge, And it made upon the side of the road, Sure the bee comes and makes the nest With the sun and heat of harvest. When the rod withers there remains on it no fruit As there be's upon the youngest sprout, And O beautiful, handsome cool, to which my heart has given love, I send with thee forever a farewell and a hundred.

The third verse presents no difficulty.

She is the Dark Poll of the valley, she is the Dark Poll, the best, She is the Dark Poll the brightest and finest, Her throat like the swan, her face like the

Sí pol Dubh an Gleanna, 'n' pol Dubh do b'fearra, 'n' pol Dubh
 buò gile bneásta í,
 A pib mar an eala, a h-éadan mar íneásta, 'r a com reang ringil
 áluinn.
 A d'á láimhín m'uire, na g-cúig méara fuinnte, do fíolraig ó'n maighe
 mhánla,
 Nuair gádhann an eala amad cailleann an ghrian a tear, agus
 úmhuigeann an g'eala le ghrádó ói.

Crómuid mar do glacaó an t-abrán ro le fear boct agus le fear
 raitóir le reinn o'á múiríní, fear aca ag iarraidh an mhaighean
 do bneugad leir ar éiríonn go dtí an f'raic no an spáin, agus
 'gá g'eallad bainnir ann a mbeidead an bhrannsaig agus an fion
 com h-iomadaimail rin go mbeidead ríad le n-ól ar édar-lár an
 bódaí, agus ag g'eallad cóirte ré gcapall do'n mnaoi le curaeat
 ban-óg. Aet ní' ag an donán eile aet don bó ar fliab agus bo-
 táimín gan don cúmrae aet rearg no luada. Ir pollurac mar
 rin do réir mo baramla-ra go raib an fonn rin agus cur do na
 briaéraib rean go leór, agus gur ábruigead iad réir mar o'iom-
 cairead iad o áit go h-áit agus ó cúige go cúige le daoinib do cuir
 béarraib nuad leó—béarraib do bain le n-a g-cár nó le n-a g-
 cineamain féin.

Ag ro abrán eile an crimplíde, obair uine tuaithe gan amhar,
 ann a g-cuireann an uine boct a brón i n-úmal le fíor-cúma.
 Ir pollurac ó'n abrán go ndeacaid re go b'l'achia ag iarraidh a
 leara, agus gur mairb an t-ábruigead é. Bhí ré ag fágail báir,
 mar ir corimúil, nuair rinne ré an píora ro. B'éoir gur b'é com-
 ráio dó, do rug a-baile leir é go cúige Connact. No b'éoir gur
 fill ré féin tar éir a cinnir. Cía inneórar uíinn anoir é !

GRÁDÓ MO CRÓIDE TÚ.

Grádó mo cróide tú a b'riúgín m'airéa,
 Ir minic 'gan oide a rmuáinim féin orr,
 Tá mire tinn, ní' mo léigear ag don nead
 A'f brón ar an ngeaio nac otugann uíinn rgeula.

snow, And her waist slender single(?) handsome. Her two Mary's little hands (*I do not understand this*) of the five kneaded fingers, Which were propagated from the gracious maiden, When the swan goes out the sun loses her heat, And the moon submits with love to her.

Observe the curious and typically Gaelic "anacolouthon" in the beginning of the second verse, where the antecedent clause "whoever would see my house" is left un-

Dark Girl of the Valley, Dark Girl that is lovely,
 Dark Girl that is radiant and tender,
 Her throat and her brow like the swan on the snow
 And her shapely form so slender.
 Her hands shaped aright, with fingers soft white
 That Mary gave from above to her,
 When my swan leaves her seat the sun loses his heat,
 And the moon does obeisance with love to her.*

We see how this song was taken both by a poor man and a wealthy one to sing to their sweethearts, a man of them seeking to coax the maiden with him out of Erin to France or Spain, and promising her a wedding at which brandy and wine would be so plenty that they would be to be drunk on the middle of the road, and promising the lady a coach with six horses and a company of young women. But the other poor wretch has nothing but one cow upon a mountain, and a little hut with no thatch on it but sedge or rushes. It is evident then, in my opinion, that the air and some of the words are old enough, and that they were altered according as they were carried from place to place, or from province to province, by people who added new verses to them—verses which concerned their own case or their own fate.

Here is another very simple song, the work, no doubt, of some peasant, in which the poor man expresses his grief with real melancholy. It is evident from the song that he went to Dublin to seek his luck, and that the change killed him. He was dying, apparently, when he composed this piece. Perhaps it was a comrade of his who brought it home with him to Connacht; or, perhaps, he returned himself in spite of his illness. Who can tell us?

STAR OF MY SIGHT.

Star of my sight, you gentle Breedyeen,
 Often at night I am sick and grieving;
 I am ill, I know it, and no deceiving,
 And grief on the wind blows no relieving.

finished without any relative. The idea in the poet's mind appears to have been that his love should marry while yet young, as the bee makes its nest in the sunshine and as the twig blossoms in its youth. Instances of these elliptical half-expressed thoughts are very common in these songs.

Twelve hundred years before this, St. Columcille also had written of the Súil ghlas, or "grey eye," looking with regret at vanishing Erin. It is curious to find his very words repeated here.

má gábhann tu an bealaic iú riar, no an bóicéirín,
 beir mo beannaicé mar a bfuil mo rtoirín,
 dá mbeiríonn 'nna h-aice beuprainn rós v
 aic nuair nac bfuilim rílim deóra.

Cuir mé lictir ann ran bpoirta
 mar a bfuil mo fearc, go raib me tuirread,
 'sé dubairc rí liom go mbuð beag an doéar
 's an té bíor i ngráó go mbíonn a inntinn corruigce.

beir mo beannaicé go bonn sléib beacla
 mar éirigeann grian 'r mar luigeann an gealaic,
 tá ceó liac ar ó'Uaclaic na mallaicé
 s ní léar dam an t-aer or mo éeann ná an talam.

bíon ar an mbár i' r grónna an nro é,
 saoil mé riam go meallraó brioó é,
 beuprainn do éire lán raoi éapraib
 aic mé leigean vo loó-ríadaic ag feucain mo gaolta.

i' r róa liom uaim na bóicéir móra
 's gan ríú na mbonn raoi mo brógaib
 cío go oteróim cum an aiprinn ní le deóóóion,
 aic le ríú, O, go breicfínn mo míle rtoir ann.

a báile-caé-ríadaic, mo cúma, ceo rlan leat
 's iomóda lá breag doibinn vo éaic mé láim leat,
 ag ríor-ól ríona 'r mo mían ar láim liom
 bíóinn gan rígin 'r bídeao m'inntinn ráirta.

Tá na beupraio rín níor rimplíoe 'ná na cinn eile reó. n
 éugaim aic dá rann de'n abrán ro.

* This translation is in the simple metre of the original. In most of the verses, but not all, there are one or two interlineal vowel rhymes.

Literally. Love of my heart thou art, courteous Breedyen, It is often in the night myself thinks of you; I am ill, and no one has my cure, And grief on the wind that brings us no tidings.

If you go that way, westwards (O wind) or by the boreen, Bring my blessing to where my storen is; If I were near her I should give to her a kiss, But since I am not I shed tears.

I put a letter into the post (to) Where my darling is (saying) that I was tired; 'Twas what she said to me that the loss was small, And that he who is in love his mind be's moved.

O wind, if passing by that far boreen,
 Blow my blessing unto my storeen ;
 Were I on the spot I should hear her calling,
 But I am not, and my tears are falling.

Into the post I put a letter,
 Telling my love that I was no better ;
 Small the loss, was her answer to me,
 A lover's mind should be always gloomy.

Wind, greet that mountain where she I prize is
 When the gold moon sets and the white sun rises ;
 A grey fog hangs over cursèd Dublin,
 It fills my lungs and my heart it's troubling.

Ochone for the Death, when the breath is going !
 I thought to bribe it with bumpers flowing ;
 I'd give what men see from yonder steeple
 To be in Loughrea and amongst my people.

Och, the long high-roads I shall never travel !
 Worn my brogues are, with stones and gravel ;
 Though I went to mass, there was no devotion
 But to see her pass with her swan-like motion.

Farewell Loughrea, and a long farewell to you ;
 Many's the pleasant day I spent in you,
 Drinking with friends, and my love beside me,
 I little dreamt then of what should betide me.*

Those verses are simpler than these others. I only give two verses of this song.

Bring my blessing (wind?) to the foot of Slieve Beachla, Where the sun rises and the moon sets ; There is a grey fog over Dublin of the curses, And the air over my head is not visible to me nor is the ground.

Grief on the Death ! it is an ugly thing, I always thought that a bribe would deceive it. I would give to it Erin full up of sheep But only it to let me (go) to Loughrea to behold my kindred.

I think it long from me the high-roads are, Without as much as the soles under my brogues. Though I go to Mass 'tis not with devotion, But hoping, Oh, that I might see there my thousand treasures.

O Bally-ca-reawugh, my grief, a hundred farewells to you, Many's the fine pleasant day I spent beside you ! Ever drinking wine and my desire at my hand (*i.e.*, my dear beside me). I used to be without a penny, and my mind used to be satisfied.

AN MÓDÁMUIL MÁISEAC.

'Sé mo éiríocht a' r mo míleacó gan mo éiríocht agus mire
 'S an spáim no a b'rao ó ár n-ghaolcraibh,
 I n-áruir coille coir tráig' no toinne
 'S gan neac 'ran g-cuinnne 'nn ár n-ghaol ann,
 I r olúic do éiríochtinn le plúr na g-cumann
 'S i r ceannra pógfaínn a béilín,
 Cóiréodáinn oí leabair a' r luíochtinn 'nna h-aici
 A' r éabairfínn-re tamall o'á breugad.
 Ar an módamuil máiseac i r meabair liom labairt
 'S ar a tréicibh b'í meabairda múinte,
 Sghníob'rao go fairsing oí b'í g'ur caillead
 Na mílte peapra b'í ag rúil lé,
 Tá ceo feara aca-ran beo o'á mairéann oíob
 I b'péin i nglaraibh ag Cúpro,
 'S ni raor tá mire a'c mo mo'g i n-ghaol-bhuio oí
 'S i r baogal go g-cuirfí rí 'múg' mé.
 I n-éiríocht an áiríocht reo veir an file, no b'éiríocht file eile ag
 veunamh ma'garí raor n-a bo'craíar féin agus é ag iarraidh cailín
 mar í.
 Súo an r'p'ré do g'earraínn oam féin leir an ain'fí
 Oúicé' éile trairna, 'r Cionn-tráile
 (a) b'p'ul o Shlab go Sionnainn 'r o'á o'p'ian Oún gceannainn
 'S a b'p'ul riar ó deag go p'op'cláirge.
 I muinán leat r'acfaínn, Oúrlar do g'earraínn oúit,
 agus Cluain-geal-meala cum áiríob,
 'S beid' do cóiríoché ar laraibh le h-óir buíoché-dearg
 'S r'p' o'ga ag f'icéamh go lá o'it.
 I r cuimhinn liom o'án eile o'én tróir ro do rinne file i g-conno'ac
 an Chláir ag p'oinne amac an éon'acé rin ar a lu'c-muinn'ceair
 amuil agus o'á mbu'ó ú'acé do b'í ré ag veunamh, agus an oúine
 bo'c gan tróirge talman aige féin, a'c ag veunamh ma'garí raor a
 earbuid ma'ome.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—
 It is my destruction and spoiling, without my love, and me (to be) In Spain
 or far away from our kin, In the dwelling of a wood beside shore or wave, And
 without a person in the world in our vicinity. It is closely I would approach to
 the flower of the affections, And it is mildly I would kiss her little mouth. I
 would arrange for her a couch and would repose near her. And I would give a
 while to coaxing her.

THE MANNERLY HANDSOME ONE.

'Tis my pain, I'm not going through waves overflowing,
 To Spain with my love to take service,
 Or seeking a home by the sea and the foam,
 Or in woods where none could disturb us ;
 It's close I would come to my beautiful one,
 I would teach her that true love a bliss is,
 I would build her a couch that would face to the south
 And steal from her mouth its kisses.

Of my beautiful fair, with whom none can compare,
 I would speak till I fairly tired,
 And long would I write of her beauty so bright
 By which youths were mightily fired ;
 Of how many have died for her fairness and pride,
 And all have been tied by Cupid,
 And I am a slave on the brink of the grave,
 And my heart is hopeless and stupid.*

At the end of this song the poet says—or, perhaps, some other poet mocking at his own poverty, and him to be seeking a girl like her—

This is the fortune which I would cut out for myself with the girl,
 The estate of Éile (the O'Caroll's territory?) across, and Kinsale,
 All that is from Slieve to Shannon and two-thirds of Dungannon,
 And all that is south-west to Waterford ;
 I would go into Munster with you, I would cut out Thurles for you,
 And bring Clonmel for a habitation,
 And your couches should be shining with yellow-red gold
 And young men attending on thee till day.

I remember another song of this sort which a poet in the County Clare composed, dividing out that county to his friends as though he were making a will, and the poor man without a foot of ground to himself, but mocking at his own lack of wealth.

Of the Mannerly Handsome one I desire(?) to speak And of her accomplishments that were moderate, I shall write widely (of them), because there have been lost The thousands of persons who hoped for her There are of these a hundred men (yet) alive who still survive of them (put) in pain, and in locks (fettters) by Cupid, And I am not free (either) but a bondsman in unfree bondage, And there is a danger that she shall put me astray.

So dá hann eile ar ainfiu óig. níl fiór dgam cao é ir ciall
 oe'n ráð gur buaðais rí (.i. ruz buaid) ar Ríð Seumap. b'éioir
 go raib rí d'g an s-cúirt, agus "go scáimz an rgeul éar tráig
 aníor" go raib an Ríð féin i ngráð léite.

úna péucaó.

Δ úna péucaó ruz buaid ar b'énur
 Δ' r' o'fuaodais an rgeim ó m'náib an tpaogail
 Δ r'uaó na féile ar f'uaó na gheime
 Oo gluair gan b'réig o p'árréar naomh.
 Δ ainfiu m'úinte beupac o buaðais* ar Ríð Seumap
 Ir luaidte an rgeul éar tráig aníor,
 nac r'uaig leat mé gan ruan i o' óeig-re
 Δ g'ruaid mar éar r' an bainne t'pso.

zac olaois mar an t-ór léite ríor go b'róig
 leir an b'aoileán m'ódm'ar mánla m'in
 maot-érob ró-glán, mar cum Criorc, oar noóig †
 's zac r'olla o'á glór mar élarreac éoin.
 Δ éiall na f'óola, Δ mian na n-óig-fear
 s'gaol an b'ón tá i lár mo éroide,
 mo r'ian tá mór muna b'rágaimn acé r'óg
 Ó n-a g'rif-beul r'óir beirínn r'lán aríor.

Tar éir an abháin-g'rád o "úna péucaó" tigeaó ceann eile
 oe'n éineál ceuona o "Óruigio Beupac," tarraingim é ar mo f'ean
 láim-r'g'ribínn féin, acé connaic mé, ni cuimnígam cia an áit, oá
 cóip eile óé.

briúio beusaó.

p'órraimn-re b'ruigio Beupac
 gan cóta b'róig ná léine,
 Δ r'óir mo éroide oá mb'féioir
 Liom, o éroirg'fínn duit naoi o'rác,

* "Δ buad" 'r'an MS.

† "ar noóite" MS.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. There is double vowel rhyme in most of the uneven lines, running over into the even ones.

Literally. O Showy Una, who carried off victory from Venus, And plundered their beauty from (all) the women of the world, O arch (?) of generosity of the appearance of the sun, Who voyaged without lie from holy Paradise; O maiden, learned, mannerly, who overcame King James, The story is repeated down across

Here are two other ranns to a young maiden. I do not know what is the meaning of saying that she overcame King James. Perhaps she was at court and "the story came down across the strand" that the King himself was in love with her.

SHOWY UNA.

My Una, a queen is, more true than Venus,
 For who that seen is, can thus entice,
 You brightest arch in the white sun's march,
 You lighten hearts out of Paradise;
 You overcame King Shamus, your name it was so famous,
 The story came to us down the stream.
 You stole my rest and my soul from my breast
 O cheek like the berry when mixed with cream.

Each curl like the gold in a furling fold,
 On my girlish soaring sea-bird flung,
 Her palm so white, that Christ shaped aright,
 And the tone of her voice is a harp well strung
 O daughter of fame, is it all in vain?
 Call this flame from my deep heart's core,
 My hope is this—if I win one kiss
 From her rose-flame lip I shall sigh no more.*

After the love song to "Showy Una" another of the same sort to "Courteous Breed" may come. I extract this song from my own manuscript, but I have seen, though I do not remember where, two other copies of it.

COURTEOUS BREED.

Though shoeless, shirtless, grieving,
 Foodless, too, my Breedyeen,
 Surely I'll not leave you,
 Nine meals I'll fast for you.

shore. Do you not think it a pity me (to be) without rest after you, O countenance like the berry and the milk through it.

Every curl like the gold with her, down to her shoe, With the sea-mew courteous, gentle, smooth, Soft palm very clean, as Christ shaped it certainly, And every syllable of her voice like a gentle harp. O sense (?) of Fola (Erin), O desire of the young men, Loose this pain which is in the midst of my heart, My pain is great; If I did not get but a kiss From her ember-mouth of rose I should be whole again.

Ξαν βιάθ ξαν θεός ξαν δον κύρο
 ἀρ οἰλεάν ἰ λοὸ εἴρνε,
 Ὀ'ρονν μέ ἀ'ρ τυ θεῖτ ἰ ν-ἐμπεαὲτ
 Ξο πείξριμῖρ ἀρ ζ-αίρ.
 Δ ξρυαῖθ ἀρ ὀαὲτ να ζαορ-δον
 Δ ἐυαῖδῖν βάιρρ ἀν τρλέιβε,
 Ὅο ξελλαθὸ νά θευν βρευζαὲ
 Δαὲτ εἰρῖξ (ριοῖν ἀν λά)
 'S ἰ ν-αινῶεοῖν * οἰξε να κλέιρνε
 ζο οτξφαιρρν ἐν μαρ ἐέιλε,
 'S α Ὀέ, νάρ ὀεαρ ἀν ργευλ ριν
 Θυινε αζ ευλόξ' le ν-α ξράθ.

Θεῖτ μο ἐρποῖδε le βυαῖθρεαθ
 αζυρ ρξανηραιξ μέ ναοῖ ν-υαιρε
 ἀν μαῖοιν ὕο ὅο ἐυαλαῖθ μέ
 ναὲ ραῖθ τυ ρόμῃν le ράξαιλ,
 'S α λιαὲτ λά ραοῖ ρυαιρκεαρ
 Ἰαῖθ μῖρε 'ρ τυ ἰ ν-υαιρνεαρ
 'S ξαν νεαὲ ἀρ βιὲ ὀ'ἀρ ζ-κύμῶαὲ
 Δαὲτ ἀν "ιυξ" ἀ'ρ ἑ ἀρ ἀν ζολάρ.
 Ὅά βράξαιρρν ἀμαὲ ὅο ἐυαρραξ
 Ὅά ὀτεῖρῶεά ζο bonn ἐρυαῖδε
 Ραὲραθ ἀν ργευλ ρο ἐρυαῖθ ορρ
 no leανραιρρν ὅο μο ξράθ,
 'S ζο μβ'φεαρρ (λιον) ριντε ρυαρ leατ
 'S ξαν ρύινν Δαὲτ ρραὲ ἀ'ρ λυαὲαῖρ
 να (βεῖτ) 'S εἰρτεαὲτ leῖρ να κυαὲαῖθ
 Θιορ ἀρ ριύβαλ αζ εἰρῖξε λά (i.e. λαέ).

'S ἑ ἀὸβαρ μ'ορνα 'ρ μ'έαζαοῖν
 ζαὲ μαῖοιν ῖνοὲ ὀ'ά ν-εἰρῖγῖν
 Δ ἐύιλ να λῖβ 'ρ να βρευρλα
 ναὲ τυ βῖ ὀαμ ἰ νοάν,
 'S νἰ ιαρρραιρρρ-ρε δε φέιρῖν
 Δαὲτ μέ ἀ'ρ τυ θεῖτ ἰ ν-ἐμπεαὲτ
 ἰ ν-ἀιτ ἰεῖντ† 'νν ἀρ ν-αοναρ
 Ξο leαζραιρρν ορτ μο λάμ.

* "ινῶεοῖν" ραν MS. λαβαιρκεαρ μαρ ριν ἑἰ μεαθον Ὀνναὲτα.
 † λαβαιρκεαρ "εἰγῖν" μαρ "ἰεῖντ" ἰ ζὼνναὲταῖθ αζυρ man
 "εἰγῖντ" ἰ μῦμαν.

Upon Loch Erne's islands,
 No food, no drink beside me,
 Still hoping I may find you,
 My childeen, to be true.

O cheek, so blush-abounding,
 O berry of the mountain,
 Your promise, love, is sounding
 For ever in my ear.

And spite of cleric's frowning
 I'd take you as I found you ;
 It's I who would go bounding,
 Eloping with my dear.

I frightened in my heart, for
 It leapt nine times and started,
 That morning that you parted
 And were not to be found.

And all the happy evenings
 I spent beside my dearest,
 And no one came between us,
 And the jug was on the ground.

I'll travel through the island
 Still seeking for your tidings,
 And hard it will betide me
 If I find not my love.

I'd sooner sit beside you
 On rushes through the night time,
 Than listen to the finest
 Of the birds of the grove.

The reason of my sighing
 Each morning of my rising,
 Is you to be a-hiding
 And lost from sight of men.

Sure, I would ask beside you
 No other wealth in life,
 But only you and I to be
 Together in the glen.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—
 I would wed Courteous Breedyeen, Without coat, shoe, or shirt. Treasure of
 my heart! If it were possible, for me, I would fast for you nine meals.
 Without food, without drink, without any share (of anything), On an island in

Seinnfirinn ceól ar ceustaid
 Duic, le báiri mo mheua,
 Tréigfirinn mná na h-éireann ort,
 A' r leannfainn tu 'ran t'rámh
 'S óá mbéidinn am' ruig na tréige
 No am' r'pionnra ar na ceustaid
 Do beurfainn ruar an méao rin
 Do peupla an brollaig báin.

Óá breicfeá neult an eólaí
 'S i teact i mbeul an bódaí
 Déarfá go mbuó reóo uait
 Do tógfaó ceó a' r traoidgeact,
 A gnuadó veary mar nóraib
 'S a rúil mar vruéct an fógádaí
 A béilín tana nó veary
 'S a brádaio ar óat an doil.
 Bí a óá éic corpa cóim-ruinn
 Iúil mé f[ao] 'r ni mói liom,
 'Nn a rearmá ag veunam lódaim
 'S iao ceapra or cómaí a croide,
 Tá mé i mbrón 'r i noógrainz *
 O rgiort tu uaim tar teódaim,
 Cúó ir faoa ó fuair mé cómaíre
 Go ngearmfá-ra ar mo fáogal.

Torócao fíor i mbréuc-buide
 A' r pacrao go loc éirne
 O Sligeac go bonn céire
 Veurfaió mé mo r'fíob,
 Siúbalraió mé móin-éile
 Corcaig a' r beinn-éioir
 'S ni rearfaió me i oTom-tréine
 Go vteió mé go tráiglige.

* "Dorann" 'ran ms.

Loch Erne, with desire for me and you to be together Till we should settle our case. O cheek of the colour of the dog-berries, O little cuckoo of the top of the mountain, Do not falsify your promise, But rise up before day, And in spite of the law of the clergy Sure I would choose you for my consort, And, Oh, God, were not that a nice story, A man eloping with his love.

My heart started with trouble, and I frightened nine times, That morning that I heard That you were not to be found. And all the days with merriment

I'd sing to you and harp you,
 I'd know to touch your heart;
 And sure I would not part you
 For Erin's very best.
 And were I King of Greece, or
 Any king at peace,
 I'd give it all to thee, love,
 My pearl of white breast.

O had you seen her moving,
 My love who was so cruel !
 She was a star-bright jewel
 For dispersing fog and mist,
 Her cheeks, the rose shone through them.
 Her eyes like harvest dew-drops,
 Her neck like lime, and truly
 Her mouth was to be kissed.
 Her breasts so round, two diamonds,
 I praised them for their brightness,
 Raised up like lamps and shining
 Before her burning heart.
 And I am, night and morning,
 In grievous blight and mourning,
 Though often men foretold me
 That I should feel their smart.

At Brakewee I'll arise
 And walk Loch Erne's islands,
 From Kesh I'll search to Sligo
 And hunt it all for thee;
 And I shall try Monailly,
 And Cork and high Ben-Édir,
 And stand not in Tomgraney
 Until I reach Tralee.

and you spent in solitude, Without any one at all guarding us, but the jug and it on the table. If I would find out your tidings The story (*i.e.* case) would go very hard on me (even) if you were to go to the foot of the Reek, or I would cling to my love. And I would sooner be stretched up by you, with nothing under us but heather and rushes, Than be listening to the cuckoos that are stirring at the break of day, *etc.* The literal translation of the fourth verse is as follows:—
 If you were to see the star of knowledge And she coming in the mouth of the road, You would say that it was a jewel (at a distance) from you, Who would raise (*i.e.* disperse) fog and enchantment, Her countenance red like the roses, And her eye like the dew of the harvest, Her thin little mouth very pretty, And her

níl gileannán cnoic ná pléibe
 ná baile-cuain 'ran méao rin
 nac otoiueóeaió mé má'r féioir liom,
 'S nac n-eulóeaió mé le m' mian,
 muna brág' mé bpióio 'ran méao rin
 níl ašam le ráó léite
 áct beannaáct plán á'r ceuo oo éur
 le bláé na ruš-énaob.

Tá an oipeao eile ann ran bpióra ro, áct ir cinnte mé nac leir
 an brear ceuona é. Tá ré lán ruar oe ainmneaeaió ar na h-úš-
 oapaió Šreusáca ašur Rómánaéa, ašur ir oóig šur aš cairbéant
 a múnaió 7 a eólaip féin atá an file. Oeir re šur capao Mercuri
 leir ašur šur oubaipc šur oóig šur b'é Pluto oo ršioab an caílin
 leir, ašur cuineann an file ioime oul go Tapcapur le n-a taðaipe
 amac ar. Áct oeir ré leir fein ann rin, má éiróeann ré ann nac
 mbéio don congnam móri aige aš troio ar ron a šráó-pan, óir
 nac bpuil móran] cúmaéca aš na špánaigib 'ná aš luéé an pápa
 ann rin řio, áct oa mbeioeao Cpanmer Calbin hanneraoi no
 mápcaim beó go bpuigfeao ré licir uaéa cum a š-caipoeao ann rin
 oo ðeunpaó an šno óó.

Ni móri óam * congnam láioip
 ní bpuil mé móri map Charon
 b'éioip óó mé báéao
 Oá otišpinn ann a lion,
 Tá a báó 'r a maoioe-ramia
 Šo řioipmíoe ann rúo ar šápoa
 ni éaiénišeann opeam an pápa leir
 ni šéilleann ré o'á nolige.

Oeir ré ann rin go paépaió re i š-coinne na féinne éipeann, go
 otiuepaió řionn Šoll Oršar Cúeulainn ašur Clann uipeaeó leir
 ašur go mbpuipíó re řpionn le n-a š-congnam-pan ašur go n-
 iomóópaió ré a šráó ar aip] aip leir paio buaió. Ir corimúil šur
 peap éigin eile oo éur an beuppaió rin i š-cionn an mío oo éuš
 mé, ašur nac mbaineann řiao ó éeapc leir an š-ceuo-éuo oé.

*—"ni řuláip óam," map oeiipo i šCúige Mumian .7. "ir řiac-
 tanac óam."

neck of the colour of the lime. Her two breasts were pointed and equal round,
 I praised them, and thought it not much (to do so) They standing making a lamp
 And shapen over against her heart, I am in grief and in tribulation Since you
 slipped from me across the mearing, Though it was long since I was advised
 That you would shorten my life.

There's never hill nor mountain,
Nor glen nor sheltered fountain,
Nor inch nor harbour's mouth,

But I'll search it all for thee.

And if I cannot find her
My love remains behind her,
I can but blow her blindly
A blessing from me.

There is as much more in this piece, but I am certain that it is not by the same man. It is full up of names taken out of the Greek and Roman authors, and no doubt it is only showing his own learning and knowledge that the poet is. He says that Mercury met him and told him that he was certain that it was Pluto who whipped off the girl with him, and the poet sets before himself to go to Tartarus to take her back out of it. But then he says to himself that if he goes there he will have no great assistance in fighting for his love, for the Spaniards have no great power down there, nor the people of the Pope, but that if Cranmer, Calvin, Henry, or Martin were alive he would get a letter from them to their friends there, which would do the business for him.

I want a strong help ;
I am not large like Charon ;
He would be able to drown me
If I were to come into his net ;
His boat and his oars are
Everlastingly there on guard ;
The people of the Pope do not please him,
He does not submit to their law.

He says, then, that he will go for the Fenians of Ireland, until Finn, Goll, Oscar, Cuchulain and the children of Uisneach come with him, and that he will break hell with their help, and carry his love back again with him victoriously. It is likely that it was some other man who added those verses to what I gave before, and that they do not belong by right to the first part of it.

The remainder is easy and need not be translated. *Féirtín*, in the third verse means "a present," perhaps from English "fairing." *Indán dam* means "fated for me." *Ceaptha*, in the fourth verse, means "shapen." *Dorann* is probably written for *Dóghraing*, which means anguish or misery. *Gearr air* - shorten it. *Gearr é* = cut it. I do not know where Moin-Eile, in the fifth verse is. Breuchbhuidhe, a corruption of Breuch-mhuigh, or Breuch-mhagh "the Wolf's Plain," 's a townland in Sligo. Céis is also in Sligo and Tomgréine a little village in Clare.

εαίτερό μέ κύπλα δβράν βεας εϊλε έυρ ρϊορ ανη ρο, εϊθ ναέ
 μιντε μέ αρ δον έορ ζυρ κομμαέταις το ριννε ιαο. ηι οβαϊρ
 υαοινε-τυαϊτε ιαο άέτ υαοινε ρόγλαμεία. άς ρο αν έευθ έεανη.

Οέ Δ μνιρε.

Οέ! Δ Μνιρε ναέ τυαζ μο έάρ
 ι βριανταιβ βάϊρ, αρ υϊέ μο ρυαη,
 ρά 'η ζ-ελυαναις μεανζαέ το ρϊαο μο ζράθ
 'ς ναέ βράζαη ζο βράέ Δ μαλαϊρε υαϊέ'.

Μεαλλ ρϊ μιρε λε βριαέταιβ βλάέ
 αν βείέ ζεαλ* βάν ιρ ζιλε ρνυαθ
 ναέ υτρεϊςρεαθ μέ ζο οτι λά αν βράέ'
 'ς ανοιρ ζυρ λϊον ρϊτ λάν οε μ' ρυαέ.

ιρ μαϊρε Δ έρειορεαρ βεαν ζο βράέ
 ηο βεαρραθ ι ζ-έάρ οϊ ρϊορ Δ ρύηη,
 μαρ το ριννε μιρε το λϊον ο'ά ζράθ
 'ς ανοιρ ζυρ νάϊη λείτε βεανυζαθ ύύηηη.

τά αν οάν ρο 'ηνα ρανηαιζεαέτ μόρ ραοαϊζέτε αμαέ; άς ρο οάν
 εϊλε τά ηϊορ κορμήιλε ζο μόρ λε ρϊορ-ραννυζεαέτ. ηι βρυαϊρ μέ
 δον αηηη άέτ υιλλιαη ρυαθ ορ εϊονη αν δβράηη ρεό, άέτ ιρ κορμήιλ
 ζυρ οάν μνιμνεαέ έ, όιρ ιρ ροαλ μνιμνεαέ "ρνϊηη" 'ραν ζεεο
 ρανη;—"μοράν."

ις δοιβηηηηη ονιτ. υιλλιαη ρυαθ εεεηητ.

ιρ δοιβηηηη ονιτ Δ ύνιηε ύοιλλ
 ναέ βρεϊεαηη ρνιηη οε ηα μηάιβ
 Οέ! οά βρεϊερεά Δ βρεϊεαηη ρηηη
 οο βειθεά εηηη μαρ άτάμ.

ιρ τυαζ Δ ύια ναέ οαλλ οο βϊορ
 ζυλ οο έρδηηη Δ κύλ εαρεα,
 Δ κορρ ρνεαέτα, ρλϊοέ ζεαλ ραορ,
 Οέ! ιρ ραοέ λϊοη μο βεαέτα.

* "Αη μέτοζεαλ," 'ραν MS. † "'ς ζυρ λϊον ρϊ ανοιρ," 'ραν MS.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—
 Oh. Mary (*i.e.* Virgin) is it not a pity, my case! In the pains of death in want of
 my slumber, on account of the guileful deceiver who plundered my love, and I get
 not for ever an exchange (of her own love) from her. She deceived me with
 blossoming words, the bright maiden of brightest countenance (saying) that she
 would not forsake me till the day of judgment, and now she has become full of
 hatred of me. Alas! for him who shall ever believe in a woman, or shall give in

I must give here a couple more short songs, although I am not at all sure that it was Connacht men who made them. They are not the work of peasants, but of educated people. Here is the first :

UCH ! O MARY.

Oh, Mary, but mine is the pitiful case,
In sorrow's embrace I am left this day,
The little deceiver of roguish face
Has stolen each trace of my heart away.

She swore with words of bewitching grace—
How honest her face did appear away—
That she would not forsake me through time nor space,
And now she has hastened to shun my way.

Let no man yield to a lovely face,
But his energy brace as best he may ;
She filled me first with her love—'twas base—
Then laughs in my face and turns away.*

This poem is in the great Ranneeught metre lengthened out. Here is another poem a good deal more like true Ranneeught. I found no name but "William Ruadh" to this song, but it is probable that he is a Munster man, for "pween" in the first rann is a Munster word, meaning "a good many."

HAPPY IT IS.*

Happy 'tis, thou blind, for thee
That thou seest not our star ;
Could'st thou see as we now see
Thou would'st be as we now are.

God! why was I not made blind
Ere my mind was set upon her ?
Oh, when I behold her eye,
How can I weigh life or honour ?

charge (?) to her a knowledge of his intentions, as I did who was filled with love for her, and now she is loath to (even) salute me.

For this unlawful extension of the Ranneeught metre see the preface. The true Ranneeught has only seven lines in each syllable, while these lines have eight, nine, or ten.

* This is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

"It is happy for thee, O blind man, who dost not see much of women. Uch, if you were to see what we see, thou would'st be sick even as I am. It is a pity, O God, that it was not blind I was before I saw her twisted cool. Her snowy body (of) race bright and free, Uch, I think my life a misery. I always thought the blind pitiable until my calamity waxed beyond the grief of all. Then, though it

Thaoime d'alla buò éruas liom

Sur fár mo gualr car púdar éid,
 Cúgar mo éruas, cù éruas, ar énúit,
 A lúib na lúib ag lúib atáim.

Ír mairg ríamh do éonnamh í

'S ír mairg nac bpeiceann í gac lá,
 Ír mairg air a bfuil ríamh o'á reair,
 'S ír mairg ríaoilte ar atá.

Ír mairg do éirí o'á fíor

'S ír mairg nac bfuil o'á fíor de gíadé,
 Ír mairg suine bíod 'nna h-áice
 'S ír mairg nac 'nna h-áice tá.

Do éug mé anoir go leórí de fompaládaib ar an abhán-ghrád mar
 do cumad é leir na daoimib-tuaithe, fíor agur mná, agur meairim gur
 an-beas de na dántaib do éug mé ann ro do bí déanta le daoimib
 a ríab eólar aca ar báruigeadé, no le daoimib do ríaríob íar mar
 éadad-aimríre agur le feudaint créad o'feutorad ríar do déanadh
 ag ríaradé. dé, ríar ríarim, caicríó mé crí no ceacair de dán-
 taib eile de na rean-dántaib éadair ann ro, mar fompal ar na
 h-abhánáib ghád mar bíodar amearg na n-gaéal na ceuota
 bliadain ó foim. ní éis liom a ráó cia h-iar na h-úgair do cum
 na dánta ro leannar, no cia an t-am do mair ríad, dé meairim
 gur tamall mair ó foim do bí ríar, agur ír follurac go ríab ríar
 níor mínte agur níor eólaige 'ná na thaoime do cum an méad ab-
 rán éug mé éana. fíar me íar í lámh-ríaríonnib Connadéacá
 agur beirim ann ro mar abhán Connadéacá íar, dé leir an
 fíarinnne o'innrínt o'feutoradair beir cuméa í n-don cúige de na
 cúigib, óir ní bfuil oicrír ar bíó ríar an éanaíam do bí cleac-
 taighe leir na báraib o'á ceu bliadain no crí ceu bliadain ó
 foim í n-don cúige de na cúigib. Do bainríor na h-abhán leannar,
 ó ceair, do éruinnugad na bríora ríar o'fág na fíor-báir 'nna

is a pity, my pity I turned into envy, In a loop of the loops in a loop am I.
 It is woe for whoever saw her, And it is woe for him who sees her not each day.
 It is woe for him on whom the knot of her love is (tied), And it is woe for him
 who is loosed out of it. It is woe for him who goes to her, and it is woe for him
 who is not with her constantly. It is woe for a person to be near her, And it is
 a woe for him that is not near her.

There is a sixth verse which I do not give above as I do not understand it. It
 runs thus—

A hainm bhios ag sgolta srotha
 San ruadh mhuir ó sloingtear ise,
 O na sear ní'l saor acht d'alla
 Ger b'fáith aitis liom a feicsip

Once I pitied sightless men,
 I was then unhurt by sight,
 Now I envy those who see not,
 They can be not hurt by light.

Woe who once has seen her please,
 And then sees her not each hour,
 Woe for him her love-mesh traps,
 Woe for whom it snaps its power.

Woe for him who visits not,
 Woe his lot who does, I wis,
 Woe for him is not beside her,
 Woe besides for him who is.

I have now given enough of examples of the love song as it was composed by the peasantry, both men and women, and I think that it is very few of the love songs given here which were composed by people who had a knowledge of bardism, or by people who wrote them for pastime, and only to try what they could do in the way of poetry. But before I leave off I must give three or four more poems, of the older ones, for examples of the love songs as they were amongst the Gael some hundreds of years ago. I cannot say who are the authors who composed the following poems, or what was the time at which they lived, but I think it was a good while ago that they existed, and it is evident that they were more learned and more educated than the people who wrote the songs I have given already. I found them in Connacht MSS., and give them here as Connacht songs, but to tell the truth, they might be composed in any of the provinces, for there is no difference at all between the dialects used by the bards two or three hundred years ago in any of the five provinces. The songs which follow would by right belong to a

This verse appears to contain a cryptic allusion to the girl's name, a thing which is not unusual with the older poets. My friend Tomás O Flannaoile has suggested to me that the girl's name was probably "Muireann Ruadh," for the translation of the first line appears to be this, "Her name is (found) by dividing the waters in the Red Sea, whence she is called." Hence it is a pun upon *muir* "sea," and *rann* or *roinn*, "a division." The last two *ranns* seem to be a Gaelic extension of the Latin pentameter,

"Non possum tecum vivere nec sine te."

The meaning of the last line of the third verse is not very clear; it seems to contain a kind of pun or paronomasia on *láb*, a "curl" and *láb* a "noose." I do not well understand the force of the preposition "ag," in *ag láb*. The phrase seems to mean "snared." Perhaps a better translation would be "in the snare of all snares (i.e. woman's love) ensnared am I." Literally, a snare has me.

Although the word *puinn* is often used in Munster for "many," it seems to be here used in the sense of "jot" or "tittle," and is probably borrowed from the

ո՞ճաճ, ճսր ու ո՛ճընճաճ նա ո՞ճոմե-տճաճե ճճ մե ճս տճաճրե
 ճն թոն լեճճար թո. ճճտ ր ճոթնիլ նճճ Բիւլ նա թիօթի թո
 թո թեճ, ճի ճո Բիւլ թիճ 1 թիօթի թիճճճճ, ոո մճ ճճ թիճ
 թեճ, թեճ, ո՛ճթիւճեճճ լճճ թիճ Բեճ ճճ ճմճճ լճճ, լեթ նա
 թճոմիճ ոո ճճճ ճսր ոո թճիօթ լճճ, ճի ու՛ լճճն թոճճ 1
 ո-ճոն ճեճն ճճճ նճճ Բիւլ ճոմ թիլլեթ թո-ճիւճե ճոթ ճսր Բի
 թիճ ճրճմ. ճսր թն է ճն Ե-ճճճար Բեթիմ ճն թո լճճ, ճի ր ո՛ճիճ
 լիոմ ճսր ճիմնիւճեճճ լեթ նա թճոմիճ լճճ, ճսր ճսր թճիօթճճ թիօ
 ճո թեճեճնճճ լճճ, ճի ու Բիւլի թե ճճտ ճեճն ճճճ 1 ո-ճոն թեճ-
 թճիօթն. ճսր մար ր 1 թճիօթնիճճ ճոնճճճճճ թիւթ մե լճճ ու
 ու-ճեթ ճր թճ է, ճի ոո ճճճարե ո՛ճիճ ճմեթճ նա ո-ճընճ ճրճճ թո.
 Բրեճոճճճճ ճն լեճճեճի լեթ ճն ճ-ճեո ճմեթ ճն ու՛թի ճն-
 միօր ճճճ թի ու Խ-օիթեճճիճ թո նա մԲիթ թոճճճճ թիւճճճճճ,
 ճսր նա ո՞ճոմե ճիթ. ճս թո ճն ճեո ճեճն Բեթիթ մե.

Ճն ՏԵՃՐԵ 'Յճ 'Յիւլտճճճճ.

մո ճրճճ, ճն 'րի մո ճրճճ

Ճն Բեճ ր մո Բիօր 'ճ ճմ' ճրճճ,

ր ճնթճ 1 ճճճ 'ճեճնճմ ճիմ

նճ ճն Բեճ ոո մ' 'ճեճնճմ թլճն.

'Յի մո թճի, ճն 'րի մո թճի,

Բեճ ճն թիթ ճիճե մար ճն թիօ,

Բեճ նճճ ճ-ճիթթեճճ լճմ թճճ մ' ճեճնճ

Բեճ նճճ լիւթթեճճ լիոմ ճր ճր.

Յի մո թեթ, ճն 'րի մո թեթ

Ճն Բեճ նճր թճճ լոննճմ նեթ,

Բեճ նճճ լեթթեճճ մո ճիճճ ճճ

Բեճ նճճ ճ-ճիթթեճճ լիճ ճմ' լեճճ.

'Յի մո թն, ճն 'րի մո թն

Բեճ նճճ ո-ննթեճն ճոն ուճ ճիմն,

Բեճ նճճ լեթթեճճ ճմ' ճիճճ ճճ,

Բեճ նճճ ոթեթթճճ թիլ թլ.

Norman point, in imitation of the French idiom, *qui ne voit point de femme*, to which it is here exactly equivalent.

An attempt is made to retain for the first verse of the translation the inwoven vowel rhyme of the original.

*Could'st THOU SEE as WE NOW SEE
THOU would'st BE as WE NOW are.*

* This translation is in the metre of the original, only more regular. *Literally.*

My love, oh! she is my love. The woman who is most for destroying me;
Dearer is she from making me ill Than the woman who would be for making
me well. She is my treasure, Oh, she is my treasure, The woman of the grey

collection of those pieces which the true bards left after them, and not to the songs of the peasantry which I am giving in this collection. But it is likely that these pieces are not very old, though they are in a regular metre, or, if they are old, itself, they were somewhat changed since they were composed, by the people who sang them and wrote them down, for there are not many words in any of them which are not as clear and intelligible now as they ever were. And for this reason I give them here, for I am sure they were remembered by the people and lately written down by them, for I have not found any of them except one, the "Roman Earl," in an old manuscript. And as it was in Connacht manuscripts I found them, it is not altogether wrong to give a place to them here amongst these love songs. The reader will observe at the first glance the very great difference that there is between these works of the educated, thinking bards, and those of the country people. This is the first one I shall give :

MY LOVE, OH, SHE IS MY LOVE.*

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell,
Which haunts me more than I can tell.
Dearer, because she makes me ill,
Than who would will to make me well.

She is my store, oh, she my store,
Whose grey eye wounded me so sore,
Who will not place in mine her palm,
Who will not calm me any more.

She is my pet, oh, she my pet,
Whom I can never more forget ;
Who would not lose by me one moan,
Nor stone upon my cairn set.

She is my roon, oh, she my roon,
Who tells me nothing, leaves me soon ;
Who would not lose by me one sigh,
Were death and I within one room.

(?) eye (she) like the rose, A woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, A woman who would not be with me for gold. She is my affection, Oh ! she is my affection, The woman who left no strength in me ; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, Oh ! she is my secret love, A woman who tells us (i. e., me) nothing ; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not (for me) shed tears.* She is my shape, Oh ! she is my shape,† A woman who does not remember me to be cut, A woman who would not

'Sí mo épuē, ón 'rí mo épuē,
 bean nac g-cuirimuisgeann mé beic amuis,
 bean nac ngoilfeadh uair mo bái*
 'Sí éradáig mo éroiōe go lár.†

mór mo éár, ón mór mo éár
 ir iongnab fao su b'fáigim báir,
 bean nac otiúbhad tacob liom
 Dar mo mionn ir í mo éráb.

S í mo rogan, ón 'rí mo rogan
 bean nac noearcfaō riar orm,
 an bean nac noeunfaō liom-ra ríe
 (á'r) tá oe ríor lán oe éráin.

ir mór mo brón, ón 'r mór mo brón
 fá an oioē-mear mór
 ag an mnaoi oo mo élaoiō'
 ir í f'ao mé ó mo beó.

S í mo mian, ón 'rí mo mian,
 bean ir anhra liom faoi 'n ngréin,
 an bean nac g-cuirfeadh orm binn
 Oá ruiōrinn le na caéb.

'Sí oo éradáig mo éroiōe
 á'r o'fágbuig orna am' lár.‡
 muna oiógcar an o-olc ro om' éroiōe
 ní beió mé go oeo r'lán.

* "uirí mo báir" 'ran MS. † "gan larr" 'ran MS.
 ‡ "ionnam coiōc" 'ran MS.

cry at the hour of my death, It is she ruined my heart to its middle.
 Great my case, Oh! great my case, It is a wonder how long it is till I
 find death. A woman who would not give me trust, By my oath she is my
 love! She is my choice, Oh! she is my choice, The woman who would not
 look back at me, The woman who would not make peace with me. And who
 is ever full of hate. Great my grief, Oh! great my grief, At the great dis-
 respect The woman has (working) for my destroying. 'Tis she spoiled me of
 my life. She is my desire, Oh! she is my desire; A woman dearest to me under
 the sun, The woman who would not pay me heed, If I were to sit by her side.
 It is she ruined my heart, And left a sigh for ever in me. Unless this evil be
 raised off my heart, I shall not be well for ever.

She is my dear, oh, she my dear,
 Who cares not whether I be here.
 Who would not weep when I am dead,
 Who makes me shed the silent tear.

Hard my case, oh, hard my case,
 How have I lived so long a space,
 She does not trust me any more,
 But I adore her silent face.

She is my choice, oh, she my choice,
 Who never made me to rejoice;
 Who caused my heart to ache so oft,
 Who put no softness in her voice.

Great my grief, oh, great my grief,
 Neglected, scorned beyond belief,
 By her who looks at me askance,
 By her who grants me no relief.

She's my desire, oh, my desire,
 More glorious than the bright sun's fire;
 Who were than wind-blown ice more cold,
 Had I the boldness to sit by her.

She it is who stole my heart,
 But left a void and aching smart,
 And if she soften not her eye
 Then life and I shall shortly part.

* Literally, "Who would not make a pouring of eyes."

† Perhaps *cpuċ* is for *cpoċ* = riches or cattle. But an old meaning of *cpuċ* is destruction, which would make best sense if it were not too obsolete. He may have meant to say "she is my riches." The word generally means "shape" which seems to make no sense here, unless, perhaps, like the Latin "forma" and "formosus," it is used in the sense of "beauty." Compare a *chrothach mar cholom* in the old *Litany of Mary* in the *Leabhar Breac* = *formosa ut Columba*, beautiful as a dove.

l̥r iom̥ōa eap̥iáto aḡur tuir̥leāō 1 m̥ioṛúr na l̥inteāō reō, aḡur
iṛ coṁap̥eā ē r̥in naē b̥r̥uīl r̥iāo aḡaīnn aīnn r̥o maṛ eāīniḡ r̥iāo o
l̥āīn̥ an f̥ile. aḡ r̥o an oāra ḡioṭa.

n̥i b̥h̥r̥āḡ m̥ise b̥āḡ oūiṭ.

n̥i b̥r̥āḡ m̥ire b̥ār oūiṭ

Δ beān ūō an ēuīrr̥ maṛ ḡeīr̥,

oāoīne leāīn̥a oō m̥aṛb̥aīr̥ r̥iāīn̥

n̥i iōnn̥ann̥ iāō a' r̥ mē r̥eīn̥.

Cr̥eāo r̥āē r̥aēṛ̥aīnn̥ o'eug̥

oō'n ḡōb̥ oēap̥r̥ḡ, oō'n oēuo maṛ bl̥āē (?)

an cr̥uē m̥īōn̥l̥a, an t̥-uēē maṛ ḡeīr̥,

an oōīb̥ r̥ūb̥ ḡeāb̥aīnn̥ r̥eīn̥ b̥ār?

na c̥īōēā coṛr̥iā, an c̥neap̥ ūr̥,

na ḡr̥uāōā coṛr̥eṛ̥a, an c̥ūl̥ r̥iāṛ̥,

ḡo oēīn̥iīn̥ n̥i b̥r̥uīḡṛ̥eāo-r̥a b̥ār

oōīb̥ r̥ūō, ḡo m̥buō āīll̥ le oīa.

oō m̥ālaīō * c̥aōl̥a, o'f̥ol̥e maṛ ōr̥,

oō r̥ūn̥ ḡeān̥maīōē, oō ḡl̥ōr̥ leīr̥ḡ,

oō r̥āl̥ ēr̥uīnn̥, oō c̥ōl̥p̥a r̥eīō,

n̥i m̥aṛb̥ṛ̥aīo r̥iāo āēē oūīne leāīn̥.

oō m̥ēīn̥ aōīb̥, o'āīḡne r̥aōr̥,

oō b̥or̥ t̥ana, oō ēāōb̥ maṛ ēuīr̥,

oō r̥oṛ̥ḡ ḡoṛ̥m̥, oō b̥r̥āḡāo b̥ān̥,

n̥i b̥r̥āḡ m̥ire b̥ār oūiṭ.

Δ beān ūō, an ēuīrr̥ maṛ ḡeīr̥,

oō h̥-oīleāō mē aḡ oūīne ḡl̥ic,

Δ b̥or̥ ēān̥a, Δ b̥r̥āīḡe b̥āīn̥

n̥i b̥r̥āḡ m̥ire b̥ār oūiṭ.

aḡ r̥o anōīr̥ an cr̥īōīn̥āō ḡioṭa. n̥īl̥ r̥ē c̥ōīn̥ r̥eān̥ leīr̥ an oā
ēeānn̥ r̥uāṛ̥, cr̥eīoīm̥. n̥īl̥ an f̥ile c̥ōīn̥ r̥uāīr̥-ḡl̥ic leīr̥ an m̥b̥ār̥o
oēīḡeānn̥āē, aḡur̥ n̥i ēr̥ioīoēānn̥ r̥ē anāḡāīō an ḡr̥iāō āēā 'ḡā
ēīap̥āō.

* "maīl̥iḡe" r̥an̥ m̥s.

This transla'tion is exactly in the metre of the original, *Literally*.
I shall not die for thee, O woman yonder, of body like a swan. Silly people
(were they) thou hast ever slain. They and myself are not the same. Why
should I go to die For the red lip, for the teeth like blossoms; The gentle

There is many a mistake and error in the metre of these lines, in the Irish, and that is a proof that we have not got them here just as they came from the hands of the poet. Here is the second piece:—

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR THEE.

For thee I shall not die,
 Woman high of fame and name;
 Foolish men thou mayest slay
 I and they are not the same.

Why should I expire
 For the fire of any eye,
 Slender waist or swan-like limb,
 Is't for them that I should die?

The round breasts, the fresh skin,
 Cheeks crimson, hair so long and rich;
 Indeed, indeed, I shall not die,
 Please God, not I, for any such.

The golden hair, the forehead thin,
 The chaste mien, the gracious ease,
 The rounded heel, the languid tone,
 Fools alone find death from these.

Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,
 Thy thin palm like foam of sea;
 Thy white neck, thy blue eye,
 I shall not die for thee.

Woman, graceful as the swan,
 A wise man did nurture me,
 Little palm, white neck, bright eye,
 I shall not die for ye.

Here now is the third piece. It is not as old, I think, as the two given above. The poet is not so coldly-wise as the last bard, and does not fight against the love that is torturing him.

figure, the breast like a swan, Is it for them I myself should die. The pointed
 (?) breasts, the fresh skin; The scarlet cheeks, the undulating cool; Indeed, then,
 I shall not die For them, may it please God. Thy narrow brows, thy tresses
 like gold, Thy chaste secret, thy languid voice, Thy heel round, thy calf smooth.
 They shall slay none but a silly person. Thy delightful mien, thy free spirit, Thy
 thin palm, thy side like foam, Thy blue eye, thy white throat!—I shall not die
 for thee. O woman of body like a swan, I was nurtured by a cunning man,
 O thin palm, O white bosom—I shall not die for thee.

an naoiō beaz siar.

Soirim tu, a naoiō big fīar
 na bfolc fīar, ar dāt an óir,
 'S gac ual ofob go fava fann
 nac gann vo fīn go bárr an fēoir.

na porz liat, na breucain mall,
 na malatō* ngann mar rgrīb pinn,
 na nguaō mbán aēt corcairi crioēa
 Oóon ! ir crioēa táim tinn.

An beul blarta, ar fīuaō caoir,
 'S an veuo cailce,† fāor ar méto,
 an crríon deap, an rmiš nac móir,
 'S an píob bán, rīuaō ve'n ngéir.

na méur n-úr, na ngeal-láin nglan,
 na ngeuz lag vā n-iaōann (?) ciúin
 vo gac ceol rig-binn faor-bláit
 vo rgríob an faoileann bán uáinn ‡

An t-uēt mar aol na g-cfoē g-cruinn
 ariam fōr nār dórr don, §
 an corp réim feang, an caob bláit,
 ni feinnim vaorib vail mo gér'.

ir cruaz gan mé arciš faoi glar
 ag mnaoi na mbar méar-glac-naoiō,
 i porcláirge na rlior nglan
 no i liorfañail na rreab g-caoin.

Ag ro faoi deiread, cómairle—ir vóig le fean uinne gīuama
 éigin—anađair na mban, don píora beaz añáin le caēad, mar
 meadōan ruarac, ann fan caoir eile ve'n rǵála, anōiaig an méto
 rin molta. ir fiú a cābairt mar gēall ar an iarracēt vo pinne
 an báro rgeul o'inniric. ir rompla maic ar móo na fean-báro

* "mailige" 'ran ms. † "Cailce bán" 'ran ms.

‡ "fionn" 'ran ms. agur labairtear é i n-áiteaduib i gcúige
 míúian mar "fiúinn" aēt i gConnacetaib mar "finn." ni focal
 coitcéionn amearg na g-Connacetaē anoir é. § "feap" 'ran ms.

LITTLE CHILD, I CALL THEE.

Little child, I call thee fair,
 Clad in hair of golden hue,
 Every lock in ringlets falling
 Down, to almost kiss the dew.

Slow grey eye and languid mien,
 Brows as thin as stroke of quill,
 Cheeks of white with scarlet through them,
 Och ! it's through them I am ill.

Luscious mouth, delicious breath,
 Chalk-white teeth, and very small,
 Lovely nose and little chin,
 White neck, thin, she is swan-like all.

Pure white hand and shapely finger,
 Limbs that linger like a song ;
 Music speaks in every motion
 Of my sea-mew warm and young.

Rounded breasts and lime-white bosom,
 Like a blossom, touched of none,
 Stately form and slender waist,
 Far more graceful than the swan.

Alas for me ! I would I were
 With her of the soft-fingered palm,
 In Waterford to steal a kiss,
 Or by the Liss whose airs are balm.

* This translation is in the exact metre of the original. *Literally* :—

I call on thee, O little baby over there.* Of the undulating tresses of the colour of gold ; And every lock of them long and languid, That almost stretch to the top of the grass ; Of the grey eyes of the slow looks, Of the brows thin like the stroke of a pen, Of the white cheeks, but scarlet through them, Ochone, it is through them I am ill. The tasteful mouth of the hue of a berry, And the chalk white teeth free from size (?) The pretty nose. the chin not large, And the white throat, appearance of the swan. Of the fresh fingers of white hands clean (cut), Of the languid limbs round which close tunes (?) Of every fairy-sweet free-blossomed music Which (she) the white fair seagull wrote. The bosom like lime, of the rounded breasts, That never yet any touched ; The gentle tender body. the blossom-like side -I sing ye not (half) an account of my swan. 'Tis pity I am not in under lock With the woman of the palms of the soft-finger touch. In Portlaryig (Waterford) of the clean benches (?) Or in Liscgowl of the gentle streams

* *Literally*, "little infant, west."

é, aḡur tḁ an pḱora ro coitḱionn ḡo leór, ḱarḡainḡ mḱre e ar
rḡrḱibinn atḁ aḡam 'oḱo rinne 'oḱḱúir O 'Donabáin an ḡsoláire
mór ḡaeḱeilḡe. 'O'atḡraiḡ mḱre liḱrḱuḡatḁ na bḡocal.

an t-iarla bḱi 'san róim.

mairḡ 'oḱ ḡnḱ cumann leiḡ na mnáib
ni mar rin atḁio na rin,
'O buḱ óoir a ḡ-cup i ḡ-cḡé
i n-éaḡmair na mban ro arḱiḡ.

iarla ḡlic 'oḱ bí 'ran róim
aḡ a mḱrḱeāt coirḱn óir fá fíon,
ar mḱnaoi an iarla mḱoir mḱat
'O éualaḱ rḡeul ait, má b'fíon.

lá 'o'á maḱaḱar aḡaon
taob le taob ar leabaib clúin
'O leiḡ [ré] air ḡo maib aḡ éaḡ
'O cum rḡeul, 'oḱ bḡatḱ a mḱin.

"Oé ! oé ! 'oḱ bḡuḡfḡeá-ra bár.
buḱ beaḡ mo éár ionnam féin,
ar boḱḱaib 'oḱ leat ar leat
'O roimḡinn fá reat mo rḡrḡé.

'O éuirḡinn ríosa aḡur rḡól
i ḡ-coim-roinn fḁirḡinḡ 'o'or oearḡ
i 'oḱmḱíoll 'oḱ éuirḡ 'ran uaḡḡ,"
arḡ an bean 'oḱ rḡmuain* an éaalḡ.

'oḱnaiḡḱear leiḡean an bár
'O bḡatḱ mná no mala reanḡ,
'o'á 'oḱoin níor éúmhailḡ rí rin
an 'oḱóir a rin, mḱ 'ar' ḡeall.

* aḱḱairḱear an focal ro mar "rḡmaoin" anoir, ann ḡat áic
n-éirinn cḡeioim, atḱ ir pollarac ó'n rann ro ḡur labairḱeāt é an
c-am rin "rḡmuain" mar rḡioḱḱear é, aḡ 'oḱeunain coim-fuaime le uaḡḡ.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally.*

Pity of him who enters on affection with women, Not so are the men. They
ought to be put in clay, Without (the co-operation) of these women inside. A
wise Earl there was in Rome, Who used to have golden goblets under wine,
About the wife of the great good Earl There was heard a pleasant (or queer)
story, if true.

Here, at last, is a counsel against women, given by some morose old man, no doubt; only one little piece to throw in as a petty make-weight on the other side of the balance, after all that praise. It is worth giving on account of the attempt the bard has made to tell a story. It is a good example of the manner of the old bards, and this piece is common enough. I took it out of a manuscript which I have, made by Doctor O'Donovan, the greatest of Irish scholars. I have somewhat changed the orthography:

THE ROMAN EARL.

No man's trust let woman claim,
Not the same as men are they;
Let the wife withdraw her face
When ye place the man in clay.

Once there was in Rome an earl
Cups of pearl did hold his ale,
Of this wealthiest earl's mate
Men relate a famous tale.

So it chanced that of a day
As they lay at ease reclined,
He in jest pretends to die,
Thus to try her secret mind.

"Och ! Ochone, if you should die,
Never I would be myself;
To the poor of God I'd give
All my living, lands and pelf.

"Then in satin stiff with gold,
I would fold thy fair limbs still,
Laying thee in gorgeous tomb,"
Said the woman bent on ill.

Soon the earl, as if in death,
Yielded up his breath to try her;
Not one promise kept his spouse
Of the vows made glibly by her.

On a day that they were together, Side by side on a bed of down, He let on that he was dying. He shaped a story to spy out her secret mind. "Och ! Och ! if thou wert to die Little would be my regard for my own life (*literally*, small were my case in myself). On the poor of God, round about, I would divide severally my fortune. I would put silk and satin, In an equal-broad division of red gold. Round about thy body in the tomb,"—

fuair o'á málairt ar an rráio
 an trác rin—cú 'n beag an rón,
 o'á bann-láimh no trí ve fáo
 nac páimig ar fadó a tóim.

Do géal ríre b'éio a cinn
 ar noul do'n éill leir an g-corp,
 ní eug rígin o' eaglaí D'é
 'S ní eug o'éiric do úine boét.

Tugad leirean éiríge pnap
 nuair bí a bean ag uil uatò,
 o'fíarraig créao fá raib a corp
 o'á éur noét ann ran uatí.

Éug ríre leirígeul gar,
 ar nóir na mban bíor le h-olc,
 o'á raoraó ar a fear féim,
 bean nac ngeobad géill i loét.*

“briatlin fá coraib gac rí
 ní béib anoir mar do bí riam,
 so noirir † so rí na noul,
 buó leat túr ó a o'éio 'ran cplaib.

Do éomh-ling le túr na rluatí
 ar rliab síonn—cuatò an cáir,
 do éumar out aipléine gearr
 nac páimig meall do o'á már.”

Ar na mnáib cú móir bup noóig
 fadó oóib ag uil le gaoit,
 tearc úine nac meallaib riad,
 mairíge leigear a rún le mnaoi.

* “bean náir gabad géill a loét” ’ran ms. † so noirir=so
 ríigíó cu, so oíis cu go.

Said the woman who thought the deceit. Death is pretended † by him, To spy
 the woman of the slender brow, Of her will she did not fulfil—After her husband
 —one thing of all she promised. He got in exchange of it on the street, That
 time—though it was small its worth—Two cubits or three of sackcloth That did
 not completely reach even his hips. She brightened the kerchief of her head On

Jerked into a coffin hard,
 With a yard of canvas coarse ;
 (To his hips it did not come) ;
 To the tomb they drove the corpse.

Bravely dressed was she that day,
 On her way to Mass and grave ;
 To God's Church and needy men,
 Not one penny piece she gave.

Up he starts, the coffined man,
 Calls upon his wife aloud,
 " Why am I thus thrust away,
 Almost naked, with no shroud ?"

Then as women do when caught
 In a fault, with ready wit
 Answered she upon the wing—
 Not one thing would she admit :

" Winding-sheets are out of date,
 All men state it. Clad like this,
 When the judgment trump shall sound,
 You shall bound to God and bliss.

" When in shrouds they trip and stumble
 You'll be nimble then as erst,
 Hence I shaped thee this short vest,
 You'll run best and come in first."

Trust not to a woman's faith,
 'Tis a breath, a broken stem ;
 Few whom they do not deceive,
 Let him grieve that trusts to them.

bing to the grave-yard with the body. She gave not a penny to the Church of God, And she gave no alms to any poor person. A quick leap up was given by him, When his wife was going away from him. He asked her why his body was A-burying naked in the grave. She gave a ready excuse, After the manner of women (caught) in evil, Clearing herself to her own husband. A woman who would not make submission (?) in fault. "A (winding) sheet round the feet of every man, There shall not be now, as ever before, That thou mayest reach to the king of the elements, Thou shalt have the first place of all that go on the mountain.* To (let thee) race in the front of the multitudes, On the mountain of Sion—

Cio 'h b'iomda canafár nín
 Agyr braitlín caol ann a tigh,
 nio le a bpolócaidhe a noce
 niof éuir rí fá éorp a rir.

Δς rin cumann na mná,
 [Δρ] ran iarla glie buó glan gnaoi,
 “féadao gac neac cláir só péin
 sul fágarar a rphé Δς a mnaoi.”

Δς págail báir oá mberóeas fear
 ná cluimeas a bean é or áro,
 o'á theóin na leigeas amac
 Oé ná ac, cio móp a mairg.

Tá mé réio anoir leir na h-abránais gíáo. ní éúbhraio mé don
 bean eile ann ro. ní'l don éineál abrán amearg na noaoime-
 tuaithe ir iomaosaihlá ná iad ro. An veic-ficeas no oá-ficeas aca
 oo éus mé ann ro, do éog mé amac iad amearg na g-ceustas, muo
 nac raib ro forar le veunaih, óir atá an éuro ir mó aca éom
 truaillighe agur éom meargta trío a ééile gur veacair é don
 oruigao ceart oo éur orra. An méao do éus me go oti réo,
 véanaoaoir mar fomplaóais ar an g-caoi ann a g-cuirann an
 tuatac Connaéac a rmuasinte gíáo i n-abránais agur i rannais,
 má 'r oééar no eudóéar, má'r brón no lúéáire bíor 'gá éor-
 puigao.

hard the case—I shaped for thee a short shroud That did not reach thy two
 hips.” In women though great is your confidence, It is long known & that they
 go with the wind. Few are the people they do not deceive. Woe is he who lets
 his secret with a woman. Though many was the piece of smooth canvas, And
 narrow sheet in her house, A thing by which his nakedness would be covered,
 She did not put round the body of her husband. There is the affection of the
 woman! Says the prudent earl of clear countenance—“Let each man look for a
 coffin for himself, Before he leaves his fortune to his wife.” At point of death
 though a man should be, Let not his wife hear him (sigh) aloud, If he can help
 it ¶ let him not let out, Either Och or Ach, though great be his woe.

Though full her house of linen web,
 And sheets of thread spun full and fair
 (A warning let it be to us)
 She left her husband naked there.

Spake the prudent earl—"In sooth
 Woman's truth ye here behold;
 Now let each his coffin buy,
 Ere his wife shall get his gold.

"When death wrestles for his life
 Let his wife not hear him moan;
 Great though be his pain and fear,
 Let her hear not sigh nor groan."

I have now done with the love songs. I shall give no other of them here. There is no sort of song amongst the peasantry more plentiful than they. The thirty or forty of them which I have given here, I chose out from amongst hundreds, a thing that was not very easy to do, for the most of them are so corrupt and so mixed through each other that it is difficult to get them into any right order. All that I have given up to this let them serve as examples of the way in which the Connacht peasant puts his love-thoughts into song and verse, whether it be hope or despair, grief or joy, that affect him.

† $\Theta\epsilon\omicron\nu\delta\iota\zeta$ means to grant or consent, but here it must mean pretend, or something equivalent.

‡ The "Day of the Mountain" is a common phrase for "Judgment Day." She means that not being entangled in a winding-sheet he shall have first place in the running on that day.

§ Literally, "long for them going with wind."
 || Literally, "of his will."



NOTES.

Page 2, line 2. The reader will observe throughout the first half of this book some confusion between $\Delta\pi$ and $\Delta\pi$. This must be attributed to the way in which these songs made their appearance. On the death of the *Nation* the *Weekly Freeman* patriotically seconded my efforts to preserve and popularise these songs by placing every two or three weeks a column or two at my disposal. Consequently the publication of these pieces, few as they are, necessarily extended over a long period, during which I changed my views upon the orthography of $\Delta\pi$, and insensibly fell into the way of writing, with Keating and our older authors, the simple preposition " $\Delta\pi$," "on," reserving the spelling $\Delta\pi$ for the compound preposition "on him." In speaking, however, I may observe that both are pronounced in the same way, like *errh*, or like the first syllable in the English word "error." Line 14, for $\pi\pi\phi\tau\alpha\mu\lambda\alpha$, read $\pi\phi\tau\alpha\mu\lambda\alpha$.

Page 4, line 14, for $\Delta\pi$ read π . Line 22, $\eta\acute{\alpha}$ is here confounded with $\eta\alpha$. In Connacht the best speakers and writers use $\eta\acute{\alpha}$ after a negative and $\eta\alpha$ on other occasions, as $\eta\acute{\alpha}$ $\mu\beta\epsilon\tau\epsilon\alpha\delta\acute{o}$ $\beta\epsilon\alpha\eta$ $\eta\alpha$ $\kappa\lambda\alpha\eta\eta$ $\Delta\gamma\alpha\mu$, but $\eta\acute{\alpha}$ $\beta\epsilon\alpha\eta$ $\eta\acute{\alpha}$ $\kappa\lambda\alpha\eta\eta$ $\Delta\gamma\alpha\mu$. In Ulster $\eta\alpha$ seems to be often used in both cases. Mr. O'Faherty, in his capital book, " $\Sigma\iota\alpha\mu\pi\alpha$ $\Delta\eta$ $\xi\epsilon\mu\mu\pi\tau\acute{o}$," has printed the second verse of this song at p. 50, as belonging to a poem which he entitles $\kappa\acute{o}\mu\Delta\pi\lambda\epsilon$, one of the sweetest in the whole book. This is the only verse in it which bears any resemblance to mine.

Page 8. The beautiful third verse of this song has found its way into different pieces recited by the people, as into the song " $\eta\acute{\alpha}$ $\mu\beta\epsilon\tau\acute{o}$ $\pi\pi\eta\acute{\epsilon}$ $\Delta\gamma$ $\Delta\eta$ $\xi\text{-}\kappa\alpha\tau$ " not given here, and others, so that it is hard now to tell to which it properly belongs.

Page 12, line 23 for $\kappa\acute{o}\pi\pi$ read $\kappa\acute{o}\pi\pi$.

Page 14, line 1. $\pi\acute{\epsilon}$ is a dialectic form of $\pi\acute{\alpha}$, the Connacht $\pi\alpha\alpha\iota$, which is also sometimes found as $\pi\alpha$. In the last line but one, read $\pi\pi\phi\tau\alpha\mu\lambda\alpha$ for $\pi\pi\phi\tau\alpha\mu\lambda\alpha$.

Page 16, line 12. η $\xi\text{-}\kappa\lambda\acute{\alpha}\rho\alpha$ Δ $\kappa\acute{\epsilon}\iota\lambda\epsilon$ has been mistranslated in the text as though it were η $\kappa\acute{\epsilon}\iota\lambda\epsilon$. The real translation is, "in one another's protection (or society)." Line 18, $\mu\alpha$ $\phi\lambda\alpha\alpha\iota\gamma$ $\mu\alpha\pi$ $\Delta\eta\eta\eta$, i.e. my sloe-black hair. Line 21, $\pi\alpha\lambda\lambda\alpha$ means a "whiff" of wind here; in the tale of *Osgar na Súiste*, which I printed in the *Revue Celtique*, it

means a "glint" of a sunbeam, hence it seems to be applied to anything short or small. Its usual meaning, however, is "syllable," as in the song of *UNA PÉUCAIC*, at p. 122, but it seems doubtful whether it is derived from the Latin *syllaba* or not. If it is, the use of the English word "jot," and, possibly, the Irish *giota*, to signify something small, from the Greek *iota*, is a close parallel. Line 32. By right the *o* of *BUALAIĞ* should be aspirated, but aspiration in the case of *o* and *c* is not always rigorously observed. Cf *bean Dubh an gLeanna* not *bean òub*, etc.

Page 18, line 7, for *oá read oá*. Line 9, this line is mistranslated in the text as a correspondent has pointed out to me. It should be "like snow a-winnowing on mountains." This word *caic* has in modern Connacht usage a great many meanings, as "throw," "winnow," "smoke (tobacco)," "eat," "shoot," "wear (rings, etc.)," "spend (money)," "wear out (clothes, etc.):" in fact, it is a good Gaelic rival to Mark Twain's *Zug*, of which that humorist observes that the thing which this Teutonic monosyllable does *not* mean, when all its legitimate pendants are hung on, has not yet been discovered. By the way, when the verbal participle has a passive sense, as here, it is better to write *oá* before it, not *'gá*, which should be used, as Dr. Atkinson has shown, only when the participle has an active meaning; then *tá ré 'gá* (i.e. *ag a*) *bualaob*, *'gá caicob*, etc., means "he is a-beating it, a-winnowing it," etc., but *tá ré oá* (i.e. *oo a*) *bualaob*, *oá caicob*, etc. means, "it is a-beating, a-winnowing," i.e., is being beaten, being winnowed.

Page 20, line 21. This line should be translated "not long was my lying." It is translated as if *níon bpaosa* was *mór paosa*. Line 25. I think this *fánaic* should be translated "sorrowfully."

Page 22, line 30. *Slán beó leat* is wrongly translated in the text. It means "may you be well while alive," or, "farewell as long as you live."

Page 24. My friend, *Seagán O Ruairig* (John Rogers), a Mayo man himself, and an authority on Mayo songs, says that the first two verses of this song, *ir paosa mé ag imēadct*, belong by right to the song at p. 34, the right name of which is *Máire an cúil báin*, and that this Maurya was an O'Neill who lived at the foot of Knocknashee, (*cnoc na rōe*) below Tubbercurry, in the County Sligo. The man who made the song is said to have actually left the country taking Maurya with him. He also thinks that the third and last two verses of this song are an addition to *Máire an chúil bháin*. The re-

maining four verses are to the measure and air of "πέσπτα νεαρ αν τρλειβ βάν." The fourth verse of the song at p. 70 of ΣΙΑΜΡΑ αν ξεμηνιρ is nearly identical with the first verse of mine, but that song appears to be made up of verses from four different ones.

Page 28, line 19. *Coρruαιρ* is generally Anglicized "Morrisroe." I do not know why she was called Crummey in English.

Page 30. Some say that this most celebrated song had its origin near Buninadden, in Sligo. Σεάξαν Ο Ρuαιρπις thinks it came from Ballinlough, in West Roscommon. The third line often runs ρνεαττα ριοπαρ 'r é o' á jéroεαδ εαρ ρλιαδ τι ρloμn. When the snow is driven low and hard, it is said to α' ριοπαδ or sweeping.

Page 32, line 17, for *óflir* (the vocative masculine) read *ófleαρ* (the voc. fem.) There is, however, no appreciable difference in pronunciation. Line 5, aspirate the ρ of *ρεαρ*. Line 6, *λέξεαρραοοιρ* is pronounced either *lice-a-deesh* or *lace-a-deesh*, indifferently. The surname Green mentioned in the last line is, I believe, properly Ο h-υαιτne, and should be anglicized O'Hooney.

Page 34, three lines from bottom, line ought to be feminine, not masculine, as here.

Page 36. The last verse of the song called the *σιομας* at p. 41, of Mr. O'Faherty's excellent "ΣΙΑΜΡΑ αν ξεμηνιρ" is very like the opening verse of my *τάλλυριν*, but there is no other resemblance between the two pieces. He afterwards recovered a verse nearly identical with my second verse, and prints it on the last page of his book as belonging to the *σιομας*. If this is so, my song is a fragment of it, but I think it more likely that they are different pieces altogether, for I have recovered from a Roscommon man another version of his called the *ξιοβας*, which I do not give here. Both *σιομας* and *ξιοβας* mean the "untidy" or "slatternly" person.

Page 38, line 4. Read *ré rin* for *rérin*. Line 10. Read *oi-re* for *oi-re*, for when pronouns are emphasized by a suffix the tendency is for the long vowel to become short, as *mire* (mish-a) from *mé*; *eirean* (esh-in) from *é*, *τυρα* (thussa or thissa) from *τύ*, etc. Line 25 would be better translated "with desire to marry you."

Page 40, line 29. This beautiful song is also printed by Mr. O'Faherty at p. 42 of the *ΣΙΑΜΡΑ*. According to him it was generally sung in Connemara as an addition to the song of the "*σιομας*," but it is evidently, as he has observed, a completely different piece.

Page 42, line 18, this *αλλαιβε* is, I take it, the syllable "caul" of the word High-caul cap, or High-cauled cap (a species of headdress

once much worn) Gaelicized. The term High-caul cap itself, occurs in the song of Youghal Harbour, or, *Uul go h-Éoáil*, a most popular one in Connacht, and there is a celebrated air of the same name. This headdress was in vogue during the latter end of the last century and the beginning of this, but I have been unable to discover the origin of the name. The bards disliked the cap, and, as in the case of that contemporaneous article of female attire, the Cardinel, they satirized severely those who wore it.

Page 48, line 19, for *buo* read *buó*. Line 38, for *fárǵad* read *fárǵad*.

Page 50, line 4, for *leir* read *leir*.

Page 56, line 6. *Seáǵan O Ruathóirǵ* has since explained this word to me. He says it is the Mayo "vernacular for answer in reply to a call or shout, as distinct from an answer to a question, which is *freáǵna*, or, as we called it, *freáǵairt*." "I remember," he adds, "the episode of the ford of the river, but I never could learn where it was, and did not hear the name Donogue till seeing it in your song." I got the verse below, in which the ford of the Donogue is mentioned, from a man named *páorais* *de bláca*, since emigrated to America, but whom I met in the island of Achill. I suppose that *fáir* must be a participle with *ǵ* understood, but I have also heard the line run *muna scáǵad tu ǵur fáir oim*. The form *scáǵann* for *scáǵann* is very common everywhere. Line 8, for *amáin* read *amáin*.

Page 58, line 12, for *ceile* read *céile*. Line 25. A northern correspondent has informed me that *cupaisín* means, in parts of Ulster, a comb for the hair, and that this must be the meaning of *cupacán* here. This would make good sense, but I have never heard the word. The co-operation of everyone is obviously needed, not only to preserve, but also to explain our folk literature. Line 31, *ceileabair* must be meant for *ceileabrac* "warbling;" however, I give the word as I heard it.

Page 60, line 8. The real form of this play on words is as follows, according to my friend *O Ruathóirǵ*'s account; "Tumaus was said to have married after Una's death into the O'Rorke family, but was given to the reprehensible habit of stealing off from Castlemore (query, Edmondstown) to visit poor Una's grave in Loch Cé, and was finally found dead upon it one morning—which looks like a bardic touch. It was on the occasion of his marriage, when his father-in-law showed him the fortune in sheep, etc., he said, *b'feairr liom-ra caora ǵur*

don uan aitháin (= don una óán) 'ná an méao rin.* "The Shanachies" adds O Ruaidrí, "used to lay stress on the fact that O'Rorke, by giving Tumaus a certain amount of sheep and cattle, they, when added to his own stock, would entitle him (Tumaus) to a certain rank of chieftaincy, for which they had an Irish name which I forget; it wasn't *ridire*. There was an ordinance in the Brehon code of this nature, and it makes me think Tumaus lived at an earlier age than we usually thought." Séadán O Ruaidrí has also furnished me with the following note: "*Dualtach Caoch*, according to some, was his brother and successor, but others said nothing of their relationship except that he was the last chief, and their story of his death was much the same as that given by Prendergast in his "Irish Rapparees," except that the latter makes no mention of Ruane and the clump of turf, which, of course, was always our version. Prendergast calls him *Sir Dudley Costello*, and says he was killed by a party led by one of the Dillons somewhere beyond Swinford. He had been a Colonel in the service of Charles II., and had served abroad. The place where Ruane is said to have shot him is a hill near Swinford, called to this day *Sithestin a' Dualtaigh*, or, in English, *Seeshteen*. Did poor Shamus O'Hart not mention anything of the boyish Tumaus when asked would he try a fall with the champion, "I would if I got enough to eat," "an íorfa an capall rin?" "níl éior dgam an íorfaínn an capall mór áct o'íorfaínn an capall beag," † meaning the foal, and the story of the twenty grouse which he and the wrestler demolished, and which was the cause of MacDermott's prejudice against him afterwards in the love affair."

According to the best story-tellers, Tumaus lived at Castlemore, about half-a-mile west of Ballaghaderreen (bealaic á'boirín), in the Co. Mayo, and Una was the daughter of MacDermott of the Rock, who lived in a castle on an island in Loch Cé, called *teac na carraigce*, or the "house of the rock," from whence sprang the present name, Rockingham. Hence the local proverb, o'fággfaínn *teac na carraigce* dgas, "I'd leave you the House of the rock," said to an unpleasant companion. Line 26, *bpeácta* is a not uncommon superlative of *bpeág*.

* i.e. "I'd rather have a single lamb than all that," but the words also mean, "I would rather have one sheep and Fair-haired Una than all that."

† i.e. "Would you eat that horse?" "I don't know would I eat the big horse, but I'd eat the little horse." These legends about Tumaus Loidher seem to me an excellent example of how mythic and fabulous elements, the stock-in-trade of storytellers in all ages, become gradually grafted on to a real historical character.

Page 66, line 3. *ní cúbhainn* is the usual form. The people in mid-Connacht never say *ní bédhainn*; in the last verse of the Coolun, on p. 70, we find the *inverse solecism*, *do tabhdhainn* for *do bédhainn*.

Page 69, line 10. *Read* *filíbeaét* for *filíbe aét*. *Read* *fuadac* for *fuadac* in fourth line of song. *bédhnaða*, in line 6, is often pronounced *bédhnaða*, and this *é* sound of *ó* in plurals so formed is usual in Connacht. *Seáðan O Ruaidrí* tells me he is almost certain that it was a man called Curneen who made this song, early in the century, and that the hero of it was one McLachlan, from Airteach, to the west of Castlerea, who carried off a girl from somewhere near Kilmovee, and that the song began *Ṭá bean ag an teampoll a'g oíolann í líonn*. Curneen was a regular *sporteén* and follower of the gentry, and was the author, according to *O Ruaidrí*, of many sporting, foxhunting, and drinking songs, but I have been unable to recover any of them.

Page 70. The song of the Coolun is generally associated with Belanagare, in Roscommon, from the first verse, which usually runs, *í mbeul-áit-na-ghairí atá an t-áir-bhean bheáí mótáimail*; but my inquiries on the spot have elicited nothing to throw light upon it, nor does the song seem well known in the vicinity, so I fancy it must have originated in some other place of the same name.

Page 72, line 7. This line is mistranslated. It does not mean you squeezed a pressure on my hand, but "you pressed an embrace upon me." *báiríóg* is the common form of this word. See p. 48, four lines from bottom, where it is used in its most usual sense.

Page 74, line 14. *Ṭáir=Ṭá tu*. Line 23. *ní buailcead oim é*—I do not well understand this.

Page 76, line 7. Or, perhaps, it should be translated, "what the dead cat," as one would say, "what the mischief." This is now *O Ruaidrí* explains it. First line of last verse.—*O Ruaidrí* translates this line differently from me. "In our (Mayo) vernacular," he says, "this would mean 'you passed me by late in the evening without speaking!'" *Doirca* was a localism for "cold," "distant," "making strange;" its opposite was *rubáilcead*. Even in English, "She's as black as the pot" would be heard of a cold, reserved girl without any reference to her complexion."

Page 82. This verse *Δ máire*, etc., is, I find, also given by Hardiman,

Page 85, line 1. The *mangaire rúgac* (pronounced like Mong-ir-ya Sooguch) means "jovial peddler," or, something analogous.

Page 86, line 28, *aliter*, *ṽá nveunfainn cairleán ve éró*, i.e. if I

were to make a castle of a pigsty. I omitted a seventh verse in the text, which I recovered in the Co. Mayo :—

ni' l don épann ann ran gcoill
 nac' doionntóad' a bonn or a bárr
 ni' l don eala ar tonn
 nac' doionntóad' a cúl leir an tinnáin
 ná don ttagart 'ran b'raime
 nac' tuc' cúl do airmionn do ráo
 áct iao ag feiceam' gac' am
 ar p'éapla beap' an tSléib' Óáin.

Page 92. This song is supposed to be of Leitrim origin, and is said to be an especial favourite with people of that county. It is, however, well known in Munster also.

Page 94, line 20. *Read* h-*aimriúde* for *hímríúde*.

Page 98, line 12. *Read* buò for Ruò.

Page 100, last line. *móinte* seems an irregular genitive of *móin* instead of the usual *móna*, unless it is for *móinteab*, the gen. plur., which would not make good sense.

Page 102, line 6. *lapan* is very corrupt; it is meant for the relative *lapan*—"which lights up." Before this relative form of the verb *a* "which" (in imitation, according to Dr. Atkinson, of the English "which") has often been placed of late years.

Page 104, line 1, for *aitreac* *read* *aitreac*.

Page 106, line 9. I do not quite know what *b'rob* is. I have met the expression, *b'rob c'raoibe*, as well as *b'rob luacra*; it may be the beard of the rush. They have a proverb in Kerry, *bailigeann b'rob beap' which*, I suppose, is equivalent to the Scotch "many a little makes a mickle." Is this the same *b'rob* with the final *b* unaspirated?

Page 114, line 5. *Read* *épuinnugab* for *épuinnugab*.

Page 120, line 23. *Dún gceannnang* cannot be the northern *Dunannon*, but a place in Waterford of nearly the same name.

Page 122. The first line of this celebrated song ought to run *pórrpáinn b'pígóin Óeuparó*, which is the way I have always heard it, and Mr. John Fleming also, but the manuscript from which I copied wrote *beupac*. *O Ruaróruig*, who picked up the song by ear, thought that *Óeuparó* was the girl's name "Vesey," but I think *beuparó* is only another form of *beupac* "well-mannered." My friend, Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, U.S.A. (author of the "Life of Thomas Francis Meagher," and like John O'Mahony, whose private secretary

he once was, a fine Irish scholar), has told me that an old man named John Moloney repeated this song for him from beginning to end, including the bombastic verses stuffed with classical names which I have omitted, and assured him that the celebrated poet, Anthony Raftery, was the author of it, and that it was from Raftery's own lips he heard it. Martin P. Ward, of San Francisco, U.S.A., has also assured me that the piece is Raftery's, and added, that it was made by him one night that he came to the Priest's house in Loughrea, and found a new servant girl before him who did not know him, and was unaware that the priest had given orders that as often as he called he should have a bed and entertainment while he chose to remain. He asked where the other girl, *Brígid na Cúcairí* (Bridget Casey) was, and heard she had gone to the Protestant Minister's house at the other end of the town. It was then he made this poem on her disappearance calling the Minister Pluto, which explains the allusion in the verse, 'Sé Pluto an púinn na clampaí *í gíob uaim mo gcóir a' m'annraí,* etc. Mr. Ward also explains the name *móin-eile* which had puzzled me, but which, he says, is the spoken pronunciation of *móin-aile*, the Bog of Allen. This piece is not, however, in the only collected manuscript of Raftery's poems which I have seen. A very mutilated edition of it appeared in an Irish-American newspaper some fourteen years ago, the refined and sensitive Gaelic editor omitting nearly every third line as being, he said, "too broad and coarse to be submitted to the ladies and gentlemen who compose the (Irish) classes!"—A curious instance of false delicacy.

Page 128, line 22. The true reading of this line is *níl mé mór le Charon*, and so John Fleming told me he heard it recited, i.e. "I am not great with Charon," meaning, according to one of the commonest of Irish idioms—the despair of the merely book-learned—"I am not on good terms with him."

Page 129, note. Mr. H. S. Lloyd who has collected many Ulster and Leinster songs, tells me there is another *Bréuch-mhuigh* (or Breaky) in Meath, and thinks it is to it the song alludes.

Page 130, line 14. *beir i gcár* is an obscure expression to me. I think *i gcár* must mean, as *Tomár O Flannnaoile* once suggested to me "in trouble," and the line would mean "who would when in trouble give her knowledge of his secret." *Cár* does often mean "trouble," or "hardship." Line 29. I do not quite understand the meaning of *plioct gearr paor*.

Page 140, line 11. I do not quite understand *paor ar méio*, nor

Accordingly, when the Earl asks her why he was put naked in the tomb, she first says it was done to leave more space for herself to be beside him.

Do cum uaignear o' páigáil oam féin
 Ann ra ccill a b'ao o éac,
 Cum vo donra, nún mo éleib
 Ir pfor a méio-re táim a páo !

Her second excuse is that in the text.

eníoch.